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EIGHTEEN YEARS IN UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA

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THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PAUL, NAMIREMBE.

EIGHTEEN YEARS

IN

UGANDA & EAST AFRICA

BY

ALFRED R. TUCKER

HON. D.D. OXFORD AND DURHAM, HON. LL.D. CAMB.

BISHOP OF UGANDA

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

AND A MAP

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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EIGHTEEN YEARS IN UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA

CHAPTER XXVI

FROM OCEAN TO LAKE

'He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine He shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword.'—Job v. 19, 20.

In the spring of 1895, the political situation in the coast districts was anything but satisfactory. Trouble was evidently brewing; there was a restlessness among the Arabs of Mombasa and Takaungu which was disquieting, if not alarming. Selim, the great Arab chief of the latter place, had died, leaving two nephews, each of whom claimed the office of Liwali. One was of a somewhat turbulent character—a man of strong individuality, the other of a quieter and milder disposition. The Company, whose duty it was to decide as to their respective claims, considered that the man of gentler disposition would be more amenable to its influence and submissive to its power, and therefore appointed Raschid to succeed his uncle as Liwali or Governor of Takaungu. At once the elder nephew set up the standard of revolt, and was joined by a number of the disaffected Swahilis and Arabs in his rebellion against the authority of the Company.

Early in June the Consul-General and General Lloyd Matthews, with four ships of war and a number of troops, went up to Takaungu, but without effecting much. The rebels simply retired into the bush and defied the blue-jackets and Swahili troops, who, being without transport, were unable to follow them into the wilds of the Nyika and Giriama countries. The Company was anxious mainly on two points—one the attitude of the Arabs of Mombasa, always more or less seditious; the other the attitude of their old enemy, Mbaruk of Mwele. The former it was possible to overawe by a gunboat or two; but the latter, entrenched in his stronghold, was a power to be reckoned with. They tried conciliation but failed, and once again Mbaruk was in rebellion. Later in the year (after I had left the coast and was well on my way to Uganda) Rabai was actually attacked and a part of the settlement destroyed. An attempt at a later date was made also upon Freretown, but it came to nothing. The back of the rebellion, however, was broken by that gallant sailor, Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, who, landing a force of blue-jackets, attacked, took and destroyed Mwele itself, Mbaruk's stronghold; as for Mbaruk, he was not finally disposed of until some months later, when, after having been hunted about hither and thither as a fugitive, he finally took refuge in German territory and was interned there by the authorities.

In the meanwhile our missionaries at Jilore had been in great peril. I had sent instructions to Burt (who was in charge) to bring down Miss Wyatt and Miss Higginbotham to the coast; but the telegraph wire was cut immediately after the message had been despatched, and its fate was therefore uncertain. The Consul-General, however, sent up an escort of soldiers

from Malindi to bring them down. On June the 23rd, hearing that both the former and General Matthews were in a man-o'-war outside the harbour waiting for their mails to be sent off, I went out in an open boat in order, if possible, to learn from them the exact position of affairs with regard to our Mission and missionaries. It was rather a difficult task getting on board. The south-west monsoon was blowing hard and there was a big sea on. It was indeed a case of being "rocked in the cradle of the deep." At one moment we were on the crest of a high wave, at another right down in the trough of the sea, unable even to see the ship for which we were making, and which was certainly not half a mile away. Eventually, however, by dint of hard pulling, we got under the lee of the man-of-war, where we were sheltered, and from which we were able after a struggle to get alongside. Having clambered on board, both the Consul-General and Sir Harry Rawson explained the situation, from which it was quite clear that for many months to come all work at Jilore must be suspended. It was with considerable difficulty that we managed to get back to Mombasa. For some time there was a doubt as to whether we might not be driven on to the reef which lined and guarded the coast of the mainland, and upon which the waves broke in thundering monotony. This, of course, would have meant instant destruction. Our struggle to win the harbour was watched by a number of interested spectators upon the walls of the old fort. However, by dint of the most strenuous exertion on the part of our crew, and by steering, not for our own goal, but for the island under whose lee we might get shelter from the full force of the monsoon, we gradually won our way back, and just before sunset reached the shore.

The next day, to my great relief, came a telegram from Burt, dated—

'Malindi, *June* 23*rd*, 1895.

'All well.'

Seven days later the *Juba* steamed into harbour with the Jilore missionaries on board. Their leaving their work was not due to the dangerous circumstances under which it must of necessity be carried on, but to the "direct orders" of the Consul-General. Had they refused obedience they would unquestionably have been brought down by force.

On July 1st came the termination of the Company's rule in Mombasa, and the hauling down of its flag. For many months the Directors had been in treaty with the British Government for the surrender of their rights under the Charter of Incorporation. They found, however, little sympathy on the part of the Administration, and no disposition to meet them even half way. It was with the greatest difficulty that a settlement was arrived at. That the Company had been encouraged by H.M. Government to embark in large schemes of extension, necessitating heavy expenditure, was certain. Lord Salisbury, with that discernment of character which was so marked a feature in his intellectual and intuitive equipment, saw in Sir W. Mackinnon, who was the moving spirit of the East African venture, the man above all others who, so far as these regions were concerned, would give effect to the rising national aspiration for the establishment of a world-wide empire.

The Manchester school of politicians had become a discredited party. New markets were becoming one of the great necessities of the industrial life of the nation. No one realised this more fully than such

men as Lord Salisbury, Sir W. Mackinnon, and those associated with him in the establishment of the I.B.E.A. Company. What more natural, therefore, than for the former to give all due encouragement to an enterprise so likely to be the instrument for establishing British supremacy in Central Africa, without the disagreeable drawback of arousing that international jealousy which without doubt direct imperial action would have done?

It was a perfectly legitimate encouragement—hopefully received, and implicitly relied upon. Unhappily, however, our system of party government made it possible for the Opposition, on coming into office, to reverse such a policy, and to undo, to a large extent, the work of their predecessors. "Another king arose who knew not Joseph." The result was a withdrawal of all that moral support which hitherto the Company had enjoyed, and an intimation that no material help was to be looked for in the great work of building a railway, which was now generally regarded as absolutely essential for the development of the resources of the country.

Thus the position of the Company was fast becoming an untenable one. At the same time the responsibility resting upon H.M. Government, in virtue of the Protectorate which had been proclaimed over Uganda, was being more and more realised. For the proper discharge of its duty in Uganda a free hand was necessary in the whole of British East Africa. The Company must be got rid of. But how? There was but one way. It must be bought out. The question at issue became therefore simply one of price. The Company had expended large sums on the furtherance of its aims. Was it to be recouped? If so, in what proportion? Then with regard to its plant—was this to be taken at a valuation? What about the

officers of the Company? Were these to be taken over by the Government? And so on. At length an arrangement was made and a settlement arrived at, and so it came to pass that on July 1st the Company, so far as its work in Africa was concerned, ceased to exist; its flag was hauled down and the Union Jack hoisted—a sign that the British Government had taken its place as tenants of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

That the Company had failed to realise the expectations of its founders was apparent to most men, and not least to men like Sir Fowell Buxton and Sir W. Mackinnon, who, with motives far higher and nobler than those which actuate the mere money-grubber, had freely spent large sums of money in an enterprise which they had fondly hoped would have been of material assistance in the great work which they had so much at heart, viz., the regenerating of the Dark Continent of Africa. This failure was to Sir W. Mackinnon more than the disappointment of a hope not realised. It was a real sorrow, and hastened, I do not doubt, his death. And yet the Company had done good service to Africa. It had entered into treaty relations with a large number of inland tribes, and vast tracts of country, such as Ukambani, Masailand, and Kikuyu, had been opened up to the outside world. A brave attempt had been made to administer these territories, and some idea of law and order had in consequence been impressed on the minds of those to whom hitherto brute force, as a controlling power, had alone appealed. These tribes had also acquired some faint realisation of the sanctity of life—the rights of property, the claims of freedom, and the advantages of trade.

To the cause of freedom the Company had rendered special service. In all their treaties with the inland tribes it had expressly laid it down that the members

of such tribes as the Wakamba, the Wakikuyu, the Wateita, the Waduruma, the Wanyika, and the Wagiriama, were not only incapable of being enslaved but even of being held in bondage. It had also laboured to bring about a solution of the runaway slave question. Many fugitive slaves had taken refuge at such places as Rabai, Ribe, Fuladoyo, Makangeni, and were liable at any moment to be seized by their old masters and reduced once more to a servile condition. A scheme was formulated by which these men might work out their freedom at a fixed rate. Not much success, however, attended this effort. Such an arrangement is not one that appeals to the African, whose attitude of mind with regard to the future may be summed up in the words:

'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Perhaps the most memorable act of the Company, during its seven years' tenure of supreme authority in East Africa, was the freeing formally and legally of some 900 slaves who had sought refuge, from time to time, either at the Mission station of Rabai, or in that of the Methodist Mission at Ribe. The Arab slave-owners of Mombasa complained to the Administration that these Mission stations had become places of refuge for their fugitive property, and pressed for the surrender of those men and women whom they were able to identify as their slaves. An inquiry was held, and it was found that at least six hundred such slaves were settled in and around Rabai, and some three hundred at Ribe. To surrender this mass of human property was clearly impossible. Many of these fugitive slaves had been living for years in freedom and contentment. They had been instructed in the fundamentals of Christianity, and no inconsiderable proportion had been

baptized into the Christian faith. They had built themselves houses, and were industriously cultivating their little bits of land, which enabled them to live in peace and plenty. To surrender them and their children into the hands of their Mohammedan task-masters would mean practically the breaking up of a Christian church, and apostasy for the greater number of those who, at the cost of infinite labour and untold self-sacrifice, had been lifted, so to speak, out of the mire and clay into a higher level of moral and spiritual life. Such an act would mean the death of the Company ere its life had begun. It would arouse such a storm of indignation in the home-land as would sweep away, in well-merited contempt, an organisation which had proved itself to be so unfit an interpreter of its own motto, "Light and liberty." No! surrender was impossible. It was not to be thought of. The Arabs, however, were clamouring for their slaves. What was to be done? Happily Mr. G. Mackenzie was at the helm of affairs, and in large-hearted spirit of liberality faced the problem. He boldly proposed compensation. It was really the only way of meeting the difficulty. Accordingly the sum of £3500, to which Sir F. Buxton and his family, in a spirit of noble generosity, contributed £1200, was devoted by the Company to this purpose.

New Year's Day 1889 will long be remembered in East Africa. Outside the church at Rabai—a church which had been built very largely through the unwearied labours of Binns—there is gathered a vast throng of tribesmen—Wanyika, Waduruma, Wagiriama, and Warabai, men and women, slaves it is true, but now rejoicing in the prospect of a freedom of which no man could rob them.

In the centre of this crowd there stands the Ad-

ministrator of the Company, Mr. G. Mackenzie, and by his side the Consul-General, Col. Euan Smith. Grouped round them are the missionaries and native pastors and teachers. And now it is told to the listening multitude how that the hour of their freedom has struck, and that henceforth they are their own masters. At once a mighty shout rends the air. "Asanti Bwana Asanti"—Thank you, sir, thank you—is breathed forth from one and another who realise, more than the mass, the greatness of the blessing conferred. And then there comes the pressing in of the crowd to receive the paper signed and stamped—the visible pledge of their liberty. "Truly," wrote Mr. Salter Price, "it was a heart-moving occasion, and one worth coming 6000 miles to see and take part in."

The next morning a thanksgiving service was held, when the new church was crowded to suffocation and hundreds were unable even to gain admission. "If the Son make you free ye shall be free indeed," was the preacher's text.

As he reminded his hearers of that liberty which had been given to them the previous day, and exhorted them to thank and praise God for it, he failed not to tell them of a

> 'Bondage worse, far worse to bear
> Than his who breathes by roof, and floor, and wall,
> Pent in a tyrant's solitary thrall,'

even the bondage of those

> 'Who wear their fetters in their souls,'

and how if made free from this, by the Son of God, who paid the price, they would be free indeed.

And so this memorable incident passes into history, and the Company which so honoured its own

beginning continued its course until, as I have said, on July 1, 1895, its days were at an end, and it surrendered its powers into the hands of H.M. Government.

The formal handing over of the Company's powers took place in the Baraza of the Liwali of Mombasa. There, besides the Consul-General (Mr. Hardinge)[1] and General Lloyd Matthews, were gathered the principal Arabs of the place, the officials of the Company, the missionaries, and the traders—European, Goanese, and Indian. It was a strange mixture of nationalities, as varied in dress as in complexion. The Consul-General, in a short speech, explained the position of affairs, and stated that H.M. Government were assuming all the responsibility of the Company with respect to the administration of what would now be a British Protectorate. He then called upon General Matthews, as the Prime Minister of the Sultan, to address the assembly. This he did, and, in endorsing all that the Consul-General had said as to the work of the Company and the assumption of its authority by H.M. Government, stated that everything that had been done had the sanction and entire approval of H.H. the Sultan of Zanzibar. He added further the important statement (to which it will be necessary to draw attention later) that in all this rearrangement of administration and authority, nothing would be done to interfere with the religion or customs of the Arab and Mohammedan subjects of His Highness. This statement was greeted with murmurs of approval and the baraza came to an end. The booming of guns from the ships of war in the harbour greeted the hoisting of the Union Jack, and British rule in East Africa was an accomplished fact.

[1] Now Sir Arthur Hardinge, K.C.M.G., His Majesty's Minister at Brussels.

Eight days later the missionary party for Uganda arrived. It consisted of the following members—

Miss E. M. Furley.	Rev. T. R. Buckley.
Miss M. S. Thomsett.	Rev. Martin J. Hall.
Miss L. Pilgrim.	Mr. F. H. Wright.
Miss E. Brown.	Mr. J. B. Purvis.
Miss J. E. Chadwick.	Mr. A. Wilson.

Dr. Rattray.

They had travelled via the Cape, and arrived in perfect health. Dr. Baxter had already come down from Usagara and was staying with me at Freretown. At once final preparations were made for an early start. Tents were unpacked, set up, and mosquito nets fitted. The various messes were arranged, and the organisation of the daily march, in all its ever-recurring details, was settled. How busy the days of our last week at the coast were, will be seen from a glance at the following extract from my diary:—

July 9th.—The party for Uganda arrived at 6 A.M. All well, thank God! Went to Mombasa. A provisional committee for the English Church appointed. Unpacking and putting up tents on return to Freretown.

July 10th.—Mombasa—back to Freretown at 3 P.M. Arranging loads. Gleaners' meeting at my house. Thirty-six missionaries present.

July 11th.—Packing. Mid-day prayer meeting. What a rest! Went to Mzizima.

July 12th.—Packing. Loads all ready to-night. Hard work! Very tired. Mombasa in the evening.

July 13th.—One hundred and sixty loads sent off. Went to Mombasa — back again to Freretown 10 P.M.

July 14th.—Sunday. Freretown. Harvest thanks-

giving, preached. "They gave their own selves to the Lord."

July 15*th*.—Very busy! Packing for the start to-morrow. Service of Holy Communion.

Of the start on July 16th, writing a few days later, I find the following account in my journal:—

"Early on Tuesday morning all were astir. The baggage required for immediate use was hastily arranged and taken down to the shore, and packed on board the dhow, which was to take it to the Rabai landing-place, from whence the real start was to be made and where the porters were already gathered together.

"At 8.30 A.M. the whole party assembled on the shore—that shore which is to many of us a very hallowed spot. Here our feet first tread the soil of Africa. Here the heralds of the Cross are speeded forth on their way to Uganda, or Usagara, or Taveta, or Jilore, as the case may be. Here we say 'good-bye' to those who, through failure of health or other causes, are not permitted to continue their labours in our midst. A sacred spot indeed it is. One's own thoughts could not but go back to that time five years before when the first party I was permitted to lead to Uganda started on its way. The names of Dermott, Dunn, Hunt, and others of that noble band of Christian heroes who have died for the cause of Africa, rise in one's memory. Then there is the thought of that yet larger party which from this spot started some three years ago for the same goal, Uganda. How fully were we kept, and how wonderfully were we blest in our journeying! And now there is, through God's goodness, a yet larger party to start on its way, and in that party five ladies to take up the work amongst the women of Uganda.

"One's heart was almost too full for utterance as

the whole assemblage joined together in earnest and solemn prayer, committing the whole undertaking to Him who alone is able to carry it to a successful conclusion. And so the time came for us to say ' good-bye ' to those who had been so helpful to us in our preparations and so sympathetic in our intercourse. Three boats carried the members of the missionary party, and the dhow, the baggage and our cooks and tent-boys. At 9.30, in the midst of cheers and ' good-byes ' shouted by the crowd on the shore, we started on our journey of 800 miles. At noon the landing-place was reached, and an hour and a half later saw us welcomed by our Rabai friends. It was indeed an invasion of the quietude of Rabai. We were thirteen in number. The six Rabai workers made up a total of nineteen."

Through unavoidable causes a delay of three days at Rabai was found necessary. This was utilised in perfecting the arrangements for carrying the ladies. Dr. Baxter's plan was to use light wicker-work arm-chairs, to each of which were fixed two long bamboos and an awning. Nothing could be easier or more luxurious in the way of travelling. Shoulder-straps were fixed to the bamboos, which were held in the carrier's hands. The pressure upon the shoulder was thus relieved. Nothing could possibly exceed the patience of the good doctor in making these arrangements.

Early on the morning of the 17th the quiet of the little village of Rabai was disturbed by the arrival of the Acting Administrator with sixty soldiers. He had been informed by telegraph that Aziz bin Raschid, the rebel chief, was then on his way from Takaungu to Gazi, and was asked to make an attempt to cut him off, if his numbers were few. If the enemy was a numerous body he was to be allowed to pass and

Admiral Rawson would deal with him at Gazi. The scouts sent out came back late in the day with the information that the enemy had passed Rabai, with a strong force which it would be dangerous to meddle with.

On Saturday, July 20th, at about 11 A.M., the Consul-General, accompanied by Admiral Rawson and his flag-lieutenant, arrived at Rabai in order to see for themselves the resources of the place, and to take such steps as they deemed advisable for blocking the roads against the enemy in any attempt he might make upon the place. The greeting accorded to the visitors by the people of Rabai was a very warm one, and I think was duly appreciated. At one o'clock they left us and Rabai resumed its normal aspect of quiet repose. At 3 P.M. the ladies of the missionary party started on their donkeys for Mwache, the first camp on the road some two hours away. The men had gone on ahead in order to see to the getting up of the tents, and the general arrangements of the camp. I had stayed behind to welcome the Consul-General and Admiral Rawson. At 5 P.M. the porters' baggage and the whole Mission party were in camp.

Early the next morning we were all astir, and preparations made for an immediate advance. In our camp was a small menagerie. We had four camels, three cows, and an equal number of calves; two young oxen for killing, twenty-three goats and sheep who had a similar fate before them, and twenty-six donkeys. The number of men carrying loads and looking after the details of the camp was about 500.

And so the start was made, and day by day good and uninterrupted progress was made. Samburu and Taro were passed—the desert march easily accomplished with the help of 100 additional men carrying tins of

water. Maungu was reached in due course, and water found. When Teita and Voi were left behind, the wild country which lay between the latter place and the river Tsavo was entered upon. Its passage, however, was easy. The Mackinnon road had made good progress, and was a great help to us in this stage of our journey. We were now on high ground some 2000 feet above sea-level, and the air was fresh and bracing. All the missionaries were in perfect health and full of hope.

Dr. Rattray had his hands full, however, with the number of porters, who daily, as soon as the march was over, besieged his tent for medicine. The cases were generally surgical, requiring a considerable amount of bandaging, &c. Both Miss Pilgrim and Miss Thomsett, who were skilled nurses, were very useful and active in the assistance which they rendered to the doctor. This work among the porters was greatly appreciated, not only by the patients themselves, but also by their fellow porters, who watched the operators. "See how these Englishmen love their porters" was a remark I heard more than once. Surely no caravan of porters ever went up country so well looked after as this was. One effect I think was, that we had extraordinarily few deserters. Those who ran away were "professionals"—men who made it the business of their life to "write on" for a journey, and then after receiving a three months' advance of wages, take the first opportunity of running away.

Tsavo, with its "waters of refreshment," was reached on July 31st. Then on we went through Kinani and Msongoleni to Kibwezi, where we arrived on August 3rd. Our welcome from our friends of the Scotch Industrial Mission was a very warm one, and the Sunday which we spent in their midst was a very happy one. Then

on again to Makindu, Nzoi, and Kilungu to Machakos, where on August 13th we were welcomed most kindly by the Government representative (Mr. Ainsworth), to whose kindness in 1892 we were so much indebted.

A two days' rest was indulged in at Machakos, and then once more came the shouldering of loads and the daily tramp. We were now on the healthy, breezy Athi plains, and a wonderful sight it was, in the early morning, to see them studded with game in infinite variety. Here were hartebeests, there wildebeests. Here again were zebras, and there rhino. Then as we drew near to the Kikuyu forest we came upon the spot where, three years before, I had witnessed such a sad spectacle of dead and dying Masai. Skeletons were lying about in all directions. The kraals were falling into ruin. Now, however, every trace of the villages had disappeared, and only a few skulls marked the place where flourishing homes, centres of life and activity, had once been.

On August 18th we started for Fort Smith, and after two and a half hours' marching were welcomed by Mr. Gilkisson, the officer in charge, and his colleague, Mr. Russell. Nothing could exceed the kindness and generous hospitality of these two gentlemen. Indeed the welcome accorded to us by all the Government officers on the road was most sympathetic and kind, a welcome that I shall ever remember with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

We had now completed half the journey. In writing home at this stage of our progress I thus summed up the situation :—

" The whole party is in perfect health and looking forward with bright hopefulness to the future. Wonderfully we have been helped. Every difficulty has been surmounted with surprising ease. Water has never

failed us; food has been abundant. When we might have expected hot, sunny, and in consequence trying marches, the days have been cloudy and cool. No rain has fallen, and there has been none of the discomfort of wet grass and damp clothes. Everything, in fact, seems to have been divinely ordered by Him who has called us to this work and entrusted to us this mission. I know how much prayer has been offered up on our behalf, and clearly do we trace this wonderfully successful journey to the gracious answer, to the faithful and loving intercessions of the Church at home."

Three days were spent at Kikuyu in refitting our caravan and replenishing our stores, and then on August 21st a fresh start was made. At Ziwani, our first camping-place after leaving Fort Smith, we had our first frost—the thermometer registering 37°, or 5° above freezing, at 4 feet in the air, and 30° on the grass. Happily the night was very still, or the porters would have suffered considerably.

The next day our march was one of fifteen miles over very rough ground. First there was an ascent of nearly 1000 feet, and then a descent of about 700 feet. We had just completed the ascent, and were resting while a cup of tea was being prepared, when the sound of a drum announced the arrival of Baskerville and Pilkington on their way to the coast. It was a joyful meeting on both sides. "They, of course," I wrote in my diary, "were delighted to see a goodly band of reinforcements, and we were thankful to see our two devoted brothers who have done such yeoman's service in Africa during the past five and a half years. I especially rejoiced at meeting the two companions of my first journey to Uganda. It brought back many memories—memories of those who were my com-

panions on that never to be forgotten journey. Four have 'entered into rest,' two are seeking refreshment at home, and one is no longer connected with us. Five years! How much has happened since 1890! It was indeed a matter for deep thankfulness to see our friends looking so well after a long and trying journey. They report the rivers as in flood, which of course is serious news for us. However, we hope that by the time we reach them the floods will have subsided. As we were both in the middle of a march it was impossible for us to stay long at our resting-place. Very reluctantly we bid each other farewell, looking forward to meeting again in Uganda (if God will) some eighteen months hence."

Alas! I never saw Pilkington again. On reaching home he was able to see the whole of the Luganda Bible through the press, and was greatly used in stirring up a largely increased interest in the great work of Christian Missions. Returning to Uganda in the autumn of 1896, he was permitted to labour for a few brief months in the loved land of his adoption; but (as will be told in due course) lost his life in taking part, at the call of the authorities, in the suppression of the mutiny of the Sudanese soldiery. But to return to my story.

Finding the Morandat in flood we were obliged to travel round the western shores of Lake Naivasha. It meant an extra day's march, but we were well repaid by the wonderful beauty of the scenery through which we passed. At Gilgil we found ourselves once more back on the old road. Elmenteita, Kambi ya Mbaruk, and Nakuru were all successively passed. The river Lilwa —often in flood, and at such times difficult to cross— now lay in our path. Was it in flood or not, was the question which was anxiously debated as we drew near to the belt of trees which marked its meanderings. I

hastened on ahead of the party and soon found myself upon the river bank. Alas! to ford it was impossible. Instinctively I turned towards the great trees which lined the banks higher up, and there, to my great joy, was a natural bridge. An immense tree had fallen across the river and made its passage quite practicable. Nearly three hours, however, were consumed in getting all the men and loads across. The ladies most bravely climbed from branch to branch. A heavy thunderstorm closed the day.

The next day, after about three hours' marching, we came upon a very saddening sight. In an old encampment were three men belonging to a Government caravan which had passed us two or three days before on its way to the coast. These men were entirely without food, and were simply waiting in the wilderness for death. For four days they had been without food. It was indeed a terrible sight. Of course we relieved them by giving them food—first, however, administering hot bovril. Of flour we gave them sufficient to last them until we could send help from the Eldoma Ravine, our next halting-place.

On arriving at the Ravine startling tidings greeted us. A man, wounded and gashed in a terrible fashion, had just reached the station. He belonged to a small caravan which we had sent on ahead, before leaving the coast, with mails and barter goods for the purchase of food in Kavirondo. His story at first we were slow to credit. It was to the effect that when near the Guaso Masa, a river on the borders of Kavirondo, he and his party were attacked by the Wanandi, and almost the whole caravan, consisting of thirty men, massacred.

What was to be done? Was the man telling the truth? Was he a runaway porter who had met with

his injuries from hostile natives whom he had met on the road. These were questions anxiously discussed among ourselves. The only unanimous conclusion we arrived at was to continue our journey, and as we drew near the Nandi country to adopt special precautions in the daily march, and in posting night sentries. And so we went forward, and the summit of Mau, 8700 feet above sea level, was reached. Here the story of the disaster to our advance caravan was confirmed. Shortly after reaching camp a caravan from Kavirondo came in. At once we called the leader and questioned him, and found to our great sorrow that the story of the slaughter at the Guaso Masa was only too true. It came out that the party were asleep in camp, when at about two o'clock in the morning about 200 Wanandi attacked them. Six men apparently were able to make their escape, the rest were destroyed. Among other things recovered by our informants and given into my hands was a packet of my own letters, written nearly three months previously, which was found lying upon the bank of the Guaso Masa.

That the road in front was unsafe was absolutely certain. Not only had our own caravan been destroyed, but a trader named West, and several of his men, had been murdered. Extreme care would have to be taken in keeping our men together, and in keeping guard at night, when passing through the Nandi country. Our chief trust, however, was in the great "Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth," and who "encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

On starting from the Eldoma Ravine each porter was supplied with eleven days' provision. At the end of our seventh day's march, however, we found many of them absolutely without food. What had become

BAMBOO FOREST ON MAU

of it? Some, rather than carry it, had thrown a certain proportion away. Others had eaten eleven days' supply in seven days. The result was semi-starvation. We had kept in reserve a small quantity of flour in case of emergency, and this was doled out in driblets as need arose. However, we very nearly had a fatal case of collapse. After our arrival in camp at a place called Ziwani (or place of the swamp) we were told that two men had failed to reach camp and were some miles in the rear. They had not been carrying loads for several days on account of their weakly condition. Two donkeys were sent out to meet them. Just after dark the men were brought into camp. One was a good deal exhausted with cold and hunger, but the other, who had been carried in, was almost at the point of death. He was insensible and very cold. His limbs were stiff and his teeth clenched. Dr. Rattray began at once to apply restoratives. He was laid by the fire and well rubbed. Then a small quantity of brandy was poured down his throat, his jaws being forcibly separated. As he showed but few signs of reviving, a hot bath was prepared and he was placed in it. This evidently was of great use. The limbs relaxed their rigidity. He was taken out of the bath, dried, and wrapped in a blanket. Then hot milk and brandy were again administered. Gradually he came round, and in two or three hours was out of danger and took food freely. Nothing but Dr. Rattray's extreme care and unremitting exertions could have saved him.

All this while we had heard nothing of the hostile Wanandi, nor had anything been seen of them. We regularly, however, posted our sentries at night, and whenever practicable built a thorn boma round our camp. On arriving at the Guaso Masa a strange sight

met our gaze. It was the scene of the massacre of our advance caravan. Here and there, littering the ground in every direction, were books, letters, fragments of boxes, and, strangest of all, fragments of plaster images. "The books" (I am quoting from the account in my journal written at the time) "were mostly Luganda New Testaments. Here and there were tracts of various kinds (Protestant) and broken crucifixes. It was strange indeed to see a tract on 'Christ our Righteousness' lying on the ground side by side with a broken plaster image. These crucifixes and images were evidently the property of the Roman Catholic Mission under Bishop Hanlon, which is some three or four weeks in front of us on the road. The Bishop was obliged to leave several men and loads behind him at the Eldoma Ravine. These came on with our advance caravan and shared its fate. Certainly the sight at the devastated encampment was a striking object lesson as to the methods of the two Missions—the Church of England and the Church of Rome. Here, copies of God's Word, expositions of Christian teaching; there, plaster images and scraps of pictures of impossible saints. In the midst of these reflections, induced by the sight of the ruin around, one could not be forgetful of the cruel fate of the poor men who carried these loads. It was easy to see how they came by their death. In front of the encampment, and very close to it, was a swiftly flowing river—the Guaso Masa. To the rear the ground rose very abruptly, and then sank into a gentle depression. On the right and left flanks was a more or less open bush. It was night. The men, wearied with heavy burdens and a long day's march, lay down to rest. No watch was kept, for all were equally tired. It was dark, for the moon would not rise till late. Gradually the enemy, who had watched

the movements of their victims all day, crept nearer and nearer, until they were gathered in the little depression above the encampment. At a given signal the rush was made, and the spear and sime did their fatal work. There was no doubt a scream here and there, a rush of a few to the river bank, a plunge, and the swiftly flowing current carried one and another with the torrent rushing down into the broad expanse of the Victoria Nyanza. Loads were quickly broken open, what was considered of value—beads, for instance—carried off, and the scene was left. The morning at length broke, and after a while one frightened face and then another showed itself at the edge of the bush. These were the sole survivors of the party, those who had lain down to rest the night before—six wretched human beings, some with spear wounds and some half-dazed with club blows, all hungry and weary, and four or five days from any help."

Such was one of many similar scenes enacted from time to time in the dark Continent of Africa, and which nothing but the Gospel of Christ can really put an end to. It was said, though I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that this act of hostility on the part of the Wanandi was due to the harsh and unjust treatment accorded to them by a trader. Whether this be so or not, the remedy is the same—the conversion to God of those who know Him not.

Soon after leaving the Guaso Masa, we entered upon the inhabited country of Kabras, and here we experienced one of the most terrible thunderstorms which it has ever been my lot to witness. Many signs told of its coming. I warned my party, and begged them to hasten on to camp with as little delay as possible. I then set off at full speed, and managed to reach our destination before the storm broke. The crashes of

thunder were simply appalling, and the lightning seemed all around. Then came torrents of rain, with hailstones of enormous size. In the midst of the tempest the ladies, and other members of our Mission party, arrived drenched to the skin. Happily, being sheltered in a grass hut, I was able to keep a fire burning and to supply the belated travellers with hot tea, which reduced the risk of a chill to a minimum. The rain was falling in such torrents that the watercourses soon became rushing rivers. Half of our caravan, that in the rear, was cut off, and unable till the next morning to come into camp. Several of the men who attempted to cross the flooded stream were carried off their feet and their loads lost. During the night eleven men died from exposure; several of them, however, had been on the sick list for some time, and more than one was hopelessly ill. It was indeed a terrible storm, and the like of it I hope never to see again.

We were now in the midst of an abundance of food, and our men simply revelled in the supplies that were daily brought into camp for sale. But, before arriving at Mumia's, we met a number of our Baganda friends. Simei Kakungulu, Sira the Mulondo, Stefano, and others had been sent down by the Administration in Uganda to assist the local authorities in bringing the rebellious Wakitosh back to their allegiance. The object of their expedition had now been achieved, and they were about to start on their way back to Uganda. Their delight in meeting us was unbounded. In joyful tones they told us of the expectation that had been aroused among the Baganda by our coming, and especially by the coming of the ladies. During our onward journey we met Simei and his friends almost daily, and it was a great joy to welcome them to our tents, and to talk over with them the prospects

THE VICTORIA NYANZA AT LUBA'S

of the work in Uganda as well as in the regions beyond.

On September 16th we arrived at Mumia's, where we indulged in a two days' rest. Then came the passage of the Nzoia River, which occupied two days, and on we went towards Busoga, which was entered on September 22nd. Two days later found us at Mutanda's—the village of the eldest son of Wakoli, late paramount chief of Busoga. On the 29th the passage of Napoleon Gulf was successfully accomplished, and to our great joy we found ourselves on the shores of Uganda. From Lugumba's to Mondo's, and then on to Ngogwe, was an easy journey. Here we were welcomed by Blackledge and a large body of native Christians.

Of this last stage of our journey I now quote from a record made shortly after its conclusion, and while the vivid impression made by its recent moving incidents were still fresh in my mind.

"The welcome accorded to the ladies by the Baganda women at Ngogwe was well-nigh overwhelming. They ran along by the sides of the ladies' chairs grasping their hands and uttering all manner of joyful and loving greetings. As we drew near to the Mission station the crowd increased, so that it was difficult to get along. When the ladies alighted to climb the hill on which the Mission-house stood, they were embraced by the Baganda women in all the fulness of their hearts' joy.

"A thanksgiving service was hastily arranged in the church. It was felt that as the Christians had been praying so constantly and earnestly on our behalf an opportunity should be given to them to thank God for so gracious an answer to their prayers. At two o'clock some six hundred people were gathered in church. A shortened form of service was read, two

or three hymns were sung, and then I spoke to the people from the text, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son' (S. John xiv. 13). A few prayers followed and the service closed. It was a very happy time indeed that we spent at Ngogwe. Very sorry indeed did I feel that I was unable to leave two at least of the ladies to work there. I earnestly hope that from the next party two or three ladies may be available for work at Ngogwe.

"God has greatly blessed Baskerville's work at this place. Two years ago there was absolutely no congregation at all. Now, as I have said, there is one of some six hundred souls, and three hundred are at the present moment waiting for Confirmation.

"Ngogwe was the home and scene of the work of the first deacon of the Church of Uganda to enter into his rest. This man, Nikodemo Sebwato (the Sekibobo), was the chief of Kyagwe and lived close to the Mission. His influence with his people was remarkable. It may be truly said of him, 'He was a good man.' He lies buried just outside the west end of the church. On the head-board which records his name and office, 'Sekibobo and Deacon of the Church,' is the reference to the text, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'

"At Ngogwe, Mika Sematimba met me with a letter from the King, bidding me welcome to his country and sending his greetings to the ladies. During the time we were journeying through Uganda, letters were continually arriving from one native friend and another. In all of them were expressions of great joy at the prospect of English ladies coming to work among the women of Uganda. The King's letter was as follows:—

'Mengo, *Sept.* 29, 1895.

'To the Bishop.

'My greetings. After greeting you I rejoice very much to hear that you are coming, and that now you have arrived in my country together with the ladies, because even from my childhood I have never seen English ladies.

'The day on which you reach Mengo write to me that I may know.

'Having greeted you my friend very much, I say farewell. My greetings to the ladies and all the Europeans who are with you.—I am your friend,

(Signed) Mwanga, King of Uganda.'

"The following is a translation of a letter received from Samwili Mukasa:—

'To My Dear Friend, Bishop Tucker.

'My friend and my brother in the brotherhood above all others when we are joined in Christ Jesus our Saviour, I here now greet you very much indeed. I first praise Jehovah our God who brought you safely from Europe, and kept you and brought you here safely to us this third time. You have done a wonderful thing for us in bringing up ladies. We did not think they would come here at this time. We thought perhaps ladies will come at some future time. I also praise and thank Jehovah our God for keeping you from sickness thus on the road. Yes! Our Lord was graciously pleased to allow you to work for Him in Uganda. And we rejoice and go on thanking Him because He is gracious to us every day. And my wife Rebecca greets you very much. She rejoices with me for your sake, and I, your slave, your son, your brother

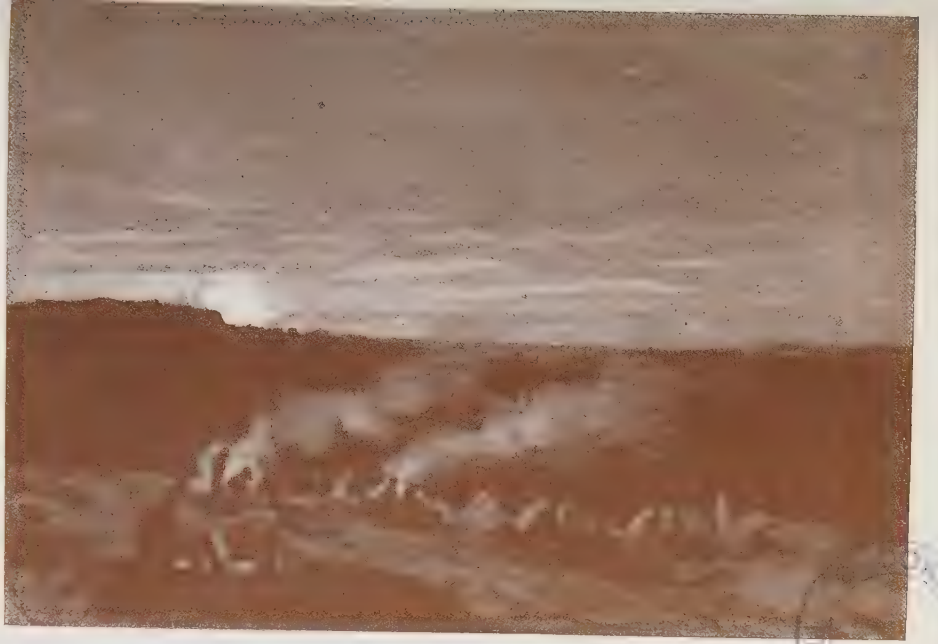
who loves you, I beseech you not to refuse me. I want you very much to come and have tea in my house, although I have nothing with which to rejoice you. Because the house of your servant is on the road it will not take you much out of the way. It is a short way off (fifty yards). I beg of you not to make me unhappy. Consent to my request together with the maid-servants of Jehovah.—Well I beseech you to pity me.

'I am Samwili Mukasa, who loves Jesus.'

"It was evident from these and other letters which I received from Mengo that the deepest interest was aroused at the prospect of the coming of the English ladies. It was evidently regarded by all parties as a great event.

"On reaching Kisalosalo, which is seven miles from Mengo, we were met by Roscoe, Millar, Lloyd, and Leakey. It was a great pleasure to see them, and especially to see them all looking so well. Of course there was a great deal to talk about, the main topic being the wonderful progress in the work, and the openings presenting themselves on every hand.

"On the following morning, October 4th, we commenced our last march at 6.30 A.M. Detachments of people continually met us on the road until the procession assumed very large proportions. At the house of our friend, Samwili Mukasa, we halted for the refreshment to which he had so kindly invited us. Here we were met by Archdeacon Walker, Pike, and Sugden. A great many of our native brethren from Mengo also met us here—Henry Wright Duta, Andereya, Henry Mukasa, and a host of others. The delight of the people was extraordinary. The ladies were embraced and hugged by Samwili's wife and sister, and also by many other Baganda women who had assembled at



CAMP ON THE BARINGO ROAD

Samwili's house to welcome them. After resting for about an hour the journey was resumed. Large numbers of people met us continually, and as we drew near to the Kyagwe market, we found every place of vantage from which a good view of us could be got occupied by interested spectators—Mohammedan and heathen as well as Christian, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. The mass of the people was now so great that it was difficult to get along. The Katikiro, who had just met us on his white horse, dismounted, and, fearing lest I should be trampled under foot by the thronging crowd, led me by the hand. As we passed along under the hill of Namirembe in full view of Kampala—the Government fort—the officer in charge, Mr. G. Wilson, most courteously dipped the flag as a salutation. Still the crowd increased until the atmosphere about me was almost suffocating and the perspiration most profuse. It was a wonderful sight, never to be forgotten, as we reached the Mission compound. Its picturesqueness goes without saying. When Baganda in white dresses and red bark cloth were mingled with Basoga in their more sombre garments, and Sudanese in their varied costumes, under a tropical sun undimmed by a cloud, the result must be striking in the extreme. I saw great crowds come together when Sir Gerald Portal entered Mengo, but they were nothing to the crowds which welcomed the first English ladies to set foot in the capital of Uganda.

"Our long march was over, and it was with deep thankfulness and praise to God for all His many mercies to us on the road, that we entered the hospitable houses of our brethren of the Mission and—rested."

Two days later—Sunday, October 6th—some 6000 souls came together in (and outside) the Cathedral,

when thanks were offered to Almighty God for His great preserving love to us. I preached from the text, "In the Lord put I my trust" (Ps. xi. 1). Nearly three hundred Communicants partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was a wonderful service—a fitting close to a wonderful journey.

CHAPTER XXVII

A NEW ERA IN THE CHURCH'S HISTORY

'Good, the more communicated,
The more abundant grows.'
J. MILTON.

THAT a new era had dawned upon the Church in Uganda was evident even to the most casual observer. Men and women in their thousands were coming forward for instruction. Candidates for Baptism or Confirmation daily thronged the Mission-houses in the hope of having their names enrolled. Young men in large and ever-increasing numbers were offering themselves as evangelists or teachers. Books, mainly scriptures, were selling like wildfire. On every side churches and reading-houses were springing up, and were being crowded daily by eager seekers after the Truth.

It was evident that a force supernatural in its operation and might was at work, telling on all with whom it came in contact. What that force was has already been suggested. The Spirit of God was moving in the hearts of men. The outward manifestation of this fact was apparent to every worker in the field. It could not be hidden. Whence this eagerness in seeking instruction, this earnestness in casting away the works of darkness, this ready abandonment of the practices of an ancient and elaborate superstition, this longing desire to be arrayed in the garments of salvation — the adornment of the Graces of the

Christian life. There was but one answer to the question.

'There is a Pentecostal Breath,
The Spirit's gracious dower;
And souls upraised from sin and death
Are quickened by His Power.'

And so cheered and sustained by the conviction that, as in the first days so now, the Master Himself was working with His servants and "confirming the word with signs following," one applied oneself to the task of setting in order "the affairs of the daily growing Church."

The year 1895 had witnessed a large increase in the staff of the Mission. The party, consisting of Lloyd, Lewin, and Blackledge, under the leadership of the Rev. A. J. Pike, to whom on November 7th I had said "good-bye" in Usagara, arrived in Uganda at the end of February 1895. They had been delayed in their journey by a heavy sea of troubles. The famine in Unyamwezi and Ugogo had cost them the lives of nearly a hundred of their porters. Sickness had overtaken several members of the party, and it was only after five weary months of struggle with difficulty and distress that they were able to begin their missionary work in Uganda. My own party brought up the number of European workers to twenty-three. At the beginning of the year there were but eleven men in the field and no ladies. Of the latter there were now five.

The distribution of this new force was the first work taken in hand. New stations were opened at Gayaza—a very populous centre some twelve miles from Mengo, in the Province of Kyadondo; at Waluleta, the capital of Bulemezi; at Kinakulya, in North Singo; at Koki, to the south-west of Budu; at Bukasa, one of the

largest islands of the Sese group; and at Miro's, in Busoga. Thus, instead of there being only four stations in the whole field north of the Lake, as at the beginning of 1895, the close of the year saw ten important centres occupied.

In Mengo itself a great change had come over the prospects of the work. In October 1894 the old cathedral had been blown down in the midst of a great storm. This misfortune, as it seemed to us, in the good providence of God was turned into a means of great blessing to all the districts round the capital.

As there was now no great central church for the people from these districts to meet together in for worship, it was determined to build a small church in each district. The result was that at the end of 1895, instead of there being the one great central church, there were no fewer than three-and-twenty places of worship, served from the cathedral itself, which had by that time been rebuilt. The evangelists under training in Mengo were given the work of visiting these churches in regular rotation, Sunday by Sunday. They were responsible for the conduct of the service and for the Gospel address. A weekly list was made out and hung up in the vestry, so that each man might know where his Sunday duty lay.

The result of this distribution of force was soon seen in the increased numbers offering themselves both for Baptism and Confirmation. Of the 1200 candidates confirmed within four months of my arrival in the country, no fewer than 576 were presented to me in Mengo.

These Confirmation services were times of deep joy, mingled with fervent prayer and praise. We saw before us such evident tokens of the power of God's grace as stirred to their depths both heart and mind.

Here on one of these solemn occasions were two men, each of whom was a victim of the old-time cruelty now passed away for ever. Both were blind, their eyes having been destroyed by order of King Mutesa, and one was without ears or nostrils—they had been cut off by the same cruel tyrant for some trivial offence or other.

One of these blind men was a musician in the service of the Mukwenda (one of the greatest chiefs in the country), who had been excommunicated for grievous sin. He was invited by his master to eat with him. "No!" was the reply. "I will play for you because I am your servant, but eat with you I will not, so long as you are excommunicated and continue in your sins."

The sunshine of the Church's prosperity was soon, however, to be shadowed by heavy clouds of adversity. On November the 26th teachers came in from Toro and told us sad news of the disturbed state of the country and the practical break-up of our work there. The Government officer in charge, we were told, had taken up an attitude of great hostility to the king and chiefs. The former had been put into the chain gang and several of the latter had been flogged. The Sudanese soldiers had destroyed the books and property of several of our teachers, one of whom (Apolo Kivebulaya) had been sent as a prisoner to Mengo. Congregations had been scattered, and the work was almost at a standstill. Such were the reports brought to us by teachers who declared that they were eye-witnesses of the events which they narrated.

It was a sad story and needed a good deal of sifting. The Commissioner was absolutely without information, but promised to send at once to Toro an urgent letter of inquiry. For a month or six weeks the matter

must rest. In the meanwhile I decided to pay a visit to Kyagwe, Busoga, and possibly the Buvuma islands.

Starting on December 12th I made my way to Ngogwe, where I spent nine days in preparing both for a Confirmation and an Ordination. The former took place on the 20th, when 161 men and 91 women were presented to me and received the laying on of hands. The latter service was held on the day following (St. Thomas's Day), when Rowling and Blackledge received Priests' Orders.

On the 23rd I started for Luba's in Busoga, which I reached on Christmas Eve, feeling very hot and tired. A congregation of some seventy souls came together in the little wattle and daub church on the morrow for the worship of God. Of these some fifteen were communicants.

The work in Busoga, it was evident, would be a very difficult one. The chiefs were nearly all in opposition to us, and persecution more or less was the lot of any who made any open profession of Christianity. However, I found both Rowling and his colleague, Crabtree, full of heart and hope, and devoted to their work.

On Friday the 27th I started with the latter for the island of Bugaya. A large canoe with some twenty paddlers had been procured, and good progress was made during the early hours of the day. But at about eleven o'clock a strong head wind set in, against which it was almost impossible to make any substantial progress. We therefore put in for shelter under the lee of a rocky headland of the great island of Buvuma. It was evident that we must spend the night there, notwithstanding the fact that the islanders were said to be dangerously hostile. A number of them came to see us, and certainly they were most kind and

friendly, nor did they from first to last show the least disposition to treat us otherwise than as guests, to whom it was their duty to be hospitable.

The next day we reached our destination. Apparently we were expected, for a large body of natives, with the chief Muzito at their head, were standing on the shore ready to welcome us, which they did most warmly. Our loads were soon carried up to the chief's enclosure, near which was our camp. After arranging with Sira and Samwili, the two Baganda evangelists, for the services of the following day, we both took stock of our surroundings.

It was a weird spot in which we found ourselves. The island of Bugaya is the most seaward of the Buvuma group, and thrusts southward its rugged headlands in wild and picturesque confusion. The superstition of the islanders shows itself in the shrines with which many of these rocky headlands are crowned, and which are evidently dedicated to the Spirits of the Lake, whom it was felt necessary to propitiate by sacrifices of living creatures, often in the old days human beings.

The women in their grass dresses, and with wooden buttons in their lower lip, were certainly quaint-looking figures. The men were not so hideously disfigured, and whether in skin or barkcloth reminded us of the Basoga, to whom I believe they are doubtless akin.

To our great surprise, on Sunday morning there came together in the very primitive church that these people had built for the worship of God no fewer than 220 souls. Such a sight was indeed a wonderful testimony to the power of God's grace. Only once before had this remote island been visited by a European missionary, and then only for a short while; and yet in the hands of ill-taught Baganda evangelists the

people had acquired not merely a knowledge of all the outward form and ceremony of a Church service, but an intellectual and heart knowledge of the truth which led us to marvel as we catechised them both at the morning and afternoon services. About a hundred and forty had learnt to read the Mateka, as the first reading-book was called, and ten others were Gospel readers. We entreated them to continue in the faith, and promised to render them all the assistance which from time to time they might need in the way of instruction.

It was with real regret that on Monday morning we said good-bye to this little company of souls stretching out their hands God-ward. We were bound for Kajaya's in Busoga, and as a long day's paddle lay before us, an early start was necessary. "Mukama abere namwe"—"The Lord be with you," my farewell word to them, warmly responded to with shouts of "nawe"—"and with you," and so we started on our way to the mainland. Of course the usual headwind set in, and our progress was miserably slow. Hour after hour passed by and still we were far from land. The sun reached its zenith and then gradually declined. It approached its setting just as land hove in sight. The moon rose and we were thus enabled to continue our journey. Occasionally the blowing of hippos, not far away, startled our weary paddlers, and like an electric shock energised them into desperate efforts to get beyond the reach of those dreaded monsters of the Nyanza. At length the presence of reeds and rushes in the water around told us that land was near. Slowly we pushed our way through a dense mass of tall reeds, the home of myriads of mosquitoes, and found ourselves on a low sandy desert-like stretch of shore. Quickly disembarking we tried to discover our whereabouts.

Advancing some little distance inland I discovered, dimly visible in the haze which hung over the scene, two ghost-like figures. I shouted to them, "Muje banange"—"Come here, my friends;" but no! in a moment they were gone. Then two of my serving-boys, who had penetrated some distance further, came and reported that a plantation of bananas was visible not far away, and that if I would follow them they would soon lead me to some house or other. This seemed hopeful, and at once we started on our quest. We soon got into a footpath which led us right for the plantation. Plunging into it we tramped on in semi-darkness, guided most unerringly by our boys. In a little while we emerged into a clearing, and sure enough there was a house. We went to the door and shouted. No answer. Again and again we shouted, and begged the occupants to open to us or to tell us where we were. But still no answer. Then all at once, as we waited for some reply, there came to us this sad and solemn question, "Are you spirits or are you men?" What a horribly significant question was this. It was not merely the very natural question which any man might ask who was unexpectedly disturbed by such night visitors, but it revealed a condition of mind and soul which is characteristic of the whole heathen population in Central Africa. Millions of human souls in these dark regions live in perpetual fear of evil spirits. Morning, noon, and night, life for them is a bondage to this dread. How to propitiate their anger, how to ward off any evil that might come to them, is the daily thought which occupies the mind of these poor creatures. Charms, medicine, sacrifices, in fact every device which human ingenuity can suggest, is employed in the vain effort to find peace and safety. And so men have lived through the ages enslaved in a bondage

THE CHURCH ON THE ISLAND OF BUKASA, VICTORIA NYANZA—It will Seat 250 Persons

little better than a living death. The day of their liberation, however, had already dawned, and for those poor souls in Busoga the messengers of a Saviour's love delivering them from the bondage of sin and Satan already stood at their doors. "Banange temutya!"—"My friends, fear not," was our answer. "We are Europeans, men like yourselves. We have lost our way and need your help." In a little while we heard whisperings and movements within, and then the door was unfastened. Slowly and fearfully a man came into view. He was trembling visibly from head to foot. However, we took him by the hand and greeted him warmly, thanking him for coming to our help.

Reassuringly, and even tenderly, we spoke to him, explained to him our situation, and asked him kindly to guide us to the chief's enclosure, which he told us was not far away. This he undertook to do, and in less than ten minutes we found ourselves in comfortable quarters. It was after midnight, however, before we were able to retire to rest.

The next day letters reached me from Uganda, telling me the startling news of the arrival of Kasagama, the king of Toro, in Mengo, and begging me to return thither with all speed. It seems that Kasagama, wearied out with what he considered to be the unjust treatment of the officer in charge of Toro, had really run away, and escaping with a few followers had made his way to Mengo with the object of seeking justice at the hands of the Commissioner. Of course he was not without hope that I would be able to advocate his cause. It was evident that I must return to Uganda at once. Hastily striking camp we made our way back to Luba's, where we arrived on Wednesday, January 1st, 1896. The next day I crossed the lake to Lugumba's and then went on to Ngogwe, where I rested for the Sunday.

Two days later I was once more at Mengo. Kasagama at once came to see me. The story that he told me of wrongdoing, cruelty, and oppression was such that I felt that there must be misunderstanding somewhere, and therefore begged the Commissioner to do his utmost to sift it to the bottom. This he promised to do, and the officer in charge of the Toro District was called in to aid in the investigation. He, it seems, had serious complaints to bring against the king. These resolved themselves into three main charges—slavery, the illicit running of gunpowder, and bribing the Government interpreter.

In the presence of myself and the Archdeacon, the Commissioner, with the utmost patience, investigated these charges. The latter was taken first and broke down in the most dramatic fashion, the chief witness for the prosecution in his evidence immensely strengthening the case for the defence. The second charge broke down in exactly the same manner. In fact, so complete was the exoneration of the king that the Commissioner felt it useless to continue the inquiry.

The officer administering Toro, whose conduct of affairs was thus impugned by the issue of the inquiry, acknowledged that through his ignorance of the language he had been imposed upon by his interpreter. Apolo Kivebulaya, who had been sent as a prisoner to Mengo, was released and compensation given to him.

Our pleasure at the acquittal of the king and the vindication of the action of our teachers in Toro was naturally very great. Kasagama, who since his arrival in Mengo had been under regular Christian instruction, was baptized in the presence of the Commissioner on Sunday, March 15th, taking the name of Daudi (David). He shortly after returned to his own country, having

exacted from me a promise of paying him a speedy visit.

While these events, so fraught with issues bearing upon the future of the Church, were happening in the capital, the work of instruction in the country districts was going steadily forward. Fisher sent in the most cheering accounts from North Singo, telling of visits paid to the Bunyoro border, and of the Gospel being preached to hundreds of Banyoro peasants who had settled down in the neighbourhood of Kinakulya. Lloyd and Leakey were hard at work at Gayaza, in the province of Kyadondo, whilst Gordon was engaged in organising the evangelisation of the islands of the Lake.

Early in January I took advantage of the latter's presence in Mengo on a brief visit to arrange an expedition to the islands.

There is always a great charm about these Lake journeys. The fresh breezes—the dancing waters—the bird life, so free and full—the wonderful variety in the scenery—rocks and woods—rushes, reeds, and all manner of creeping plants—the blowing of hippos and the sleeping, sliding crocodiles—are all sights and sounds delightfully refreshing both to mind and body. It was therefore with a very gladsome mind that I started out to visit the islands on Thursday, January 16th. I camped at Gaba, on the Lake shore, and the next day met Gordon at Kazi and went on with him to the great island of Kome, where a very promising work was in progress. Four churches had been built in various parts of the island, each one of which was a centre of Christian teaching. So well had this work prospered that a number of men and women were awaiting examination with a view to baptism. But no one came either to examine or to baptize. "Hope

deferred maketh the heart sick." They waited and waited, apparently in vain. At last they made up their minds that they would wait no longer. They would see for themselves whether there was baptism for them or not. A deputation therefore travelled to Mengo to see the missionaries. They stated their case, and of course were at once reassured. A letter was written to Gordon asking him to visit Kome (which he had not yet had an opportunity of doing), with a view to baptizing those eager seekers after the truth. Some of these very men were looking out for us on our arrival and greeted us most joyfully. Baptisms, a Confirmation service, and the disposal of a large number of books, mostly Scriptures, filled up our time on Kome. We then went on to Bukasa, visiting the island of Jana on the way. At Bukasa we found a congregation of some three hundred souls gathered together in the church for the Confirmation service, at which some fifty-five men and women received the laying on of hands. From Bukasa we made our way to Busi, sleeping on the island of Bufumira on the way.

The work in Busi we found to be of a most interesting character. The readers were mostly refugees from the island of Sese, which had been handed over to the Roman Catholics under the term of Sir Gerald Portal's settlement. Five churches had been built, the central one accommodating some five hundred worshippers. There were probably a thousand readers on the island at the time of which I am writing. Samwili Kamwakabi was the teacher in charge, and right earnestly he was working. Some twenty-seven men and women were presented to me for Confirmation, and all seemed deeply in earnest.

On February 3rd I started on the return journey to Mengo in a well-manned canoe. At first good

THE BISHOP ON A CONFIRMATION TOUR A NIGHT ON VICTORIA NYANZA

progress was made, but towards noon the efforts of our men slackened considerably, so that we made but little way. I warned the men of the dangers of night travelling on the Lake, but without avail. At sunset they seemed to wake up, but it was too late; we were yet three or four hours from our destination. More than once hippos rose not far away, to the great alarm of every one. However, we managed to elude them by making a wide detour. Another very real danger in travelling on the Lake near the shore at night was the existence of numerous half-submerged rocks, to which it is necessary to give a wide berth. For three hours we crept along, hardly knowing whither we were going. At length came a shock and a stoppage. We were on the rocks. Happily our speed at the time was not great, and the bow of our canoe was strong. An examination revealed the fact that beyond a splintered timber or two no harm had been done. Our canoe was still sound. Much relieved we went on our way, keeping a sharp look-out. Soon lights became visible, telling us that Kazi was near. At about ten o'clock, to my great relief, we reached our destination. The next day I went on to Mengo, where I found all well and the work in full swing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN JOURNEYINGS OFT

'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.'
—Psalm cxxi. 8.

The time had now come for the fulfilment of my promise to King Kasagama to pay Toro a visit. All the reports which periodically came in to us from our native evangelists told of a widespread desire for Christian teaching. Little congregations of readers, we were informed, were springing up in every direction. Evidently a guiding hand was needed, a European missionary in fact, for the supervision and organisation of a work which, although still in its infancy, was vigorous and strong, and showed clear signs of a healthy growth.

Fisher of Kinakulya I knew was longing for direct pioneer work; him, therefore, I invited to accompany me, with a view to ultimately taking over the charge of what gave every promise of becoming a work of great importance.

Our preparations were soon made, and on March 30, 1896, we started on our journey. Owing to a difficulty in getting porters, my tent and bedding failed to put in an appearance at Sentema, our first camping place. I was obliged, therefore, to sleep in a native hut without bed or mosquito net. To say that I slept is, I am afraid, only a euphemistic way of describing a night of almost hideous horror—a night which was one long fight with a countless multitude of mosquitoes thirsting for one's blood. However, the longest night

has an end, and by six o'clock we were on our way to the Mayanja, a river swamp in which all feverish symptoms were soon quenched in the water, which was up to one's armpits. In due course Mitiana was reached, where we spent Easter-tide and where a Confirmation was held, when thirty-one men and ten women received the laying on of hands. From Mitiana we made our way to Kasaka, where I had another Confirmation engagement. Travelling by way of Lake Wamala, we crossed to the island of Bagwe in a large "dug-out." Here a small but interesting work I found to be in progress. A tiny church had been built in which daily a little company of believers gathered together for the worship of God. Having commended them to Him, and the power of His Grace, we continued our journey in the primitive craft which had brought us to the island. A couple of hours' paddling, followed by half a mile of wading through the waters of the reedy margin of the Lake, brought us to the main path to Kasaka, where we arrived some two hours later, that is to say, a little before sunset. A warm welcome awaited us from the many readers out of the neighbouring gardens. Many of them had recently endured much persecution for the sake of Christ.

Old Ndalike, the chief, an uncle of King Mwanga, was a rank old heathen, quite one of the old school, and hated Christianity with an intense hatred, and strove with all his might to stamp it out. But he found, as many greater and wiser than he have found, that it is vain to fight against God. He might beat and cruelly ill-treat his people for seeking after the Truth—and some he beat nearly to death or scorched with red-hot hoes—but still they came in increasing numbers for instruction. He might burn down the houses of the missionaries—and twice he had done

this—but new ones were built, and still the missionaries taught all who came to them. He might even seek refuge on the islands of the great Lake from the sound of the hated Name. But still even there, in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" the praises of the Redeemer were being sung. At last he gave up the contest in despair. "It is no use," he declared, "trying to get away from these Christians, for they are everywhere."

"The fiercer the persecution the brighter the testimony" is the lesson which we learn from a study of all attempts down through the ages to stamp out Christianity by violence. This indeed was the outcome of the persecution at Kasaka. Nowhere in all Uganda were happier or brighter Christians to be found than there. Nowhere was the spirit of unity more apparent or the spirit of self-sacrifice more real.

It was with very sincere regret that I said good-bye to those earnest souls after I had confirmed twenty-nine of them and passed on my way to Kinakulya, where, after a great deal of hill climbing and wading through innumerable swamps, we arrived on the evening of April 11th. Darkness had set in, and walking in a narrow footpath was anything but easy. Happily our friends at Kinakulya knew of our coming, and came out with torches in large numbers to meet us. It was with wild shouts of welcome that they greeted us. Their cries of "Nsanyuse" (I rejoice), "Nsanyuse," making the hills around echo and re-echo.

The greater part of a week was spent in this happy sphere of work, during which some twenty-two souls were baptized, and sixty-three confirmed. Kinakulya was the centre of widespread missionary operations reaching even to the border of Bunyoro. There were some fifteen teachers at work, and evidently in the

not distant future a harvest of souls would be reaped.

From Kinakulya we made our way to Kijungute, and from thence to Bukumi, in the most northern part of the province of Bwekula. Here we were warned of the difficulties of the road in front of us on the way to Toro—"swamps and swollen rivers," it was said, "would surely stop us." The latter especially were dangerous, if not absolutely impassable. However, we determined to proceed on our way, believing that with the difficulty we should find the means of meeting it. Nor were we disappointed. Swamps there were without end and unbridged. There was nothing for it but to plunge into them and make the best of it. The state of the rivers happily had been exaggerated, and they were crossed without any special difficulty.

On Saturday, April 25th, we camped at Bufungu for the Sunday in full view of the mountain range of Ruwenzori.

Happily the atmosphere was clear (it was the rainy season), and the great mass stood revealed in all its solemn grandeur. It was a vision of singular and surpassing beauty. At times a veil of mist would pass over the scene, and then as it lifted and cleared, first one snow-clad peak and then another would come into view, until at length the whole range, glittering and sparkling in the glorious glowing light of a tropical sun, was once more entrancing us with its marvellous beauty—a wonderful combination of graceful outline and deep, dark shadows, showing up in striking contrast the majestic shoulders and the massive buttresses of the mighty mountain, which as the sun declined lost much of the glare and glitter of the earlier hours of the day, but yet till eventide continued to be

'Robed in softened light of orient state.'

On April 28th we reached Butiti. Here a great disappointment awaited us. Instead of expectant crowds trooping out to meet us, we found here and there by the road-side a sullen-looking individual who barely responded to our greeting of "Otyano"—"How do you do." At the entrance to the chief's enclosure there was a little group of men standing, in the centre of which was one who was evidently the chief himself. But no! He was decorated with a Roman Catholic rosary, as were nearly all his followers. This surely was not Yafeti Byakweyamba, the chief of Mwenge. Our greetings over, the explanation came. Yafeti had been called into Mengo to answer some charges which had been made against him, and which he was able later to disprove. The man Kagoro, a Roman Catholic, whom we saw before us, had been appointed to take his place. He had seized his opportunity, and nearly all the Protestant readers had been driven out and Roman Catholics had been put in their places. The church in which, a year or two before, the congregation was so large that when the pages of their books were turned the sound was said to be as the rustling of the leaves in the tree-tops, had been burnt down. As can well be imagined our stay at Butiti in those circumstances was not a very happy one, and we gladly packed up our things on the morning after our arrival and took the road to our next camping place.

We were now quite close to the capital of Toro, in fact only two and a half hours away. Ruwenzori loomed dark and sombre in the distance. The weather had changed. The bright sunny days of the earlier part of our journey had given place to heavy clouds and rolling mists, while ever and anon a bright flash of lightning and the reverberating crash of thunder which followed told of a gathering storm. But the

RUWENZORI FROM KABAROLE

scenery had changed as well as the weather. We were now in a country distinctly volcanic. Crater hills were to be seen on every hand. The scored flanks of Ruwenzori, now clearly visible, testified unmistakably to a time, comparatively recent (geologically speaking), when even the great mountain itself was in eruption.

The news of our coming had preceded us, and as we drew near to the goal of our journey numerous messengers from the king and the Namasole came to meet us with letters of greeting. Then ensued that endless running to and fro of men and boys with messages of gladness, which is so pleasing and picturesque a characteristic of the etiquette of the Baganda. At length we came to the foot of the hill leading to the king's enclosure, where ensued a scene of welcome which baffles description, shouts of cordial greeting resounding on every side. The king was sitting in his chair with a leopard skin at his feet, but immediately upon our appearance he rose up and greeted us with a warmth of welcome which it was impossible to misunderstand. It was the welcome of a Christian king to messengers of the King of kings. "Come," said he, "let us go into the church and thank God for bringing you here in peace and safety." So saying he led the way into a large building hard by, which had been built by the natives themselves for the worship of God. It was with full hearts that we joined in this service of prayer and praise, which had been arranged entirely by the natives themselves. Fully five hundred souls were gathered together on that never to be forgotten occasion when, for the first time in the history of Toro, Europeans and natives, the white man and the black, knelt together in the worship of a common Saviour, mingling their voices in the praises of the One true and Living God.

Barely seven years had passed by since Stanley had made known to the outside world the existence of the snow-clad mountain range of Ruwenzori, the mountains of the moon. It is hardly too much to say, therefore, that had he travelled from Kavalli to Nkole by the east rather than by the west of the mountain, he would have found that the Christian evangelist from Uganda had preceded him, and that there were even then those in the country who knew Christ as their God and Saviour. This would probably have given him as much pleasure as the discovery of the mountain itself.

How had Christianity found its way to Toro? It was in this wise. Yafeti Byakweyamba, a cousin of Kasagama, king of Toro, and a prince of the House of Kabarega, king of Bunyoro, had been brought up in Uganda—converted and baptized there. On becoming chief of Mwenge, a county of Toro, he asked that Christian teachers might be sent from Mengo to instruct his people. This was done, and two men, Marko and Petero, were sent as the two first missionary evangelists to the Batoro. In 1891 Kasagama was appointed by Capt. Lugard the overlord of the Toro Confederacy —in other words, king of Toro. He was a reader but not baptized until his journey to Mengo at the close of 1895 brought him under regular Christian instruction. This event, so fraught with momentous consequences to the future of Toro, took place as already mentioned, on March 15, 1896.

Thus it came about, in the good providence of God, that on our arrival on April 30th we found ourselves face to face with an incipient Christianity. A large number of people—men, women, and children—had been taught its fundamentals, and were endeavouring, it was quite clear, to order their lives according to its precepts. The greatest need of the work, it was

evident, was supervision and organisation by a European missionary. And so it was settled for Fisher to remain as missionary in charge.

Our first work was to call together the teachers and consult with them as to evangelisation of the country. Seven districts were mapped out, and two evangelists sent to each. Then the examination of candidates for baptism was taken in hand, and on Friday, May 8th, it was my joy to administer that holy rite to fifteen adults—eight men and seven women; among the latter were the mother and the wife of the king. The former took the name of "Vikitoria" and the latter that of "Damari."

Vikitoria (the Namasole or Queen-mother) was, and is still, for as I write she is yet alive, a woman of great strength of character and of earnestness in her spiritual life. She is always at the head of every good work, and never grows weary of talking with all who come to her house of Christ and His love for all mankind.

One great difficulty that confronted us at this early stage of our work in Toro was the poverty of the people, and their consequent inability to buy our books. The principle of giving away books we have never admitted. What was to be done? We were in want of firewood. We therefore offered to exchange books for wood. Daily young men and boys went out to the forest in search of that which would place them in possession of the longed-for treasure—a gospel or mateka (first reading-book). Towards evening quite a long procession would be seen wending its way from the forest to the grass hut in which we had taken up our quarters, and there the wood was stacked. This went on until the stack of firewood was bigger than our house, and we were obliged to cry "Hold, enough!"

A site for our Mission station was chosen, cleared,

and the work of building commenced. Enthusiastic helpers came from all sides, and visible progress was made from day to day.

On Sunday, May 10th, a congregation of some four hundred and fifty worshippers came together in church, when I confirmed nine men, all of whom had passed a very satisfactory examination. The king was among the number.

So far nothing has been said as to the social and political condition of the Batoro. The political organisation of Toro is not unlike that of Uganda. The feudal system is found there, but its hold upon the people is comparatively slight. The king has his Katikiro, Mugema, Mukwenda, and Sekibobo, and other great chiefs, but their authority is very limited. Almost as powerful a personage in Toro as the king is the Queen-mother. She has a considerable voice in the counsels of her son, who listens with no little deference to her advice. As a matter of fact all women in Lunyoro-speaking countries appear to have a higher social standing than in Uganda. In the home they have a controlling influence—an influence which, if made use of by Christianity, should be a potent factor in the elevation of the nation.

Physically the Batoro are not a strong race. The poor quality of their food, which consists mainly of sweet potatoes and a small grain called "bulo," is mainly responsible for their weak physique. As a rule a Mutoro porter is unable to carry more than 40 lbs., whilst a Muganda will be seen with a load of 60 lbs. upon his head. They speak Lunyoro—a language akin to Luganda, but even more widely spoken. The king and many of the principal chiefs understand Luganda, but outside that comparatively small circle it is practically an unknown tongue.

THE LAKE NEAR KABAROLE, TORO. RUWENZORI IN THE BACKGROUND

The dress of the people consists largely of skins. Bark cloth is imported from Uganda, and so also is calico of a poor quality from the coast. The use of the latter, however, is confined almost entirely to the well-to-do classes. The absence of warm clothing among the mass of the population, combined with the changeable nature of the climate, is the cause of widespread disease, mainly of the respiratory organs. Asthma and pneumonia are common complaints, the latter being especially fatal amongst growing children.

Such were the people amongst whom the Gospel of Christ had now taken root, and although it was comparatively but a tiny plant, still it was alive and showing signs of vigorous growth. There could be no doubt but that, with God's blessing upon the work, a rich harvest of souls would in His own good time be reaped.

It was with a heart full of thankfulness and praise to God for all that I had seen of His work of Grace in the hearts of the people, for all that He had permitted me to do for Him in this far-away land of Toro, that I said farewell to the little band of Christian men and women who had been gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and on Monday, May 11th, started on my return journey.

It was necessary that I should travel rapidly, as I had arranged for an Ordination Service in Mengo on Trinity Sunday (May 31st), and there was a great deal of preliminary work to be got through. I therefore decided, after reaching Butiti, to journey southwards in the hope of finding a shorter road than that through Bunyoro. Nor was I disappointed in my search. After leaving Mwenge, the swamps seemed suddenly to come to an end, and we entered upon a country of rolling hills and wonderfully fertile pasture lands. Wild flowers abounded on every hand. The

air was bracing and invigorating, and one was able to march for hours without fatigue. Passing through the province of Kyaka I reached Kawanga, where I spent very happily Sunday (May 17th). Two days later I entered Uganda and came upon a swamp of nearly half a mile in width. The water was generally up to my waist, but at times I sank to the armpits. The Katabalanga, for so it is named, is one of the worst swamps in Uganda. However, I was none the worse, and soon reached Kiganda, where I found a beautifully built church, and a little band of readers, who were being instructed regularly by a teacher named Danieri, who had been sent out by the Church at Mitiana.

After leaving Kiganda, a march of six and a half hours brought me to Bujongolo. On the way I came upon one of the largest herd of elephants which it has ever been my lot to see in Africa. There were probably two hundred of them in the herd. As they kept quite close together, their movements were almost like the undulations of the sea. There seemed to be several old males who acted as whippers-in to the herd, directing its movements. Shortly after passing them I came upon what had once been a banana plantation. It had been completely destroyed by this great herd. So complete a wilderness had been made of the cultivated land that it was with difficulty I could find my onward path to Bujongolo.

On reaching Mitiana I held a Confirmation, when forty-four candidates were presented to me by Mr. Sugden, the missionary in charge, who had just returned from an itineration in the northern part of his district. And now came the last stage of my journey. Fifty miles lay between me and Mengo. My boots were worn out. What was to be done? Sugden kindly

provided me with a hammer and a few tin tacks. With these I managed to fasten, in a rough and ready fashion, the parting soles, and therewith was obliged to rest content. But anxiously I watched my straining boots as I emerged from this or that swamp. Would they hold together, or would the final parting of sole and uppers oblige me to complete my journey bare-footed, was the question which more than once presented itself to my mind as I pursued my way to Mengo. Happily the riveted tin tacks held, and despite the mud and water of innumerable swamps, my decrepit old boots landed me triumphantly at the door of my house on Namirembe Hill on the evening of Saturday, May 23rd.

Thus my journey of some five hundred miles of travel to Toro and back, by way of Bunyoro, came to an end, and I found myself free to prepare for the event of Trinity Sunday—the Ordination of Priests and Deacons, as well as the setting apart of some twenty readers for their work as Lay Evangelists.

Trinity Sunday dawned bright and clear. The hum of voices at earliest dawn told of the thronging crowds who were making their way to the House of God. At seven o'clock the church was practically full. At eight, when the great drum boomed forth as the signal for the commencement of the service, there were large numbers sitting outside, unable to find room. The Archdeacon, with Pike, Roscoe, and Millar, officiated at Morning Prayer and Holy Communion—the first named, of course, presenting the candidates to me for Ordination, whose names were as follows :—

Priests.—H. W. Duta, Yonasani Kaidzi, Yairo Mutakyala.
Deacons.—Samwili Mukasa, Batolomayo Musoke, Nasanieri Mudeka, Henry Mukasa, Nuwa Kikwabanga.

Of the service itself an ineffaceable impression has

been left upon my mind. There was the solemn stillness which pervaded the vast structure of palm poles, as the hushed throng of worshippers waited for the opening sentences. There was the mighty volume of sound which rolled forth in regular and measured cadence as the responses were repeated in due order. Then the hymns—not perhaps very musically rendered, but every member of the congregation apparently making a "joyful noise unto the Lord." And what shall I say of the "laying on of hands," and the gathering around the Table of the Lord of very nearly five hundred communicants? Truly the Lord was permitting us to see some of those "greater things" of which He spoke when He gave to His disciples the gracious promise, "Greater things than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father."

The strain of the long service, as it went forward for nearly five hours, began to tell upon me, and it was evident after some three hours that I was in for an attack of fever. It was with aching head, aching back, and aching limbs that I pronounced the benediction, and this most wonderful service was brought to a conclusion shortly before one o'clock.

At the afternoon service twenty-two men, good and true, received my license as Lay Evangelists.

Mr. Roscoe, who was to be my fellow-traveller to the coast, preached his farewell sermon at this afternoon service, and so this ever memorable day came to a close.

Of the ordained men it was arranged that H. W. Duta should continue to work at the capital. His help in translation work was invaluable. Batolomayo was assigned to Kinakulya, Yairo to Jungo, Yonasani to Ngogwe, Nasanieri to Bulemezi, Henry Mukasa to the islands, whilst Samwili Mukasa was located with

Blackledge at Bukoba. Thus in the good providence of God, with the increase of the flock a corresponding increase of the pastorate was vouchsafed.

A last Confirmation service had been arranged for Tuesday, June 2nd, mainly for the benefit of the people of Ngogwe, of whom 150 came up to Mengo; and with those upon the spot 225 were presented to me. Many of them had walked fifty and sixty miles, and some even a hundred miles, in order to be confirmed.

This Confirmation service brought my programme of work in Uganda to a close, and I at once prepared for the journey down country. My preparations were a good deal hindered by the crowds of people who, from morning till night, thronged my house to say "good-bye." However, on Thursday, June 4th, my loads were ready, and hearing that the canoes had arrived at Munyonyo a start was made. Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Rattray were my travelling companions. Being anxious to visit Nasa, Mpwapwa, Kisokwe, and Mamboya, I decided to travel by the old road through German territory. The monotony of the voyage across the Lake was broken by a visit to Bukasa, where Mr. Gordon was at work, and where I was able to confirm no fewer than seventy-two candidates, forty-nine of them being men and the rest women. Here we were detained nearly a week waiting for our full complement of canoes to be made up. At length all was ready, and on Friday, June 12th, we said good-bye to Gordon and our friends in Bukasa, and continued our voyage, which was without incident until Nasa was reached some twelve days later.

Here we found to our great sorrow that Nickisson, who had travelled with me up country in 1892, was dangerously ill with blackwater fever. In spite of all that Dr. Rattray could do for him he gradually

sank, and on Sunday, June 28th, passed to his rest. The loss of Nickisson was a great blow to the work at Nasa. Hubbard had recently left for furlough, and Wright had only been a few months in the country, and as yet was but a tyro in the language. It was impossible to leave him alone. What was to be done? Most self-denyingly Dr. Rattray volunteered to stay at Nasa until some permanent arrangement could be made by the Mission in Uganda to supply the vacant place. On St. Peter's Day I ordained Wright, giving him Priest's Orders. A Confirmation later in the day, of six men and three women, completed my work at Nasa.

On July 1st, Roscoe and I started on our long tramp of 700 miles to the coast. It was a weary journey, the hot sun blazing upon our path, day after day, until we neared Kisokwe, where we arrived on July 30th. Then the weather had broken, and heavy storms of rain were of daily occurrence. At Mpwapwa, on August 2nd, I confirmed sixteen candidates, and on the following day we continued our journey. At night we were encamped not far from Tubugwe, at a place which we were told was infested with lions. We carefully warned our men and boys not to go beyond the limits of light cast by the camp fires, and to see that the fires were kept burning brightly all night long. However, at about nine o'clock, just as I was thinking of turning in, a cry of alarm was raised. A lion, it was said, had seized one of Mr. Roscoe's boys, named Simeoni, within half a dozen yards of my tent. I seized my rifle and fired into the pitchy darkness in the hope of so alarming the creature that he might drop his prey. Then we got torches and tried to find the track, but in vain, and sorrowfully we were obliged to return to camp, and give up the search till daylight. Then

only too plainly it was revealed what had become of the poor lad—a blood-stained cloth was found about a hundred yards away, and clear evidence of the poor fellow's fate. Simeoni was an earnest Christian, and for some days his loss cast quite a gloom over our camp.

On August 5th Mamboya was reached, and after a two days' rest we pursued our way to the coast. At the stony river (Mto Mawe) I was seized with a serious illness. Dysentery set in and I was incapacitated from walking. My limited stock of medicines failed to provide a remedy. Insomnia ensued, so that one's condition was miserable in the extreme. Happily Mr. Roscoe was able to enlist porters for my hammock, and in this, from morning till night for six days, I was carried along, sometimes being bumped against trees, at others a stumbling porter in front threw me to the ground. But nevertheless, by God's goodness and mercy, I was enabled to reach the coast, and there, to my great joy, was the steamer *Barawa*, belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, waiting for me. On being taken ill I had sent messengers to the coast requesting our Agent at Sadaani to telegraph to Messrs. Boustead and Ridley in Zanzibar, asking that a dhow might be sent across without delay to meet me. Mr. Boustead most kindly mentioned the matter to Sir Lloyd Matthews, the Prime Minister, who at once gave instructions for the *Barawa* to proceed to my assistance, and so it came about that without a moment's delay I was taken on board, and the same evening found myself in the hospital of the Universities Mission, where for the next three weeks I was carefully and skilfully tended by Dr. Macdonald and the Mission nurses. The kindness of Sir Lloyd Matthews, Dr. Macdonald, and the ladies of the Universities Mission,

I can never forget. The hospital was indeed a haven of rest after the toil and stress of the terrible time through which I had recently passed. It had, however, one rough and rude interruption. It was in this wise. On Tuesday, August 25th, the nurse who was on day duty told me that it might be necessary to move me from the hospital, as Zanzibar was in rather an unsettled condition. Later in the day I was informed that I was to be carried on board one of the ships in the harbour for safety. On inquiring further, I was told the whole story. It was as follows.

On the day of my arrival in Zanzibar the Sultan, Mohammed bin Thwain, died suddenly. There was strong suspicion that he had been poisoned. His cousin Khalid, who seemed to have very early news of the Sultan's illness and death, seized the Palace and proclaimed himself sovereign of Zanzibar.

Three years earlier, when a vacancy on the throne occurred, Khalid was prepared for taking the same course. But Mr. Rennell Rodd, her Majesty's Consul-General, quietly forestalled the little plot and set up the late Sultan as a British nominee. At that time our Protectorate in Zanzibar was three years old, Germany having given up all her rights in exchange for Heligoland. Outwitted on the first occasion, Khalid made his plans in good time, so that no sooner was the breath out of the Sultan's body than he was in the Palace, ran up his flag, and defied Great Britain to oust him. This was the situation that Mr. Basil Cave, the acting Consul-General, was called upon to deal with. Happily and most providentially, in the very midst of the crisis, Admiral Rawson, with the East Africa Squadron, entered the harbour. An ultimatum was presented to the usurper, which informed him that unless his flag was hauled down by nine o'clock on the

morning of August 25th, the British ships would open fire.

It was in these circumstances that at nine o'clock on the evening of the 24th, Dr. Macdonald and the nurse entered my room and told me that on account of the coming bombardment on the morrow, I was then to be taken on board ship. Covered up in a hammock, I was carried through the silent and deserted streets down to the shore, where a boat was in waiting. It was a weird feeling that possessed me as we passed through the fleet, in a silence broken only by the dip of the oars, and the challenge of the watchful sentinels, to the *Nowshera* in the outer harbour.

My bunk looked out on the land side of the ship, and it was with no little curiosity that, early on the morning of August 25th, I brought my glasses to bear on the Sultan's Palace. The red flag was still there. There was to be no surrender apparently. There was the *St. George* (the flagship) and then the *Racoon*, the *Philomel*, the *Thrush*, and the *Sparrow*, all anchored within easy range of the shore. The Palace clock struck nine—up went the signal and the "tongue of flame" shot forth. The old *Glasgow*, a man-of-war belonging to the Sultan, opened fire upon the *St. George*. In a moment came the reply, which struck the wooden ship at the water-line. A few minutes later she heeled over and went to the bottom. In the meantime the bombardment went forward. There was an ineffective reply. One could hear the shots whistling overhead. But forty minutes' play of the big guns was enough, and down came the red flag. The Royal residence and the harem were in ruins, the askaris and Arabs had fled, and the panic-stricken Khalid—a turbulent, ill-conditioned fanatic—had taken refuge at the German Consulate. The bombardment was over, and a few

days later Hamoud bin Mohammed bin Said was installed as Sultan of Zanzibar.

I was now taken back to the hospital, where I soon became convalescent and sufficiently strong to proceed to Mombasa in the *Great Northern*—the telegraph ship—the captain of which very kindly gave me a passage. Under Dr. Edward's hospitable roof I greatly improved in health, and on September 16th returned to Freretown, but under sentence of being "invalided home."

The few weeks which remained to me before sailing were very busy ones, and although half crippled with rheumatism, I was able to get through a good deal of work. On September 28th came the opening of the new Mission Hall in Mombasa. This had been built, under the supervision of Mr. Wray, at a cost of some £400, and was intended as a means of reaching the Mohammedan population of the native quarter, and of keeping in touch with the Christian element, which was continually moving in the direction of Mombasa from Freretown. We hoped to get hold of the waifs and strays, and to carry on an educational work amongst Mohammedan children, our main object, of course, being to win them for Christ.

On October 1st I had the joy of welcoming a large reinforcement for Uganda and the coast districts. For the latter sphere of work there was W. E. Parker, Mrs. Pickthall, and Miss Culverwell. For the former, Callis, Dr. A. R. Cook, Wigram, Clayton, Weatherhead, Tegart, Whitehouse, Miss Taylor, Miss Timpson. Returning after furlough were Baskerville, England, and Mrs. Gardiner. Pilkington, it was hoped, would follow a month later. Such a reinforcement was a great cheer and a cause of deep thankfulness to God for so abundantly answering prayer on this behalf.

A Confirmation at Rabai on October 3rd, and an

A WELL IN THE OLD FORT, MOMBASA

Ordination at the same place on the following day, were the next important events in my programme of work. At the former service no fewer than 349 candidates were confirmed, and at the latter, when James Deimler was ordained Deacon, some 522 communicants gathered around the Table of the Lord.

On my return to Freretown the new church there was solemnly dedicated to the service of God. This church, which had cost nearly £800, a large part of which had been subscribed by the family of the late Sir Bartle Frere, had lately been completed under the supervision of Mr. Binns. A Confirmation service on October 7th, when thirty-five candidates were presented to me, brought my work to a close, and I was free to obey the doctor's orders and take ship for England. On Friday, October 9th, I gave a farewell address to the party bound for Uganda, and on the 11th embarked for home.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SLAVE QUESTION

'O ye Heavens, be kind!
And feel thou, earth, for this afflicted race.'
WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE leaving East Africa I was led to consider seriously the slave question as it affected our missionary work in the coast districts. I have already referred in Chap. XXVI., Vol. II., p. 7, to the difficulties created for us by the fact that in the Sultanate of Zanzibar, of which Mombasa and the coast districts within the ten mile limit formed a part, the legal status of slavery was still maintained. Runaway slaves were still seeking shelter at our Mission stations, and demands for their surrender were continually being made to us. Under the administration of the British East Africa Company I felt that we had no option in the matter, and were bound on demand to give back to the duly constituted authority such slaves as sought refuge with us. My warrant for this was the following despatch dated February 1, 1889, addressed by Sir Julian Pauncefort to Sir Charles Euan Smith and in due course communicated to the Mission :—

"I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to instruct you to warn all Missionary Societies against harbouring runaway slaves without making any exception. No legal right to do so can be claimed, and when a refuge or asylum are granted in extreme cases of peril, and out of humanity, it is done at the risk of the person giving the shelter."

This was decisive in the days of the Company. But on the retirement of that body a different problem presented itself for solution. The paramount power was no longer a trading Company, or even the Sultan of Zanzibar. It was Great Britain herself. Was it right therefore, in the circumstances, that these demands for surrender should continue to be made? Nay, did not the fact that Great Britain had constituted herself the supreme authority within the limits defined above, raise even a larger question than this? Did it not also raise the question of the legality of the continuance of the status of slavery itself within these limits? Was not the Consul-General himself acting illegally in issuing or causing to be issued orders requiring the surrender of runaway slaves; and were not our missionaries acting contrary to British law in taking part in the restoration to slavery of those who had sought shelter with us?

These were all questions which to my mind pressed urgently for an answer. I therefore wrote to Mr. Crauford, the Acting Commissioner (Sir Arthur Hardinge was in England), and asked whether I was right in assuming that now Great Britain had taken over the administration of the country, and had become the Executive as well as the Protecting power, no more demands for the surrender of runaway slaves would be made upon us. I also went on to express the hope that the legal status of slavery would now be abolished. The receipt of my letter was acknowledged, and an answer, it was said, would in due time be forwarded to me. The answer, however, never came. I therefore determined to raise the whole question at home. Its discussion upon the spot was eminently unsatisfactory. The Commissioner, it was well known, was opposed to abolition. He had expressed the

opinion in a despatch to H.M.'s Government that "under certain social conditions, and in certain stages of human development, there was a lawful type of slavery," and such he held was that which obtained in the Sultanate of Zanzibar. And yet in an earlier despatch (March 1894) he had described the position of the slave in the following terms:—

"He cannot own or acquire or dispose of private property.

"He cannot give evidence without his master's permission.

"He cannot, without the sanction of his master, contract a legal marriage.

"He cannot, without his master's permission, engage in trade, nor in general claim any legal or civil right except through or with his master's sanction.

"There is no legal limitation to his master's power of punishing him, and theoretically I believe that he may put him to death without himself being held guilty of murder, or of any more serious offence than cruelty."

Evidently nothing was to be expected from one holding the view that the continuance of such a condition of things in a British Protectorate was justifiable. The venue must be changed. An appeal to Cæsar must be made.

Before describing in detail the steps which I took, on arriving in England, to make this appeal, or in other words to bring to a point the whole question of the continuance of the legal status of slavery in Mombasa and the coast districts, and in particular the legality of the demands made upon us for the surrender of runaway slaves, it will perhaps be helpful if I sketch roughly the history of the slave question in East Africa generally.

Great Britain's action with a view to mitigating if not actually putting a stop to the horrors of the slave trade in the East dates back some eighty years or

more. The first effectual instrument, however, under which action was taken, was the treaty with the Sultan of Muscat in 1845, by which British cruisers became entitled to seize all dhows carrying slaves in territorial waters. How many hapless victims of Mohammedan cruelty have been rescued since then!

To David Livingstone, perhaps, more than to any other man, we owe that expression of public opinion with regard to what he most expressively termed the "open sore of the world" which resulted in the Mission of Sir Bartle Frere to East Africa and Zanzibar in 1872, and the signature by Dr. Kirk on June 6, 1873, of a treaty with the Sultan, by which the carrying of slaves by sea was forbidden, and all slave markets, such as those of Zanzibar and Mombasa, were closed. On the site of the old slave market in Zanzibar the Cathedral of the Universities Mission now stands.

In 1876 three decrees were issued by the Sultan of Zanzibar as the result of Consular pressure being brought to bear upon him. By the first of these, dated January 15th, the abolition of slavery throughout his dominions in the Benadir and the district of Kismayu was proclaimed. On April 18th two decrees were promulgated. In the one the bringing of raw slaves from the interior was forbidden, and by the other the conveyance of slaves along the coast for shipment to the islands was declared illegal. In 1889 we reach the period in which freedom for the slave owes much to the influence and action of Sir Charles Euan Smith. In that year (September 20th) a perpetual right to search all dhows belonging to his subjects in Zanzibar waters was accorded to England and Germany by the Sultan. It was further enacted that all slaves brought into his dominions after November 1, 1889, should be free, and all children born in the same dominion of

slave parents after January 1, 1890, should also have their freedom.

I have already referred in Chapter XXVI. to the action of the British East Africa Company in the matter of slavery, and to the issue of the Proclamation of May 1, 1890, under which the members of certain specified tribes were declared incapable of being enslaved, or even of being held in bondage. On August 1st of the same year a very notable decree was issued by the Sultan under pressure from Great Britain. By it the exchange, sale, purchase, or traffic of whatsoever nature in domestic slaves or otherwise, was forbidden. All slaves of owners dying without lawful children, and slaves proved to have been ill-treated, were liberated, and it entitled any slave as a right to purchase his freedom at any time at a fair and reasonable price to be fixed by the Sultan.

Alas! the Arab power behind the throne proved to be too strong, and on the 20th of August a supplementary proclamation was issued practically repealing one of the most important provisions of the decree of August 1st. It ran as follows: "If any slave brings money to the Kathi to purchase his freedom, his master shall not be forced to take the money."

Such, very roughly, was the result of the efforts which Great Britain had put forth in the cause of freedom in her diplomatic intercourse with the Sultan of Zanzibar, who since 1890 had enjoyed her protection. It could hardly be said to be encouraging.

The abolition of the legal status of slavery, the discussion of which had now been going on for several years, had become a pressing and practical question. The Sultan, the direct nominee of Great Britain, was a mere puppet in her hands and danced as the strings were pulled. In Mombasa he was not the executive

power, but Great Britain. The case therefore for abolition in Mombasa and the coast districts was much stronger than that for Zanzibar and Pemba, which had practically been assented to.

On my way up country in 1895 I had addressed to the Government representative in Mombasa, in response to a request for an expression of opinion on this great question, the following statement of my views:—

"The question of immediate abolition is more or less one of finance and energetic and wise government. If the Administration is prepared to face the necessary expenditure, and to exert itself to devise means to meet the altered conditions of life involved in the proclamation of freedom to all slaves in the British Protectorate, then in my opinion such a proclamation may be made with perfect safety. This opinion is formed after a five years' acquaintance with the conditions of life in such slave centres as Mombasa, Zanzibar, and the coast districts, as well as such slave-producing countries as are included in British and German East Africa. Knowing what I do of the traffic of up country and slave life at the coast, I earnestly hope that no considerations of the expense involved, or the labour entailed, will be allowed to interfere for a moment with the adoption of a policy so righteous in itself, and which is likely to be so beneficial in its results."

Evidently this expression of opinion was not favourably viewed by the local Administration; it was therefore suppressed, and not allowed to see the light of day. But letters from two young ladies of the Mission who had spent some eighteen months in the field were published in the Blue-book. But then they had declared for deferred abolition.

What was the feeling of the Mission "up country,"

at the very sources of supply, may be gathered from the following memorial addressed to the Consul-General and signed by no fewer than fourteen senior men. Had time allowed it would doubtless have been signed by the whole body of missionaries.

"We, the undersigned missionaries of the C.M.S., believing that the existence of a legalised condition of slavery in Mombasa, Zanzibar, Pemba, and the coast districts is more or less intimately connected with slave-raiding and trading in the interior of the Continent, beg to express the very earnest hope that the legal status of slavery in the above-mentioned districts, which are under the control of her Majesty's Government, may be abolished without delay."

Such then were the circumstances in which I proposed to raise the question at home of the continuance of slavery in Mombasa and the coast districts. I reached England on November 20th, and on December 7th was enabled to lay the whole case before the Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury), in an interview which he very kindly granted me. I found him most sympathetic, and while drawing my attention to certain practical difficulties in the way of immediate abolition, expressed the earnest hope that something might be done. He suggested that inasmuch as Mr. G. N. Curzon (now Lord Curzon of Kedleston), the Under Secretary of State, was in charge of Foreign Office matters in the House of Commons, it would be helpful if I laid the case before him. He would himself, he added, arrange the interview. I accordingly, by the Prime Minister's arrangement, met Mr. Curzon the next day in the Under Secretary's room in the Foreign Office, and there, in the presence of Sir Arthur Hardinge, who had been called in to assist in the discussion, the whole case was gone into. Mr. Curzon was unable to make

any promise as to Government action, "for," said he, "I am not in the Cabinet, but you may rest assured that all that you have said shall have the fullest consideration." I left the Foreign Office feeling decidedly hopeful of some action being taken in the not distant future. Nor was I disappointed. On April 6, 1897, a decree was promulgated by the Sultan of Zanzibar, at the instance of Great Britain, abolishing the legal status of slavery in Zanzibar and Pemba. This action of the Government was received with a chorus of approval from all sides. It was generally assumed that the whole question was now settled, and that at last Great Britain had washed her hands of all complicity with the hateful "institution" in East Africa.

But it was not so. From several points of view the decree was most disappointing. As I was obliged to point out in a letter to the *Times* on April 12th, it failed to meet our just expectations in several particulars. First, it dealt only with one-half of the Sultanate, leaving Mombasa and the mainland territory within the ten-mile limit in exactly the same position as before. Then, secondly, it exempted all concubines from the operation of the decree. They were still to be held in bondage. And, thirdly, it failed to deal with the fugitive slave question. It was truly a disappointing outcome to the struggle of years.

But the question could not be allowed to rest in such an unsatisfactory position. The fugitive slave problem pressed for a solution. I was determined to bring it to a point, and therefore telegraphed to Freretown asking my representative to send me a number of the original demands for the *surrender* of fugitive slaves. I also instructed him by letter to refuse to surrender any more such slaves, and if need should arise to give them shelter in my own house; and I further stated

my willingness to return to Africa at a moment's notice and meet any charge that might be preferred against me, in consequence of such action being taken.

A month later the papers for which I had telegraphed arrived and I placed them in the hands of Mr. J. A. Pease, who for many years had so ably represented the cause of the East African slave in the House of Commons. They were produced in the course of the debate on June 24th and led to a dramatic scene—a complete change of front on the part of the Government, a notable statement by the Attorney-General of the law, one that deserves to be written in letters of gold, and the following very remarkable telegram to Sir Arthur Hardinge, our Consul-General in Zanzibar:—

"The Attorney-General has laid down that a British subject anywhere, in whatever service or employment he may happen to be engaged, if he takes part in restoring to his master or otherwise depriving any person of his liberty, on the sole ground that he is a fugitive slave, is breaking the British law and exposing himself to penalties. I have to inform you for your personal guidance that you should conform your conduct to the law thus laid down."

This was a great victory and one for which we felt profoundly thankful, but it was incomplete. The status of slavery was still maintained in the coast districts of the Sultanate, and no more satisfactory pronouncement could be obtained from the Government than the statement of Mr. Balfour made in the course of the debate on June 24th, that "the Government are desirous, at the earliest possible opportunity, to carry out on the mainland of the East Coast Protectorate what they had already carried out, or were

in process of carrying out, upon the island." With this for the time we were obliged to rest content.[1]

The Diamond Jubilee of her Majesty Queen Victoria, with its never to be forgotten service on the steps of St. Paul's, the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the landing of Augustine at Ebbsfleet, and the Lambeth Conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, now occupied our time and attention. And so the days ran their course, and summer faded into autumn as the time drew near for a return to my diocese. But there was one important matter which I felt it necessary to bring to a completion before leaving England, and that was the arrangement for the division of my jurisdiction in East Africa. The work had grown far beyond the compass of one man's power to supervise. Since my consecration the number of European workers had increased from 36 to 102, the native workers from 21 to 742, the number of the baptized from 1437 to 11,950, whilst the Communicant roll showed a growth of from 285 to 3641. But besides the necessity of dealing with this great increase in the actual work of the Mission, there was the great waste of time in the enormous distances to be covered in the journeys to and from Uganda, and the visitation of the Usagara Mission. But further than this, the development of the Church in Uganda was in that stage in which close supervision was a necessity, and this could only be secured by a resident Bishop. I therefore broached the matter to the Archbishop (Dr. Temple), who readily gave his consent. The Committee of the C.M.S. as cordially gave their adhesion to the scheme, which, roughly speaking, was the erection of the East African

[1] Since this was written the abolition of the legal status of slavery in Mombasa and the coast district of British East Africa has been declared (October 1, 1907), but the Act is sadly vitiated by a clause excluding concubines from its benefit.

Protectorate with the addition of the Usagara Mission into a separate missionary diocese. As the C.M.S. undertook to provide the stipend of the Bishop, the nomination was left by the Archbishop in the hands of the Society.

A charge dealing with the condition of the work in the diocese as a justification for its division I issued in the closing days of October, and on November 2nd once more started on my way to Mombasa, where I arrived on the 25th of the same month.

CHAPTER XXX

GATHERING CLOUDS

'Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.'

J. DRYDEN.

WHILE the events narrated in the last chapter were happening at home, stirring times and perilous days had once more come to Uganda. That much distracted land seemed destined never to have rest. Peace and she were still for a while longer to be strangers to one another. "Patience must have her perfect work," and the cleansing fires of sorrow and distress must have their share, and do their part in the regeneration of Uganda and the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ. Every trial has its mission to the individual soul, and so no doubt it is with the body of Christ—the Church, like her Divine Lord and Master, is made perfect through suffering.

'Out of the dark must grow,
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.'

Before telling the story of the sore trouble which fell upon the land in July 1897, it will be well to follow up briefly the course of events which led up to it, and to trace the general progress of the work during the period succeeding the close of Chapter V. In doing so it will be necessary somewhat to retrace our steps. First, as regards the work and its progress, it will be well to remember how wonderfully God had raised up

a body of teachers and evangelists for the work of the ministry, and for the building up of the Body of Christ. When I left Uganda in the month of June 1896 there were over 700 native evangelists (male and female) at work in the Nyanza Mission. They were not, it is true, men and women highly trained or thoroughly equipped intellectually for their work, but it might, I think, truly be said of the great majority that they had a thorough knowledge of the Gospels in their heads, and the love of God in their hearts. Writing at the time of these men I thus described their work:—

"They have a certain work to do and up to a certain point they do it, and do it very well too—perhaps as no European could do it. This work may roughly be described as of a threefold character, and for it there are three classes or grades of teachers required. First there are what are called the teachers of the Mateka. The Mateka is a little book, containing the alphabet, syllables, simple words, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, with a few texts of Scripture. Then, secondly, there are the teachers who have in hand the Gospel readers. These are supposed to be qualified to prepare candidates for Baptism. They instruct them, of course, in the Church Catechism, and when prepared present them to the missionary for his testing. Then lastly we have the most highly trained and experienced men engaged in the work of preparing candidates for Confirmation. They are expected to take them through such an Epistle as that of St. Paul to the Romans, as well as through a final course on the Church Catechism, and the Bishop's Catechism.

"This then is the composition of the noble band of 725 teachers whose work from Busoga in the east to Toro in the west, and from Bunyoro in the north

to Nasa in the south, is spreading over and changing the whole face of the country. Wherever the teacher goes there the Scriptures go; a reading-house is soon built which rapidly becomes a church, a place where God is worshipped, a new interest is awakened in the lives of the people, new aspirations arise, new hopes are given birth to. Men begin to see that there is something in life worth living for, the dawn of a new existence has come."

> 'Heaven above is softer blue,
> Earth around is sweeter green,
> Something lives in every hue
> Christless eyes have never seen.'

The number of souls with which this body of teachers had to deal was very considerable. At the time of which I am writing (June 1896) there were probably some 60,000 "Readers" under instruction, of whom no fewer than 20,000 were reading the Gospels, whilst 22,000 were in the earlier stage of reading the Mateka. Seven thousand were baptized Christians, of whom 2500 were Communicants. This would leave some 10,000 who were probably simply learning the art of reading, and those whom it had been found impossible to classify.

Manifestly the great need of the moment was training for the teachers, and the organisation and supervision of the great work in which they were engaged. Happily the committee of the Church Missionary Society realised the need, and a large and notable reinforcement was even then being gathered together. I have already alluded to my meeting with this party at Freretown later in the year.

In the meanwhile, those upon the spot were doing their very utmost to grapple with the ever growing

need. Archdeacon Walker, with Pike and Millar, in Mengo, were mainly engaged in the work, vital to the future interests of the Church, of training. Women were being gathered together in large numbers by the band of ladies whom it had been my privilege to bring up country with me in the autumn of 1895. The work in Bulemezi was being supervised by Buckley and Lewin, whilst in the neighbouring province of Singo, Sugden and Fletcher were at work. In Kyagwe, Blackledge, Martin Hall, and Lloyd were engaged from morning till night in organising one of the most promising of our outlying districts. The latter was labouring at Nakanyonyi in North Kyagwe, and the two former at Ngogwe in South Kyagwe. Busoga, in which the work was being carried on in the most difficult and trying circumstances, was being worked by Rowling, Crabtree, and Allan Wilson. Rowling, with the latter as his colleague, was at Luba's, whilst Crabtree was striving to make headway against the opposition of the chief at Miro's. Koki was being opened up by Leakey, and the islands by Gordon. Purvis was holding the fort at Gayaza and Wright at Nasa. The location of Fisher in Toro has already been alluded to.

This, roughly, was the distribution of the missionary body in Uganda at the period under review. Of the details of the work in which the various members of the Mission were engaged we find interesting accounts on record. Of the development of the missionary idea Archdeacon Walker thus wrote to the C.M.S. :—

"I was telling our Church Council of the efforts being made to reach the whole world before 1899, and they said, 'Well, then, we must try to send out more missionaries too.' The old idea that the earth is like a table on legs and that one of the gods holds it up is dying out, but still a good many people think that the

end of the world is somewhere in the country of Bukedi to the north of Busoga. One of the Church elders said if only the Europeans could send a missionary to the country of the Bukedi, then the whole world would have been reached. So most of the people would think. I said, 'Then why should you not send?' and at once they replied, 'Well, we will try and do so.'"

The monthly meetings held for the purpose of deepening the missionary spirit had an attendance of something like 800, which Mr. Millar considered small. "However," he wrote, "those who do attend show a deep interest in the work."

The women's work was going forward happily. Miss Furley was in charge of the Baptism and Confirmation classes, and was able also to take in hand a class for the training of teachers. Of the latter she wrote, "We are now reading the Acts of the Apostles, and I never read in England with a class more keenly interested. To many of them it is not so well known as the Gospels, and it has come with a delightful freshness quite unknown in a class at home familiar with the Bible history from childhood. Their prolonged exclamation of keen sympathy and the real delight with which they watch the success of the Apostles' work is most interesting."

Miss Pilgrim and Miss Brown, besides other work, were engaged daily in the dispensary, ministering to the needs of the sick and suffering; while Miss Chadwick and Miss Thomsett made it their duty to visit the Lubiri (king's enclosure) and such centres as Kasubi and Lusaka in the suburbs.

On August 1st a son and heir was born to the king. This, as will be seen later, was an event of the highest importance. As his mother was a Protestant, king Mwanga formally consented to his being brought up

in her faith. He was baptized by the name of Daudi (David), and placed (according to native custom) in the hands of the Katikiro as guardian.

During the remaining months of the year the work throughout the country prospered greatly, to the great joy of all engaged in it. It is no exaggeration to say that "the Lord was adding to the Church daily such as were being saved."

At length, on January 11th, the first of the party which had left the coast at the end of November arrived in Mengo. This was Pilkington, who, after a most adventurous bicycle ride of three-and-twenty days from Kibwezi, had managed to outstrip his companions, and to reach Uganda five weeks in advance of them. On February 19th the rest of the party arrived, and at once a distribution of the new force was entered upon.

Miss Thomsett and Miss Brown were located at Gayaza, whilst Miss Pilgrim and Miss Bird were assigned to Ngogwe. This was the beginning of the extension of women's work to the country districts. Miss Timpson, being a trained nurse, was located at Mengo for medical work.

The organisation of this much-needed development of our missionary work was at once entered upon with all his characteristic energy by Dr. A. R. Cook, and in the month of June a Mission Hospital, built by the natives themselves, was opened and solemnly dedicated by prayer to the service of God.

The remaining locations were as follows: Wigram to Mitiana, Clayton to Koki, Tegart to Nakanyonyi, Weatherhead to Busoga, and Callis to Toro.

The latter, a devoted servant of God, was not permitted to labour long in that far away land. He had the joy and privilege, however, of administering the Holy Communion in Luganda, and of baptizing fourteen

souls into the Church of Christ, and then was struck down by fever, and in spite of all that Lloyd could do for him passed away on April 24th. It was the first death that had occurred in the Mission (north of the Lake) since its founding. This fact speaks volumes for the comparative healthiness of the climate of Uganda.

On June 20th a special English service was held in the Cathedral, in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and two days later there was a grand reception at Kampala, the Government Fort, at which all the Europeans were commanded to be present. It was a brilliant scene—soldiers, court officials, and missionaries—Anglican and Roman, being present in considerable numbers. The king came attended by the Katikiro and a large concourse of chiefs; he occupied a seat of honour facing the company, and made a speech in which he endeavoured to set forth his own and his people's congratulations on the reign of H.M. Queen Victoria with its sixty "years of blessing." It was, however, but lamely done. There was no heart in it. Mr. George Wilson, the Acting Commissioner, responded, greetings were exchanged, and the function was over—very much, it was observed, to the relief of the king.

A fortnight later the storm, which slowly, silently, and almost imperceptibly had been gathering on the political horizon, burst with a great thunderclap upon the country. "Kabaka aduse" (The king has fled) was the cry which was passed from lip to lip, in half whispered accents, on the morning of July 6th. Not trusting his gate-keepers he had in the darkness of the night cut his way out through the reed fences of his enclosure and, embarking in canoes at Munyonyo, by sunrise was well on his way to Budu, where he at once raised the standard of revolt.

He had chosen his ground well. The chiefs of Budu were disloyal to a man, and as a consequence the whole country governed by them was seething with sedition. It was only necessary for the king to make his appearance for a general rising at once to take place, and in a few days there rallied to his standard all the disaffected and discontented ones in the country south of the Katonga.

The king's ablest lieutenant was Gabrieli, the Roman Catholic Mujasi, who some two months previously had been convicted of disloyalty, but who had managed to evade arrest. His co-conspirators—the Roman Catholic chief of Mawokwata, the Kaima; and the excommunicated Protestant chief of Singo, the Mukwenda—had, however, been caught and deported to the Eldoma Ravine, where some eighteen months later I found them engaged in the humble occupation of sweeping the quadrangle of the Fort.

And what, it may be asked, had moved the king thus to embark on this mad enterprise? Was it injustice or harsh treatment of himself or his people? Nothing of the kind. It was simply and solely his hatred of Christianity and the opposition which, in consequence of its spread, he found on every hand, even within his own household, to the life of unbridled lust which he longed to be allowed to live. Moreover, there is very little doubt but that he was cognisant of Gabrieli's conspiracy, and dreaded some punishment on the fact becoming known to the Administration. The heathen party in the country was entirely with him in his dislike of European control.

But in dealing with this revolt there was another force to be reckoned with, besides those inherent in disaffection and discontent, and that was the loyalty of the great mass of the population to the kingship.

Not simply loyalty to Mwanga personally—him they hated—but loyalty to the king as an institution.

Dr. Cook, writing on July 7th, thus described the situation: "The whole country is very much excited. Men are pouring into the capital with guns (mostly retainers of the various chiefs), and a good many seem to be stealing quietly away to join the king in Budu. The king has immense prestige in the country, where the 'Bakopi' (peasants) all implicitly believe in him." And again writing on the 12th: "Nearly all the police have deserted. They went off with guns last night to join Mwanga. The Katikiro wrote rather a gloomy letter to Walker, saying he does not realise how serious a matter it is, and that the people hate and detest the conquerors. The king hates the Europeans because they stopped his gross immoralities. The chiefs hate us because a Christian is expected only to have one wife and because no slaves are allowed; and the people hate us because they say they are obliged to carry loads, and to make roads (measures adopted by the Government for the good of the country), and because the old heathen customs are dying away."

Major Ternan, the Acting Commissioner, who had been in the Nandi country, arrived in Mengo on July 11th, and at once set about the work of organising an attack upon the gathering forces of the rebels in Budu. Mr. Forster and a hundred Sudanese soldiers with a Maxim had been despatched by Mr. Wilson immediately on the flight of the king becoming known.

All this while Pilkington, Leakey, and Clayton were in a position of considerable danger in Koki. The forces of the king blocked the road to Mengo, and Kamswaga, the chief, declared himself unable to protect them. On July 15th Pilkington wrote a letter addressed to any European into whose hands it might

fall, asking for help and expressing the opinion that it was almost impossible for them to get out of their perilous position alive, unassisted. But assistance was nearer than he supposed. Major Ternan was only two days away with 500 Sudanese and four Maxims, besides a large force of loyal Baganda.

At length, at a place called Kyango (in Budu), the rival forces came in contact with one another, and a decisive battle was fought. "The whole force," wrote Dr. Cook, "had passed a swamp, save the rearguard with provisions and baggage. The enemy lined the crest of the hill in front. Suddenly a hostile chief, Katabalwa, swooped down on the rearguard, separated by the swamp from the main body, but the Maxims were run up the hill and rained a storm of bullets over the heads of the rearguard upon the attackers, who broke and fled.

"Meanwhile in front there was a stubborn fight. Our friendly Baganda fought desperately, for they were fighting for their religion and their country. The other side fought with the energy of despair, but after holding their ground for an hour, the fighting being almost hand to hand, they were at length driven off the ridge and gave way in all directions."

The immediate result of this crushing defeat was the flight of Mwanga. Crossing the Kagera river he took refuge in German territory, where he was promptly interned and sent to Mwanza at the south of the lake.

A month later, viz., on August 14th, Mwanga was declared an outlaw, and his son Daudi Cwa was placed upon the throne. Three regents were appointed, namely Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro; Zakaria Kizito, the Kangao; and Mugwania—the latter being a Roman Catholic and the two former Protestants.

Archdeacon Walker thus described the coronation ceremony:—

"A proclamation was read out proscribing Mwanga and some twelve of the chiefs. All but one were Roman Catholics. All the rest of the rebels were pardoned on condition of their coming in and laying down their arms. After the reading of the proclamation at Nakasero the chiefs went to Mengo and the young child Daudi was produced, and in accordance with ancient custom was set upon the seat of his forefathers (called Namulondo) by the chief called Mugema. He was arrayed in a bark cloth, and a shield and two spears were held over him, and it was proclaimed that king Daudi had 'eaten Uganda.'"

But the rebellion was not yet over. The late king Mwanga was, it was true, a prisoner at Mwanza, but Gabrieli was still at large moving swiftly about and attracting to himself many of the scattered rebels. These were met and defeated by Mr. Grant and Lieut. Hobart. But still the fires of insurrection smouldered on here and there, and ever and anon they broke out into flames.

As can well be imagined the work of the Church during these troublous days was being carried on at a great disadvantage. In Koki and Budu it had been completely broken up, whilst at such centres as Mitiana and Ngogwe the classes had shrunk to very small dimensions. The ladies for safety had been brought into the capital from Gayaza, and consequently their work was suspended till brighter days should dawn.

It was in these circumstances that early in the month of September news of Mohammedan disaffection in Busoga reached Mengo.

Mr. George Wilson, the Acting Commissioner, was happily alive to the danger, and prompt measures

were taken to secure the person of Mbogo, the Mohammedan leader in Uganda, and the disaffected chiefs in Busoga. No sooner had this been done than tidings came of the revolt of the Sudanese at the Eldoma Ravine and their march on Uganda.

This was indeed a startling event. What was the meaning of it? Was there a widespread conspiracy, the Mohammedans of Uganda and Busoga combining with the Sudanese for the overthrow of the Christian power? Or was it simply the grievances (either real or imaginary) of the soldiery finding expression in mutiny? It was hard to say at the time. Information was lacking. But later events and the lapse of time have shown that the latter was the true explanation of an event which, had it been less resolutely and promptly dealt with, might have entailed, if not the destruction of the European community, at any rate the possible loss of Uganda for a time, and the setting up of a Mohammedan power. Not that this was the aim of the mutineers at the time of their revolt. But that such would have been the ultimate outcome of the movement no one who studies it from this distance of time can doubt for a moment.

But who were these Sudanese, and how came they to have such a position in the country as almost to hold its destiny in their hands? Roughly speaking, they were the remnants of the force which Emin Pasha had with him in the Equatorial Province at the time of his rescue by Stanley. They had been enlisted in the service of the Company by Captain Lugard at the time of his visit to Kavalli's in 1891–92, and later were taken over by Sir Gerald Portal for service under the British Government. Selim Bey, who at that time was their commander, was implicated, as will be remembered, in the Mohammedan rising of 1893, and

died on his way to Kikuyu, whither he was being sent as a prisoner.

That they had grievances can scarcely be questioned. They were miserably paid—their pay, if pay it could be called, was in arrears. They were badly fed. They were harassed by marches and counter-marches. And now they were being ordered off into some distant country, they knew not whither, as a part of an expedition under Major Macdonald. And what perhaps they felt most of all, they were forbidden to take their women with them. These women carried their cooking utensils and prepared their food. Without them their lives would be a misery. And so they refused to go and, deserting, made the best of their way to the Ravine, where they were reasoned with by Mr. F. J. Jackson, the Acting Commissioner, but in vain. Most thoughtlessly they were fired upon by the order of a subaltern, who was far from realising the seriousness of the step he was taking. And so the gage of battle was thrown down, and the mutineers turned their steps towards Uganda and their brethren in arms.

At Nandi they were joined by a part of the garrison of the Fort. After seizing the large store of ammunition and subjecting the officer in charge (Captain Bagnall) to a series of indignities, they marched on to Mumia's, which was saved through the presence of mind and fertility of resource of Mr. Stanley Tomkins, who was in command.

In the meanwhile news of the meeting had reached Mengo, and Major Thruston, being full of confidence in the loyalty of the Sudanese at Luba's, with great courage started off at once to join Mr. N. A. Wilson, who was in charge of that fort. The garrison, however, was in no mood to listen to reason. The Major, with Messrs. Wilson and Scott, the latter the engineer of the

steam-launch, were at once made prisoners. Communications were opened with the approaching mutineers. They were admitted into the fort and thenceforth theirs was a common cause, they lived a common life, waged a common conflict, and met a common fate.

On October 18th Major Macdonald and Mr. Jackson, who had been following close at the heels of the mutineers, reached Luba's, and took up their position on the brow of the hill overlooking the fort. Their force was a comparatively small one. It consisted only of eighteen Sikhs, some 250 Swahilis, who were little better than armed porters, and nine Europeans. Entrenchments were hastily thrown up and every preparation made for resisting an attack. Nor had they long to wait. "Early the next morning" (October 19th), wrote Dr. Cook, "300 of the Sudanese, who, of course, are well armed and disciplined, came up laughing and chatting and saying they did not want to fight. Major Macdonald was not a man to be caught napping, and quietly got everything ready. Suddenly the Sudanese crammed cartridges into their rifles and fired on the Europeans, and for over five hours a fierce battle raged, the men often firing at only thirty yards distance. At length the ammunition of the Major's party began to fail, and giving the word to charge they made a desperate effort and drove the Sudanese back, who then retreated to their fort." They had lost sixty-four killed and thirty or forty wounded. On our side Captain Fielding had been killed and sixteen Swahilis, whilst Mr. Jackson was seriously wounded, together with many of the rank and file.

And now ensued a tragedy which sent a thrill of horror through the whole British community. The mutineers, smarting at their defeat and realising how thoroughly they were committed to a conflict *à*

THE VICTORIA NYANZA FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LUBA'S

outrance, butchered in cold blood the three prisoners lying helplessly in their hands. Major Thruston was first done to death, and then his two companions in misfortune. It was a dastardly deed, and one which rendered any compromise impossible. Bilal, the ring-leader of the mutineers and the instigator of the crime, probably realised this, and urged its committal with a view to binding his men more closely to himself. They were now all criminals alike, and must stand or fall together.

On the very day these tragic events were happening at Luba's (October 19th), things appeared at Mengo to be so threatening that Mr. George Wilson appealed to the Mission for volunteers and assistance. He felt that the confidence of the Baganda in the missionaries would be a great moral support to the Government. A meeting was called to consider the matter, and Pilkington and Dr. Cook were chosen to proceed to the scene of action with the Baganda forces then about to start. The former, it was arranged, would act as interpreter and intermediary between the English officers and the Baganda chiefs. The latter, of course, would go as a medical man.

All the ladies were called into the capital, as well as all the male missionaries, with the exception of Buckley in Toro and those in Koki. Fletcher, Lloyd, and Allan Wilson were detailed to assist at Luba's as need should arise. Weatherhead, whose station was at Luba's, had a marvellous escape. He was at Ngogwe on his way to Mengo for a holiday, but hearing of the mutiny at the Ravine and the march of the mutineers on Luba's, he determined to hurry back and attempt to save as much as possible of the Mission property. But he must tell his own story. "I arrived," he wrote, "in Busoga at 2.30 A.M. and found the fort (Luba's) most

carefully guarded, pickets out all round, and patrols along the road leading to the hill. After handing over the Uganda postman to a sentry I passed on. Several sentries came and looked closely into my face. Why did they let me pass, for they must before that time have decided to let the rebels in? On reaching the foot of the great hill I came across four of the rebel Sudanese. They dropped into the shade and seized their guns. I saluted them in Swahili as I passed, but got a rather grumpy return. On the hill I passed about twenty Sudanese, all straggling down without order, and they, too, all let me pass through them unharmed. Why? There seems no good human reason. I reached the station at 4 A.M. and was resting a little, when at 7.30 Nuwa (the Rev. Nuwa Kikwabanga) burst into my room with a messenger from Miro's, who brought the news of the treachery and the seizing of the two white men in the fort. Also that the Mohammedans had risen and my life was in danger. Nuwa was most kind and evidently meant to save me if possible. He himself carried me over most of the swamps. In one we had to hide twice because of Sudanese and Islamites. We walked ten and a half hours that day, and on Monday, after six hours' heavy walking through long grass, reached the Nile and crossed into Uganda and safety."

But to return to the siege of Luba's, for such was the character which the military operations had now assumed. On October 23rd Pilkington and Dr. Cook, together with the Katikiro and other Baganda forces, arrived on the summit of the hill overlooking the fort, and were warmly welcomed by Major Macdonald. Five days later a Hotchkiss gun was brought in and an attempt made to bombard the place, but without much visible result. Then ensued a weary time of

desultory warfare, without any decisive action being fought, until the arrival of reinforcements from the coast warranted an attack being made in force. This was arranged for November 24th, but resulted unfortunately with disastrous consequences to the Baganda, of whom 60 were killed and some 280 wounded. In their eagerness to grapple with the enemy they attacked prematurely, and were mowed down in large numbers by the Maxim which the Sudanese had captured when the steam-launch fell into their hands.

Of this sad loss Pilkington, in the last letter ever received from him, thus wrote: "It is terrible to see these Baganda being killed in a quarrel not theirs but ours. It was some comfort to share a little of the danger the other day. I sometimes half wish that some of us Europeans had been killed, or at any rate wounded, if it weren't for friends at home."

On December the 11th an attempt was made to cut down the banana plantation surrounding the fort, which not only served as cover for the enemy but also as a constant source of food supply. Captain Harrison was in charge of the party, and George Pilkington was acting under his orders. At about seven o'clock the advance began. What followed must be told in the words of Mr. A. B. Lloyd. "Pilkington took up his position with Captain Harrison, who was leading the attack. Presently Pilkington's boy (Aloni), who was by his side, shouted out, 'There they are close to us.' Both Pilkington and Capt. Harrison saw men coming towards them but thought them Baganda, and told Aloni so, but he was quite sure about it, fired a shot into them as they advanced, and this proved without doubt that they were Sudanese, for they then opened their fire upon our men. One man took several deliberate aims at Pilkington but missed him. Then

Pilkington fired a few shots at him, but the shots went wide, and then it was that the man fired again at our brother, shooting him right through the thigh and bursting the femoral artery. He cried out, 'Harrison, I am hit!' and sat down on the ground. One of Harrison's Sudanese officers then shot at the man, who was still close by, who had wounded Pilkington. He missed him and the fellow returned the fire, hitting the officer in the left arm, breaking his arm, and shouted out to him, 'Bilal, what are you doing here? Go back to Egypt. Have you come here to fight against your brothers?' 'Yes!' said Bilal, 'you are rebels, and we will wipe you all out.' And with his right hand he drew his revolver and shot the man who had killed Pilkington.

"While this was going on Harrison made arrangements for some Baganda to carry Pilkington back to the fort. Aloni knelt down by his side and said, 'Sebo bakukubye' (Sir, have they shot you?), Pilkington replied, 'Wewawo omwana wange bankubye' (Yes, my child, they have shot me). Then he seemed to get suddenly very weak, and Aloni said to him, 'My master, you are dying; death has come;' to which he replied, 'Yes, my child, it is as you say.' Then Aloni said, 'Sebo, he that believeth in Christ, although he die yet shall he live.' To this Pilkington replied, 'Yes, my child, it is as you say, shall never die.' Then they carried him some little distance to the rear of the battle, which was now raging most furiously. When they had put him down again he turned to those who carried him and said, 'Thank you, my friends, you have done well to take me off the battlefield and now give me rest,' and almost immediately he became insensible and rested from his pain.

"They then brought him into the camp, but we soon

saw that the end was very near. We did all we could to restore him, but he fell quietly asleep about 8.30 A.M.

"Just before they brought in Pilkington, Lieutenant Macdonald (a brother of the Major) was brought in quite dead, shot right through the spine by Sudanese concealed in the long grass. It was awful work, and one's heart seemed to melt within one. . . ."

"*December* 12.

"We buried Macdonald and Pilkington last evening under a tree outside the fort. I read the English burial service, and all the Europeans with the Sikhs attended. A most solemn time."

And so it came to pass that this sore trouble fell upon the Church in Uganda, and she lost her great linguist and evangelist, George Pilkington.

To many, nay to most of us, the loss seemed an irreparable one, and so in many respects it was, but yet we felt that just as when Mackay was taken from us, his place was filled and God's work went forward, so it would be with regard to the great loss which in the mysterious Providence of God the Church was called upon once more to suffer. Moreover, it was no little comfort to call to mind the completeness of the life which seemed to some so prematurely closed. Not one item in that programme of work which had been entrusted to him on reaching Uganda had been left unfinished or undone. A grammar of the language, the Book of Common Prayer, the whole Bible translated into the vernacular—the latter a stupendous work indeed—all had been completed. A foundation had been laid on which a mighty superstructure of truth might with the blessing of God be reared.

It was as though his prayer had been—

'Let me not die before I have done for Thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be.
Call me not hence, with mission unfulfilled:
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled:
Impress this truth upon me, that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone.'

Pilkington's was a strenuous life also because the motive power was an irresistible one—love, love to God and man. "You know how he loved us," said H. W. Duta in writing to Millar when the news of his death reached Mengo. Yes, as Wordsworth has it—

'Life is energy of love, Divine or human.'

And so Pilkington lived his life and did his work, urged on by this divine energy—the energy of Divine Love.

Wearily the siege of Luba's dragged on, until at length, on January 9th, it was discovered that the fort had been evacuated and the remnant of the mutineers had crossed the Nile and were in full flight in the direction of Bunyoro. They were pursued and overtaken by Captains Harrison and Malony, R.A., at a place called Kabagambe, where a fierce engagement ensued in which the latter was killed. The result, however, was the defeat of the mutineers, who took refuge in the swamps around Lake Kioga.

But not yet was the trouble over. At the very crisis of the mutiny tidings came of the escape of Mwanga from the custody of the Germans at Mwanza, and of his landing in Budu. Had he expected to play the part of a Napoleon returning from Elba as the deliverer of his country he must have been sorely disappointed. It is true that the smouldering embers of insurrection in Budu were for a brief space fanned into a flame, but it soon died down when Major Macdonald,

leaving for a time in Captain Woodward's hands the siege of Luba's, made his appearance upon the scene. Mwanga hastened to join hands with Kabarega of Bunyoro, and with him sought refuge in the Bukedi country on the east bank of the Nile. There for the present we will leave him, while we take up the thread of our story in the coast districts.

BOOK V

SOWING AND REAPING

CHAPTER XXXI

SUSPENSE

'Say not, 'twas all in vain,
The anguish and the darkness and the strife:
Love thrown upon the waters comes again
In quenchless yearnings for a nobler life.'

A. SHIPTON.

As we came to an anchor in Mombasa harbour on November 25, 1897, on my arrival in East Africa for the third time, I was greeted with the startling intelligence that Uganda was "lost." "What do you mean?" was my instant inquiry. Then came the story of the mutiny of the Sudanese already detailed, with numerous additions, the offspring of wild rumour. The road to Uganda, it was said, was blocked, the missionaries had probably been murdered, sharing the fate of Thruston, Wilson, and Scott; the Mohammedans of Uganda had joined hands with the mutineers, a Mohammedan kingdom had been established with Mbogo at its head, and it was added that if Great Britain still wished for a position of supremacy in the Lake region, it would be necessary to send an expedition to conquer the country.

All this was circumstantial enough, but I found on inquiry that it needed confirmation. Of the fact of

the mutiny and the fate of Thruston and his companions there could be no doubt, but all the rest was pure conjecture.

I immediately set to work to make arrangements for starting up country at once, but found myself absolutely unable to move. No porters were to be had. Every available man was being laid hold of for the service of the Government. Sikhs, Baluchis, and Swahilis were being despatched to the front as fast as transport became available. The railway, which had now reached Voi, was of enormous service. Already it had justified its construction. It is not too much to say that but for the railway Uganda would probably have been lost to us, at any rate for a time.

In the meanwhile two parties of missionaries were on the way to Uganda—one under the leadership of Hubbard, consisting of Hattersley and Force-Jones. The other was a party of four—Maddox, Ecob, Borup, and Roscoe, the latter being the leader. Both parties were detained some time at Kikuyu by the authorities, but were ultimately allowed to proceed to Mumia's.

On the way, however, a sad misadventure happened. Hubbard, whose party was some weeks in advance of Roscoe's, was accidentally shot by one of his companions near the Eldoma Ravine. He was carried on in a hammock, and after considerable delay, owing to the disturbed condition of the country, reached Mengo, where in spite of all that Dr. Cook could do for him he died on March 9th.

Hubbard was a man of considerable ability and force of character, and his loss was a great blow to the work at Nasa which he had made peculiarly his own.

In the meanwhile I was having a very busy time at the coast. The most pressing need appeared to be a church for the ever growing English community. The

railway staff had greatly increased during the last twelve months, and the number of Government officials was increasing in proportion. Mombasa was becoming a very busy place. Hitherto English services, by kind permission of the Consul-General, had been held in the Commissioner's office. But not only was the accommodation unsuitable, but it was also insufficient.

In these circumstances I called a meeting of the principal members of our congregation—railway and Government officials and others—to consider the question of the building of the Hannington Memorial Church. Two or three years previously it had been decided not to build it in Freretown, as was originally proposed, but in Mombasa, the future capital of British East Africa. The question now to be decided was whether the time had come for beginning the work or whether it should be deferred to a later date, when it would be easier to judge of the possible requirements of the community, and in the meanwhile to build a temporary church. After considerable discussion the latter scheme was adopted, and a committee was appointed to collect funds (£400 was the sum required), prepare a plan, and carry it into execution.

Mr. Sinclair of H.M.'s Consular service—a skilful architect—most kindly sketched out a plan. A fine site was secured, funds rapidly came in—the officials being most generous in their gifts—contracts were entered into, and within four months the church was practically finished.

It was whilst paying one of my numerous visits to Mombasa at this particular time that an incident happened which opened up again, in a very definite and complete way, the question of the continuance of the legal status of slavery in British East Africa.

It was in this wise. I was standing late one after-

noon talking to a friend outside the Mission-house when a young Swahili woman, who was being pursued by a number of men, ran up and took refuge behind me. The men immediately attempted to seize her. This I resisted, and ordered them to retire to a distance while I inquired of the woman the reason of her flight, and of her evident distress. She told me that she was a slave, and that Sheik Uwe, one of the men who had attempted to lay hold of her, was her master; he had treated her very cruelly and had threatened to strangle her. She had run away because she was afraid of him and believed that he would put his threats into execution. Placing the poor girl in the kindly care of Mrs. Burt in the Mission-house, I told Sheik Uwe that he might call the next morning at nine o'clock when he would be told what action I proposed to take. In the meantime I inquired very carefully into the circumstances of the case, and came to the conclusion not merely that the girl had a right to her freedom on the ground of cruelty, but also on the ground of having been illegally enslaved in the first instance.

I at once communicated with the Sub-Commissioner, and on behalf of the girl, Kheri Karibu, claimed her freedom. This was the beginning of a long lawsuit which dragged on for nearly three months. Regardless of the adage, "He that is his own lawyer has a fool for his client," I undertook to conduct the case personally on behalf of this slave girl. As a matter of fact it was Hobson's choice. I had no funds at my disposal with which to employ counsel, and must needs act personally or allow the girl to be dragged back into slavery. The latter alternative was unthinkable. I therefore plunged at once into the case, got my witnesses together, and dragged out from the musty archives of the Administration every decree that had ever been

issued on the slave question. In the study of these latter I burnt the midnight oil until my dreams were of slaves, law courts, and judges. However, I mastered them so that they were at my fingers' ends.

In pleading the cause of this slave girl, Kheri Karibu, I based my claim for her freedom on six grounds, five of which involved points of law and one of fact. I asked the judge to adjudicate, first of all, on the points of law raised in the case, and afterwards if necessary on the question of fact. I was very desirous of obtaining the freedom of the girl on a point of law, rather than on the question as to whether she had been cruelly treated or not. A point of law decided in her favour would probably affect thousands of other slaves, whereas a verdict on the question of fact would only affect the girl herself.

Two Mohammedan doctors of the law were called in as assessors, to assist the judge (Crauford) in the interpretation to be given to the decrees of the Sultan of Zanzibar as they were pleaded in the course of the action.

It was a very curious experience to notice day by day, as I passed to the Court-house from my boat which had brought me from Freretown, the lowering brows and the fierce looks cast upon me by the Arabs and Swahilis hanging about the landing-stage and the precincts of the Court, and to feel that but for the fact that they had seen and felt something of the power of Great Britain they would gladly, then and there, have fallen upon me and ended the question so far as I was concerned of the slave girl's freedom.

Still more curious an experience was it to sit, day after day, in a Court-house over which the British flag was flying, and to plead the cause of a slave before a judge, a British subject holding her Majesty's Commission, and to see the depositions taken down on

paper embossed with the royal arms, and to hear the processes of the Court read out in the name of the Queen of England, and to know that there was a possibility of the slave being sent back into bondage. At times one almost doubted the evidence of one's senses. Was it a fact, as the Attorney-General averred, that a "British subject, no matter in what service or employment he may be engaged, is breaking the British law and is exposing himself to penalties if he takes part in restoring to his master, or otherwise depriving of his liberty, any person on the sole ground that he is a fugitive slave." Surely such a dictum made the law clear and plain. The slave was in the custody of the Court. The Court was precluded from handing her back into slavery by the law as laid down by the Attorney-General. My appeal, however, was fruitless, and judgment was given against me on this point. Had the case rested solely on this contention the girl would doubtless have been handed back into slavery. Happily, however, I had raised four other points of law, and on one of these judgment was given in my favour. I had pleaded the decree of April 18, 1876, by which the bringing of raw slaves to the coast was forbidden. It was proved in evidence that the girl had been bought by a Swahili at Jomvu, near Mombasa, in 1884 or 1885, and that she was a Mkamba by birth. It was clear, therefore, that she was a raw slave at the time of her importation to the coast district. The judge was inclined to hold that the Sultan's proclamation only referred to slaves coming from the Nyassa and Yao districts, but the assessors held that in their view it referred to *any* raw slaves brought from any country whatsoever of the interior. This interpretation was accepted by the Court and the girl obtained her freedom.

The far-reaching character of this decision was, I believe, little realised by the Mohammedan assessors to whose interpretation of the decree the judgment was due, or I hardly think they would have ventured to identify themselves with such a pronouncement. It practically declared that three-fourths of the slaves then living in Mombasa and the coast districts of the Sultanate of Zanzibar were illegally held in bondage and ought to be confiscated. Its bearing on the abolition question was very close. It was held by the Government that abolition without compensation was impossible, inasmuch as Sir Arthur Hardinge, on taking over the territory in 1895, had expressly stated that the customs of the Arabs and Swahilis would not be interfered with. This was interpreted to mean that the institution of slavery would be maintained. Should Great Britain therefore wish to abolish it, compensation must of necessity be given for all slaves freed who were legally in bondage. The declaration by the Provincial Court of Mombasa that every slave who had been imported from "up country" since April 18, 1876, was illegally held, reduced almost to vanishing point the amount that would be due in the way of compensation. Should the Government therefore resolve courageously to face the situation and abolish a condition of things which is a disgrace to our profession of national righteousness, the way was made easy by this notable decision.

Early in the new year I paid a visit to Jilore. The passage to Malindi in the Sultan's steamer, the *Barawa*, was not an unpleasant one although made by night. The wind was light and the sea comparatively calm. At 8 o'clock in the morning we had reached our destination and were at anchor. Hooper very kindly came to meet me, and before the day was far advanced we

were well on our way to Jilore, where we arrived a little before sunset. It was a great joy to be back once more at the scene of so much self-denying labour, and where God was so manifestly aiding and blessing the labours of His servants.

Since my last visit another of the noble band of workers had passed to his rest and to his reward. Mr. Barham had fallen a victim to the dreaded black-water fever.

Another sorrow which well-nigh crushed to the earth the leader of the Mission was the fall of Gona, the most loved and most trusted of all the native workers.

But still, in spite of all their trials and sorrows, Hooper and his fellow-worker Roberts were full of hope as to the future of the work; and indeed I saw on every hand manifest signs of progress. At Dagamura, on the further side of the Sabaki river, a very definite step forward had been taken. There I found a large church with a numerous congregation, with a resident teacher at work named Jacob. At Basti, too, on the same bank of the river, a similar work was going forward

On Sunday, January 9th, I preached to a large congregation from the text, "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" (S. Luke ix. 35), and confirmed some fifteen candidates. Shortly after the conclusion of the service a messenger from Malindi made his appearance with a telegram. I opened it at once. It was from Sir Arthur Hardinge conveying to me the sad news of the death of Pilkington.

"I was dumb and opened not my mouth because it was Thy doing." These words of the Psalmist literally describe our attitude before God at this mysterious dispensation of His Providence. Hooper and I could but look at one another and bow the knee

in prayer as we sought to give expression to all that was in our hearts.

It was clear from the telegram that news from Uganda had reached the coast. What further information was there as to events up country? It was essential that I should know as soon as possible. I therefore determined at once to return to Mombasa. As there was a full moon a night's march would be quite practicable. Porters were easily obtained, and by 10 o'clock I was off. It was a weird march through the forest, the giant trees casting their deep shadows across the path as they weaved their fantastic branches across the midnight sky, glittering as with a million gems, and it was a merciful escape from the glare and scorching heat of a march by day. As we drew near to the shambas (garden) on the outskirts of Malindi, "the cock crew, and daylight dawned clear." I am afraid one's impatience took ill the information that not till the evening would there be a dhow starting for Mombasa, and that only a very small one. I was constrained to possess my soul in patience, and spent the day sketching some of the most picturesque bits in and around Malindi. At 8.30 P.M. I went on board, but alas! there was no wind. Whistling was no good. There was nothing for it but to wait for the midnight breeze. Weariness overcame me at length and I dropped fast asleep. The next thing I was conscious of was that we were rushing through the water at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. I looked at my watch. It was 4.45 A.M. On making inquiries I found that we had started at 3.30 A.M. A good breeze springing up at 3 A.M. had enabled the master to get the vessel out of the bay, and soon we were being carried along the coast with a fair wind behind us, and every prospect of a good passage.

I know of no more delightful experience than that of thus running before a fair wind in the Indian Ocean. It is an experience never to be forgotten. The azure of the sky, the glow of the sunshine, the glitter of the sails, the swish of the waters at the bows of the craft as she cleaves her way onward, the surge of the sea, the darting of the swallows, the flying of the fish, the songs of the sailors, the cry of the helmsman, are all sights and sounds which impress themselves indelibly on the mind of one who, like myself, has had the good fortune thus to enjoy the wonderful experience of such a voyage as that which brought me into Mombasa harbour at noon on Tuesday, January 11th.

Immediately on landing I had an interview with the Sub-Commissioner, who gave me all the information at his disposal with regard to events in Uganda. I gathered that, so far, the English community was safe and in no immediate danger. Reinforcements were being pushed on as rapidly as possible, and it was believed that the fall of Luba's could not long be delayed. Could the Government assist me with five-and-twenty or thirty porters? was my next question. Impossible! was the reply. "Every available man is needed by the military authorities, and no civilian has the slightest chance of getting up country. Even if he were able to get to Kikuyu his porters would then be requisitioned by the military."

I saw that there was no help for it, and that I must abandon all hope of getting to Uganda for the present. There was plenty of work, however, to be done in the coast districts. From January 20th to the 24th I was occupied with a visit to Rabai, where I confirmed 175 candidates, 101 of whom were women. The prosecution of the case of Kheri Karibu (the fugitive slave) in the Provincial Court, involving a daily attendance, filled

up the remaining days of the month. I was then free to start on my long promised visit to Teita and Taveta.

Hitherto my journeys to Taveta had been on foot, a fortnight of precious time being consumed on the way. There had been the daily "grind" of twelve or fifteen miles, in scorching heat or drenching storms, the "toiling on" when feeling fevered or below par, the desertion of porters, and the thousand and one worries incidental to life on the road.

But now all was changed. The old order of things had passed away. Nineteenth century forces were now at work, and all things were becoming new; the railway had reached Voi, one hundred miles from the coast, and the journey was now to be done under entirely new conditions.

Taking our places in the train leaving Kilindini at 6.20 A.M. on Friday, February 4th, Binns and I were soon engaged in the pleasant task of comparing the past with the present. "Look! there is the path along which we tramped when the scorching sun seemed intolerable and the camp ever so far off. And over yonder is the spot where we met the Waduruma who told us that the Masai on the warpath were not far away, and you remember how ten of our men bolted, leaving us in the lurch; and there are the Taro water holes. How hard we found it to get water and how filthy it was when it was got."

With such reminiscences of the old days, now passed away for ever, we beguiled the tedium of the way until at 3 P.M. Voi was reached. Three hours later we were at Sagalla and being warmly welcomed by Wray and his wife.

Thus a journey which three or four years before had occupied eight days, was easily accomplished in almost as many hours.

We spent three days at this most interesting but so far unfruitful field of work. That the Wateita had been impressed by the patience and unwearied labours of Wray in their midst was evident. At the signal for the Sunday service some two hundred souls came together, to whom it was my privilege to declare once more in their hearing the way of salvation. At the afternoon service Binns preached to some ninety men and women. I found that thirty or forty children were under instruction. This latter appeared to me to be the most hopeful feature in the work. If the children are got hold of, the future is assured.

On Monday we paid a visit to what may be called the "place of the skull"—a Golgotha of the Wateita. In the deep and dark recesses of a wood on the heights overlooking Maungu, it is the custom of the Wateita of Sagalla to deposit the skulls of their dead. Of course, as they are exposed to the action of the atmosphere, a process of decomposition is continually going on; but nevertheless, when I visited the spot under Mr. Wray's guidance, there was a huge pile of several hundred skulls to be seen. It was a ghastly sight, and one turned away, sick and sad at heart to think that the great majority of those represented by these skulls had passed into eternity without having heard one word of Jesus Christ, "the mighty to save."

The next day we continued our journey to Taveta, sleeping at Mitate, and then on the following day we journeyed on to a camp two hours beyond Bura. From thence we hoped in one march to reach Lanjuro, some five-and-thirty miles away across the plains of Serengeti. Starting at 3.30 A.M. we made good use of the cool hours of the early morning, so that by sunrise we were well out on the plains. It was a wonderful sight, as the mists cleared away, to see the vast herds of big game

scattered about in almost every direction. Here were hartebeests, there zebras in scores, yonder were giraffes, and away in the distance buck of various kinds. I dared not attempt to shoot, as our journey was so long that any delay in skinning and cutting up an animal would destroy our chance of reaching our destination in daylight. However, somewhat later, the sight of a magnificent ostrich slowly making its way eastward on the line of the horizon about half a mile away, scattered my good resolutions to the winds, and I prepared for action. Happily there was a large number of anthills between me and the bird which I so coveted, and I managed by creeping from one to another to get within 400 yards. I put up the sight, and taking steady aim, fired. The bird was down in an instant, and stone dead by the time I reached it. It was a great prize, with magnificent plumes which I was not slow to appropriate, whilst the Wateita porters who were with me lost no time in securing the leg sinews for bow-strings.

Later in the afternoon it became evident that we had miscalculated the distance, and that there was no chance of reaching our camping-place before sunset. Our porters had been left far behind. It was a waterless land we were tramping through. Our only hope of much needed refreshment was in reaching Lanjuro, where Mr. Verbi had promised to meet us with tins of water from Taveta, ten miles further on.

> 'Now came still evening on, and
> Twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad,'

and still no sign of a well-known Mbuyu tree which we knew to be near the trysting-place. Darkness fell and walking became very difficult. We stumbled along, however, until nearly 8 o'clock, when I suggested that we should fire our guns as a signal. Possibly there

might be some response. We fired three shots and then waited. In a few minutes, to our great delight, we heard the reply—three shots apparently about half a mile away. On we went until light became visible, and Verbi, with a number of torch-bearers, met us.

It was with no little thankfulness that I flung myself down a few minutes later, not far from a blazing camp fire, and drank cup after cup of tea which had been most thoughtfully prepared for us.

There was no sleep to be had that night. The hyænas howled around us, and came so close that one almost expected them to raid our camp. All that one could do was to lie upon the ground wrapped in a rug, and look up at the wonderful tracery of the tree branches over our heads as they glowed in the light of our camp fire. Our porters arrived at about midnight, and by sunrise we were off again on the road to Taveta, which was some nine miles away.

Since my last visit there had been a great advance made in the work. This had been largely due to an increase in the staff, which now included three ladies within its ranks. A new church had been built, mainly by the boys under training in the Mission.

On Sunday a congregation numbering 276 assembled for divine worship, and on the Wednesday following I had the great joy of confirming some eighteen men and women.

On the same day the Consul-General (Sir A. Hardinge) arrived with a staff consisting of Dr. Macdonald, Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Whitehead. Thus the tiny Republic of Taveta in its forest home was invaded at this particular time by no fewer than twelve Europeans. It was a sign (had the Wataveta only been alive to its significance) that the old order of things was passing

away. Not yet has it come to pass that the warrior caste has disappeared, some years must elapse before that will happen. But the raiding and the actual shedding of blood, as in the old days, is practically a thing of the past. For a few years longer, perhaps, the " young bloods " will grease and paint their bodies, will stalk about with their spears and shields, will try to look the thing they are not; but it is all a sham—the new world has come in contact with the old, and its irresistible forces will in time sweep everything before them. In the meanwhile the Church's work, so well begun in Taveta, will, with God's blessing upon it, guide, direct, and control these new forces, until those forest glades, now dark with sin and sorrow, shall be illumined by the Sun of Righteousness, Who is even now arising with healing in His wings.

On Thursday, February 17th, I said " good-bye " to all my loved fellow-workers, Europeans and natives. It was no ordinary farewell. I felt that in all probability I should never see Taveta again; and it was endeared to me by many sacred memories. I had known it before there was a single Christian living within its shady bowers, when heathenism, like black night, brooded within its borders. But now, thank God, I was leaving behind me a noble band of workers, a living Church gathered out from among the heathen, living witnesses for Christ, who henceforth, Sabbath by Sabbath, would meet within the walls of yonder church, and round the table of their Lord would commemorate His dying love.

Commending both work and workers to God and the power of His grace I started on the coastward journey, reaching Voi on Monday the 21st, just in time to catch the train to Mombasa, where I arrived at 2 A.M. the next morning.

Among the letters which I found awaiting my arrival was one from Hooper telling me the sad news of the death of Miss Goyen. This determined me at once to raise the question before the C.M.S. Committee of the continuance of Jilore as a fit place for the residence of European missionaries. To give up the work was not to be thought of, but it was quite possible for it to go on under the supervision of European missionaries living at some healthy spot within some reasonable distance. It might even come to pass that the absence of immediate control would lead to a stronger and healthier growth in the spiritual life of the native Christians.

After considerable discussion it was decided to ask Binns to make a journey in the neighbourhood, with a view to some undoubtedly healthy site being obtained where European missionaries might live with less risk to their lives, and yet the supervision of the Jilore work not suffer.

In the meanwhile the news had reached the coast of the raising of the siege of Luba's and the consequent opening up of the road to Uganda.

This welcome intelligence made my way quite clear, and I commenced at once to make preparations for the up country journey. On March 16th Millar arrived in the mail from England. He was to be my travelling companion and most kindly made himself of the utmost possible service to me, both at the coast and on the road.

My last days at the coast were naturally very full ones. There was a farewell visit to pay to Rabai, then last words in Freretown, and finally in Mombasa. Thus on March the 24th I was able to start on the long delayed journey to Uganda.

Although the railway had now advanced as far as

Ngomeni (about twelve miles beyond the Tsavo river) there was still a long tramp before us of some 550 miles. This, however, was mainly on high ground and through healthy districts, and we looked forward to it as a health-giving exercise, rather than as a toil or labour to be got through.

As always, so now, the railway officials were most kind in furthering our enterprise and making our journey an easy one. Mr. Cruikshank especially did everything in his power to help us, as also did Messrs. Church, Cartmell, and others. We owe one and all a deep debt of gratitude.

And so we were brought on our way to Ngomeni and started on our onward caravan journey. Our porters and boys, of course, had travelled with us. Kinani, Mtoto Ndei, Msongoleni, were all reached in due course and left behind. Then came a brief rest at Kibwezi, then on again, day by day, doing our twelve or fifteen miles to Kilungu, where the river-bed march known to all travellers in those days had to be endured, a trial both of patience and physical powers.

At Machakos we were welcomed once again by Mr. Ainsworth, the Sub-Commissioner, always kind and helpful. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Rowling on their way to the coast, and the next day as we journeyed on towards Kikuyu we came upon Pike and Leakey, both homeward bound. Then across the Athi plain, braced up and invigorated by the fresh crisp air, we made our way to Nairobi, where in a year or two's time were to be planted down the central works and headquarters of the Uganda railway.

At Kikuyu (Fort Smith) the sad intelligence reached us of the death of Hubbard at Mengo. We had hoped that the skilful treatment of Dr. Cook might have restored him. But it was impossible. The lapse of

time since the accident had been too great, and on March 9th he entered into his rest.

Down we went into the Kidong Valley—the great Rift Valley—and over the pass of Longonot until the Lake at Navaisha, gleaming in the sunlight like a silver shield, came in sight. Then away we journeyed onward past Nakuru and Elmenteita until the Ravine was reached, where we rested for a day; after which the ascent of Mau was made, and we found ourselves at an elevation of over 8000 feet above sea-level. Marching was now indeed a pleasure. It was almost like being in the Highlands of Scotland. One never felt weary, no matter how long the march, and one was always hungry. Nor was there any lack of game or the wherewithal to satisfy nature's cravings.

Our next resting-place was Nandi, where we were most kindly and hospitably welcomed by Mr. Jackson and our old friend Mr. Bagge. Three days later found us at Mumia's, where an equally warm welcome was extended to us by Mr. S. Tomkins, whose courage and presence of mind had saved the fort from capture by the mutineers.

We had now left the bracing air of the uplands and found ourselves in the softer and milder climate characteristic of the Lake region. Crossing the Nzoia river we continued our journey through the Samia district of Kavirondo, and on the fifth day after leaving Mumia's entered Busoga, with its wealth of plantain groves and abundant food supply.

On May the 12th we arrived at Luba's, where we found Weatherhead in charge. Of course one of the first things we did was to visit the scene of the late siege. The fort was indeed a very remarkable sight. The skill shown by the Sudanese in burrowing in the ground was extraordinary, and we could well under-

stand as we gazed upon the underground dwellings which they had made for themselves how little damage had been done by the Hotchkiss gun, and the rifle fire of Macdonald's force. It was quite clear that any attempt to storm the fort must have been defeated with heavy loss, so complete were the defences.

The next day we crossed over in canoes to Lugumba's, on the Uganda side of Napoleon Gulf, and twenty-four hours later reached Ngogwe, where we received, from the crowds of people who came out to meet us, the warmest possible welcome. In the evening Dr. Cook and Martin Hall arrived from the Lake shore, so that we were a party of seven missionaries gathered together with much to talk about, and much to thank and praise God for in the partial suppression of the mutiny, the preservation of the English community from a position of real danger, and for the progress of the work, notwithstanding most adverse conditions.

It was a great joy on the following day to lay hands in Confirmation on some 124 candidates (61 men, 63 women). The onward journey to Mengo was a time of continuous welcome, either from native friends, like old Isaya, meeting us on the road, or by letter brought by special messengers. At Kisalosalo, our last camping place, advantage was taken of the opportunity afforded by the crowds thronging my tent for a thief to carry off my mackintosh coat. The next morning, of course, was very stormy (the weather had been fine all the way from the coast), and shortly after leaving our camp we were overtaken by a downpour of rain which drenched us to the skin. If the thief had only postponed his theft of my property one other day I should have been most grateful.

And so it came to pass that on May 18th we reached our destination and entered the capital of Uganda like

a couple of half-drowned rats. In consequence of the heavy rain there were comparatively few people to meet us on the road. But when the storm-clouds had cleared, my house was thronged till late in the evening by native friends, such as the Katikiro and Samwili Mukasa, all full of their congratulations and joy at our arrival once more among them.

LOOKING OUT FROM THE BISHOP'S STUDY, UGANDA

CHAPTER XXXII

A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION

'There's a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may.'

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR first inquiries on arriving in Uganda were naturally devoted to the condition of the work and the political situation. Was the power of the mutineers completely broken? Where was Mwanga? Was Gabrieli still at large? What was Kabarega doing? These were questions which followed each other in rapid succession as I sought to gain a thorough knowledge of the actual position of affairs.

The mutineers, I learnt, were still giving trouble, although it was beyond question that their power was broken. In the neighbourhood of Kisalizi and Mruli they were still in considerable force. But Cols. Evatt and Broome were on their track, and it was anticipated that before long they would be completely crushed. Mwanga was still roaming about in Bunyoro, whilst Kabarega was striving to keep him at arm's length. "Get out," was his response to the former's overtures. "Get out of this. It is you who have caused all this trouble and brought these Europeans upon me." But in spite of this uncompromising attitude, a common misfortune, a common enemy, and a common danger at length brought these two men together, and as has been already mentioned in Chapter XXX., in one hurried flight they sought refuge and shelter in the Bukedi country on the east bank of the Nile.

Gabrieli, like a bird of evil omen, was hovering over some of the fairest portions of Uganda, and ever and anon pouncing down on some fertile garden, ravaging and desolating without scruple or remorse.

It was not surprising to find that the work of the Church, in these circumstances, was in many parts of the country very far from flourishing. In Budu and North Singo several churches had been burnt down and the congregations scattered. Baptism and Confirmation classes at the various centres were, it is true, still being held, but the attendances were fluctuating and oftentimes disappointingly small. But still a very great work was, I was thankful to find, in progress. The reading of the Scriptures was still as great a feature as ever in the life of the people. The whole Bible was now in circulation, and its sale was steadily increasing. The attendance at public worship was as large as ever, and the interest taken in spiritual things seemed as deep as ever.

In material things also the country appeared to have made a distinct move forward. The standard of living had evidently risen. The native house was now a better built one. The people were better clothed and lived generally in greater comfort. The roads were better kept, the swamps were better bridged, and the gardens better cultivated and better kept. In a word, progress was visible on every hand.

This was especially noticeable in the native administration of the country. The National Council (Lukiko) was, under the fostering care of Mr. G. Wilson, rapidly becoming a power in the land. It was an interesting sight to see this infant parliament at work. Here was the little two-year-old king in his gilded chair of state, with the Katikiro on his right hand and the chiefs of various degrees each in his order of precedence, and

there at a little side table were the clerks (natives trained by ourselves). Matters affecting the welfare of the people in their various relations in life were thoroughly discussed. Minutes of the proceedings were taken down by the clerks, and any new laws passed were submitted to the Commissioner for approval.

One could not but feel thankful that an instrument so potent for good, and so calculated to promote the best interests of the country, was being so wisely guided and fostered by those in authority.

Among other measures adopted by the Lukiko for dealing with the exigencies of the critical situation of the time, was the establishment of a very complete postal system. Huts were built at intervals of a mile along all the principal roads at which men were stationed, and in which they were supposed to live, ready at all times, night or day, to be called out for duty. A letter despatched say 100 miles in the interior is placed in the hands of a native runner, who at once, having tied it to the end of a split reed, starts at full speed holding aloft the missive and shouting at the top of his voice, "A letter, a letter, it is burning my hand—a letter, a letter." As he draws near the first hut on the road he finds a messenger standing ready, who, with his loins girded, starts off at full speed shouting the same cry, "It's burning my hand." And so, like the fiery cross of Scottish life of old days, the letter is speeded on its way until in an incredibly short space of time it reaches its destination.

For important communications such a postal service was invaluable. But it was often abused. Not infrequently I have been roused up at one or two o'clock in the morning with the cry, "A letter, a letter—it's burning my hand," and on opening the letter I have found it run something like this:—

"To my Friend the Bishop.

"How are you, sir. How have you passed the day? All is well here; there are no evil tidings to tell. Farewell. May God take care of you.—I am, your friend who loves you,

"Samwili."

My friend meant well, but it was distinctly annoying to be roused up in the middle of the night with such a communication.

With regard to the spiritual condition of the Church, one could not but feel that the situation was in many respects full of peril. Comparative wealth was flowing into the country, large sums of money were being expended by the Administration. The temptations accompanying such a changed condition of affairs were many and great. In writing home at the time I thus set forth my view of the situation:—

"It is somewhat the fashion just at present to take a despondent view of things, and to think that because new temptations are crowding in upon the people that therefore of necessity there must follow spiritual degradation and decadence, if not actual ruin. I cannot and do not take this view. To do so would be to limit the power and to doubt the love of God the Holy Ghost. The danger, no doubt, is a very real one, but the fact that we are alive to its existence and know something of its subtle character is to my mind an assurance of victory.

"At the same time there are indications which might possibly at first sight be taken as signs of spiritual declension. The most striking of these is the decrease in the number of young men who are offering themselves for work as teachers. This, no doubt, is a serious matter, if we look at it in connection with the prospects of the

work. But to say that it is a sign of spiritual declension is to go beyond what I think we are warranted in saying in view of the facts of the case. The crisis through which the country is passing has necessitated not only the employment of European missionaries in the defence of the state, but it has also led to what is practically a demand for the services of something like 3000 young men, who at the present moment are engaged in facilitating the movement of troops by doing transport work. This one circumstance will, I think, account for whatever diminution there may be in the number of those offering themselves for the work of the Church. Then again it is quite true that from time to time we are saddened by hearing of this or that one who did run well being hindered—of one and another falling into sin. In considering cases of this kind we must not be forgetful of the fact that we are no longer dealing with hundreds of Christians, as was the case only three or four years ago, but with thousands. I do not know that the actual percentage of backsliders is larger than it was in the old days, if we may speak of such in the case of a Church yet in its infancy. But I am thankful that the alarm has been sounded. It will, I am sure, lead to increased vigilance, more earnest labour, and more fervent prayer. It is a time of peril unquestionably. The enemies of the Church are gathering their forces for battle. But 'greater is He that is for us than all that be against us.' 'Blessed is the Lord our strength, which teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight.' 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.'"

Such were the circumstances in which, in May 1898, I commenced my fourth visitation of the Uganda portion of my jurisdiction. In something like three weeks I was able to confirm no fewer than 772 candidates.

In the midst of the busy rush of visits to Ngogwe, Nakanyonyi, Gayaza, and Waluleta entailed by these engagements, two solemn events happened which reminded us forcibly of the days of peril through which the Mission had recently passed and was in fact even then passing.

The first of these was the terrible punishment which on May 21st was inflicted on nine Sudanese mutineers and three Mohammedan Baganda, who had been taken in rebellion, red-handed. They were marched out of prison in the fulness of health and strength, placed with their backs to the ramparts of the fort where squads of Sudanese soldiers were drawn up, the signal was given, and in a few minutes their lifeless corpses were being conveyed to their last resting-place. It was a terrible act of retribution, but apparently a sad necessity. It made a deep impression, not merely on the Sudanese population, but on the Baganda generally.

The second of these solemn events was the burial on Namirembe, on May 23rd, of the remains of those English officers who had lost their lives during the mutiny. There were six altogether, of whom Major Thruston and Messrs. Wilson and Scott were murdered at Luba's.

The procession was headed by the Indian contingent marching with slow and measured tread with arms reversed. Then came the coffins, covered each one with a Union Jack. After which walked the Commissioner and Major Macdonald, with other military and civil officers. The members of the Mission, with a large number of Baganda chiefs, brought up the rear.

The Archdeacon and I shared between us the solemn duty of reading the service, I taking the prayers at the graveside and the words of the Committal: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The hymn,

"Hush, blessed are the dead," was sung with much feeling, and then came the three volleys, and the "Last Post" with the bugles, and all was over.

The glorious fact that the great Head of the Church is ever guiding and controlling the movements of those whom He has put in authority under Him, was never more signally realised in my experience than when early in July I essayed to visit the Mission in Usukuma. I had been in much doubt and perplexity. Usukuma or Toro was the question which had agitated my mind for some weeks. The call from both places was a loud one. To which should I respond? I had made it a matter of much prayer, and yet it was with considerable doubt in my mind that I gave the order to proceed to Munyonyo, where the *Ruwenzori* (the Record Fund steam-launch) was lying at anchor. I had decided for Usukuma. "Man proposes but God disposes." On arriving at the Lake shore I was met with the tidings that the *Ruwenzori's* boiler had broken down, and that two or three weeks would be needed for repairs. The way was blocked. There was nothing for it but to retrace our steps to Mengo. Was God calling me to Toro? Was this the meaning of the obstacle placed in my path? Not long was I left in doubt. As I drew near to Namirembe messengers met me in hot haste with letters from Toro. The king, Katikiro, Lloyd, and Buckley all had written asking me to come, and begging me not to delay my departure, as questions of the greatest importance needed my presence.

Surely here was an answer to all one's prayers and a resolving of all one's doubts. The Lord was unquestionably calling me to Toro, and to Toro I determined at once to go.

I commenced immediately my arrangements for my journey, and as Dr. Cook was as anxious as I was to

see what opportunity there might be for extension of medical missionary work westward, I invited him to accompany me.

We made our start on Thursday, July 7th. As Gabrieli and the mutineers were still roaming about the country, the Commissioner insisted upon our having an escort of Baganda soldiers. Although the idea was hateful to us, nevertheless we yielded to his wishes, and found ourselves in the care of some dozen very irregular-looking Baganda armed with muzzle-loaders. At our second camp they came and informed us that they were without powder, and asked whether they might go back in order to procure some. Immensely amused we sent them back with instructions to follow us to Mitiana, where we proposed spending two or three days.

Here, on Sunday, July 10th, I preached to a large and attentive congregation, and on the Monday held a Confirmation and addressed a conference of some twenty-two of our evangelists and teachers. Our gallant escort, faithful to their promise, made their appearance in due course, and in answer to our inquiry as to whether they were now provided with gunpowder assured me that they were, but they added most lugubriously, "Tetulina e'sasi" (We have no bullets). This was an undoubted fact, however ridiculous it may seem. However, we replied, "Si kigambo" (It does not matter). We assigned to them the duty of looking after our cows in our rear, and after leaving camp in the morning one rarely, if ever, saw them again until evening. However, we daily thanked them for taking care of us; thanks which were invariably accepted without the faintest trace of a smile, or with the slightest idea of the humour of the whole thing.

On leaving Mitiana we made for Bujongolo, some

four hours away, but only to be reached through almost impassable swamps. For some two hours or more we battled our way through them. They seemed to be interminable, one long weary expanse of papyrus and a waste of waters. At one moment we were up to our waists, at another we were seeking to maintain a precarious foothold on the roots and stumps of Makindu palms, which showed themselves occasionally in our onward track. Then down we went again into the mud and slush, only too thankful when we could get into deep water again. Now and then one caught sight of a tree top which seemed to indicate that we were nearing dry land; but, alas, there was only a little rising ground where we were able to rest for a little, and then on we plunged again, slipping and sliding, tripping and stumbling, until at length, at the end of two hours, our toils were at an end and we were once more on *terra firma*. Half-an-hour's further march brought us to the chief's enclosure, where a hearty welcome awaited us.

Two days later (St. Swithin's Day) we had such an experience of the weather in Uganda as rarely falls to the lot of even the most experienced travellers. It had been bright and fine in the earlier part of the day, and we were looking forward to reaching our camping place without any untoward circumstances, when shortly after mid-day the aspect changed, clouds gathered, and the distant thunder rolled ominously. But still we hoped to reach our destination before the storm which was evidently gathering burst upon us. "Is it far?" we inquired of our guide. "Wala nyo," was the answer. "Very far." Soon heavy drops began to fall, and before long the wind rose, and with crashings of thunder and floods of rain the storm burst in all its fury. Umbrellas were useless, nor had we them.

There was no shelter to be found anywhere. There was nothing for it but to face it. As long as we kept going there was nothing to be feared. Shelter short of our destination would be fatal. So onward we went. The paths had become almost like rushing streams, the wind howled, the lightning flashed, and the thunder in appalling crashes echoed and re-echoed on every side. But still no camp. On and on we went. One or two of our porters had manfully struggled along and were only a few yards behind us, when the one word "ekyalo," *i.e.* "garden," uttered by one of them made us look up, and sure enough a hundred yards away we were able dimly to discover through the driving rain some banana trees beaten and torn by the tempest. The sight was a gladdening one. It meant that our struggle was over, and that in a few minutes we should find shelter, a fire, food and rest. And so it came about. In a little while we found ourselves in a large native hut, with a blazing fire in the midst. Happily one of the porters who had kept up with us was carrying Dr. Cook's bedding. The blankets were soon got out, and stripping from us every shred of our soaked clothing we wrapped ourselves in them. Half-an-hour later the food box made its appearance, and hot tea in liberal quantities soon removed every risk of chill.

On account of the possibility of being waylaid by the mutineers, we were travelling by unfrequented by-paths, the roads were rough and the food scarce, but still we made good progress, and on July 22nd arrived at Butiti. The chief, our old friend Yafeti Byakweyamba, had recently died by his own hand. Trial and misfortunes of various kinds had so crushed him that a mind weakened by ill health gave way, and in a fit of temporary insanity he shot himself. His successor, a youth named Nasanieri, was by no means

NAKABIMBA, UGANDA

his equal either in presence or in influence. However, he welcomed us warmly, and in conversation with me expressed every intention of being an earnest worker for God.

We were now in touch with Toro. Our approach had already become known to our friends at Kabarole (the capital), who inundated us with letters of warm welcome, as we journeyed on our way thither. Hill after hill we found crested with little groups of friends who had come out to welcome us. Here, as we came to a patch of long grass, there burst forth upon us Apolo Kivebulaya, with lots of young men and lads, all brimming over with joy and excitement. There, marching in regular order, was another detachment of young men with Sedulaka and Asa Nkangali at their head. Then came Buckley and his boys with very welcome refreshment, for which a brief halt by the wayside was called. Then on again till the groups of friends became so numerous that our progress was greatly hindered. Eventually, however, we reached the Mission hill, on which great crowds were assembled, and where Kasagama and the Queen-Mother welcomed us with many expressions of joy at our coming.

A thanksgiving service was held immediately on our arrival. The church was quickly filled from end to end. A couple of hymns, two or three earnest prayers and short benediction, that was all, but it was sufficient. It was the faithful expression of the thankfulness and gratitude to God which filled all hearts.

It was very delightful to be back once more amongst people who were in all the joyous freshness of their new love to God. Their enthusiasm for the Word was almost as remarkable as that of the Baganda in the early days. The three or four loads of books which I had brought with me were all sold in the course of

two or three days, and I was obliged to send an urgent message to Mengo for more to be sent.

Toro had not been so seriously affected by the mutiny and Mwanga's rebellion as Uganda, Bunyoro, and Busoga, nor had the work suffered to anything like the same extent. There was consequently marked progress observable in every branch. Several of the great chiefs had become Christians, and were taking a deep interest in the work. Among others were the Sekibobo and the Katikiro. Candidates for Baptism and Confirmation were coming forward on every hand, and young men in increasing numbers were offering to go out into the country districts as evangelists and teachers.

In the outward aspect of things also a very remarkable change had taken place. Instead of the beehive-shaped house in which I had lived for a fortnight two years before, there was now a well-ordered Mission station with two dwelling-houses, one occupied by Lloyd and the other by Buckley. The old church had been replaced by a new one capable of seating something like a thousand worshippers. Schoolrooms, too, had been built, and very delightful was it to hear the children learning their first lesson in the art of reading. "Eno 'a,' eno 'e,' eno 'i,'" was the sing-song method (not by any means the best) into which they seemed naturally to have fallen. More delightful still was it to hear them sing some of the songs of Sion. In their soft and melodious accents they seemed sweeter than ever. But perhaps most delightful of all was it to see these children with bowed heads and closed eyes, and to hear them repeating together that prayer which all creeds have united in designating as the "Lord's Prayer." On the lips of these children, so lately enveloped in heathen savagery, the sacred words, "Our Father which art in Heaven," seemed invested with a

deeper and fuller meaning than ever before. As at every halting-place on the way, so at Kabarole itself, Dr. Cook at once commenced treating the sick and operating upon all who came for surgical help. The first day he had no fewer than 198 applicants for medicine, and every succeeding day of our stay showed an increase. Their numbers and the terrible condition of many of the poor creatures who came to us for relief indicated only too plainly the great need of medical missionary work in Toro.

As my programme included visits to Katwe and Mboga—the one near the Albert Edward Nyanza and the other on the further side of the Semliki river, involving some 300 miles of travelling—I was unable to prolong my stay at the capital, and on July 28th we started on our way to the former place.

It was an interesting journey. As our road led us along the lower slopes of Ruwenzori we were able to see something of the conditions of life of the Bakonjo and other mountain tribes. At Butanuka we found a promising work in progress under the supervision of a vigorous young teacher named Yerimiya.

Our onward journey was by a path which led us through scenes of the most exquisite beauty. At one moment we were climbing a steep hillside, at another wending our way through sylvan glades in which the sunlight glinting upon the tree trunks gilded them with a glory peculiarly its own, and startling in its vivid intensity. At another moment we were passing out into a blaze of sunshine in which butterflies were darting hither and thither, whilst the hum of bees, the chirrup of grasshoppers, and the cooing of doves made the air resonant with a sweet, low-toned music. Then there was a river to be crossed, a river of ice-cold water draining down from the snows of Ruwenzori (the

Mpuku). Getting across was no easy task. Although not deep the current was very strong, and every load needed two or three men to bear it safely to the further bank. As for ourselves, well! I needed half-a-dozen men to carry me, and Dr. Cook nearly as many.

We now found ourselves in an entirely different country in its outward aspect. The *Euphorbia candelabra* was to be seen on every hand interspersed with that most striking and beautiful of all palms—the Borassus palm. The woodland landscape had given place to rolling plains. Here and there we came upon the craters of extinct volcanoes. These in nearly every instance were filled with salt or brackish water, whilst their sloping sides were clothed with wood and luxuriant vegetation of all kinds.

On August 3rd we reached Katwe, and were invited by the Sudanese officer in charge to take up our quarters in the fort. This we were very glad to do, as the sun was very hot and our tents insufferably close. This fort occupied a position of great natural strength. It crowned the narrow neck of high land which separates the Albert Edward Nyanza from the Salt Lake. There were not a hundred yards of spare room on either side. Some months previous to our arrival it had been besieged by the mutineers of the Congo Free State, who were attempting to make their way to Toro. But it had successfully resisted all attempts to capture it. The Sudanese officer in charge showed us, with no little pride, the bullet marks on the stonework and the pierced doors and shutters, and told us in graphic terms the whole story of the fight, and how the Manyema auxiliaries were beaten back again and again, as they sought by mere force of numbers to effect an entrance.

The most interesting incident of our story at this, the farthest outpost westward of British rule in Central

KATWE—AN OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE.

Africa, was a visit to one of the larger islands of the Albert Edward Nyanza. An hour's paddling in a large dug-out brought us to our destination—a large fishing village built on the very margin of the lake. The air was redolent with the odour of dried and drying fish ; and the implements of their craft were being laid out by the fishermen in every available space where sun and air could reach them. The men themselves (we saw little or nothing of the women) seemed to be a fine manly race, a branch evidently of the Bakonjo tribe. They received us at first with some shyness, but this soon wore off as we squatted in the middle of the village and sought, by kindly greetings, to assure them of our friendliness. Dr. Cook then produced his medicine-chest, and that very soon broke down whatever remained of their suspicion of us. It was not long before we had around us at least two hundred stalwart men listening with all their ears, as through an interpreter we delivered the Gospel message.

So far we had seen nothing of the chief. We inquired for him and were told that he was coming in a short time to pay his respects to us. He was blind, we were told, and would be glad if the doctor could do anything for him. After waiting a quarter of an hour the poor man made his appearance. He was led into the midst by a youth who was said to be his son, a bright intelligent boy. We told the poor old man why we had come—that we were messengers of the King of kings, and that we sought his good and that of his people.

At once he wanted to know whether we could give sight to his blind eyes. Dr. Cook examined them, and came instantly to the conclusion that it was a case of cataract, and that an operation would certainly give at the least limited vision. He told him so, and added

that if he came over to Katwe in the morning he would operate, and that he had no doubt of a successful result. Then said the chief, "Restore me my sight, and not only I, but all my people, will be taught." After some further conversation it was decided that the operation should take place on the following day; and we left the island feeling that an impression had been made, and looking forward to a further opportunity of pressing the claim of the Gospel on the chief and his followers on the morrow.

Alas! we little realised the power of the evil one, and the influence of the medicine men of the island. Nine o'clock, the hour appointed, came, and no chief—nor were any canoes visible on the glittering surface of the Lake. Ten o'clock—eleven—and noon came, and still no chief, and then came a messenger to say that he was unwell and unable to come. It was, however, as we found out later, only an excuse, and that he was really deterred from coming by the all powerful influence of the witch doctors. However, the day of blessing for that lone island of the Lake, although not yet, was nearer than we in our disappointment thought. Twelve months only were to run their course and a resident evangelist, from the Church of Toro, was engaged in the systematic preaching of the Gospel to these simple fisher folk. But this is anticipating the course of my story.

On August 6th we started on our return journey, and after recrossing the plain at the foot of the low shoulder of Ruwenzori, at the extremity of which Katwe lies, commenced to climb the lower slopes of the mountain itself. From Kasamia's we ventured yet higher, visiting one village after another, where our teachers were at work, and doing our best to cheer and encourage them in their self-denying labours. The time spent in this work was full of the most absorbing

interest. That the Gospel itself should have reached these rugged fastnesses was indeed a marvel of grace, and that so soon after its first proclamation little congregations of believers should be gathered together for the worship of the one true and loving God, was more wonderful still.

For be it remembered that only recently had the mists of ages which had enveloped these mountains—"the mountains of the moon" of mythical story—been rolled away, and their very existence become known to geographical science. Whether, as we climbed the mountain side and gazed down into the deep ravines and harkened to the roaring of the raging torrents which swept them away to the great lakes, and so indeed to the sea, or as glancing upward one caught glimpses of the snow-clad peaks and saw at an altitude of some 20,000 feet the eternal snows glittering like burnished silver in the glowing light of noon, or, whether as pausing in our upward climb and turning our back to the rocky buttress of the mountain side on which we stood, and looking out into space we saw stretching far away into misty invisibility the glittering waters of the great Lake—the Albert Edward Nyanza—the impression was still the same, wonderful as are all these glories and beauties of nature, intense as is all this glowing sunlight, marvellous as are all these mysterious visions of mountain and streamlet, ravine and forest, snow and ice; yet the most wonderful sight of all—the most awe-inspiring of all—the greatest miracle of all, was it to see men and women clad in skins, and in all their surroundings still apparently in their primitive conditions of life, and who a few years ago were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, yet with bowed heads and reverent attitude were engaged in the worship of Him Who is the Way, the

Truth, and the Life, and whom not having seen they love, and in whom though now they see Him not yet they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Our way now led us down to lower ground where the Mpuku river had to be crossed. The path was, in many places, almost blocked by the rank growth of the vegetation. Occasionally we had to make our way through the tall elephant grass, as through a tunnel. It was while passing along one of these overgrown footpaths that we heard the sound of rushing water. "It is the river!" I exclaimed. "Let us hurry. The men in front are sure to attempt to cross without proper precaution." We ran forward, hoping to be in time to prevent any attempt to cross. Alas! we were too late. On arriving on the river bank I had the mortification of seeing a man standing in the middle of the river, and a box of mine containing sketches, writing materials, and all that I most valued, being carried away by the flood. I at once despatched search-parties down both banks of the river. In the meanwhile, by arranging so that no load should be taken across unless in charge of three men, we succeeded in getting everything over in safety. In about half-an-hour's time, loud shouts in the distance announced the recovery of my precious box. A little later it was carried in in triumph. It had been swept by an eddy into a quiet pool, and there it was found, sadly battered by the rocks, and, of course, full of water. In Africa, however, one learns to take joyfully the spoiling of one's goods. Happily there was a hot sun and a bank of silver sand by the river side. Sketches, paper, books, and clothing were soon laid out to dry, and although a good deal of damage had been done it was less than I expected. In half-an-hour's time it was possible to pack up and resume our journey.

On August 11th we arrived once more at Kabarole, the capital of Toro, where we enjoyed four or five days rest, before starting on a proposed expedition to Mboga, on the further side of the Semliki, and not far from the Albert Nyanza.

By this time our porters were getting home-sick. Six weeks had elapsed since leaving Mengo, and instead of setting our face homewards, as they had hoped we would do on reaching Kabarole, we were preparing for another journey into an unknown country. This was too much for them, and on the morning of the 13th we were informed that fourteen of our men had run away in the night and were "making tracks" for Uganda. The rest of the men, we were further told, were preparing to follow the example of their comrades. This was serious. I took prompt measures and put a guard over the disaffected, and warned them that as they had received wages for a three months journey they were expected to fulfil their contract. However, all my precautions were in vain. Some few remained faithful, but the rest managed, in twos and threes, to get away. I may say that so perfect at this time was the political organisation of Uganda, that on my return to Mengo, on bringing the matter to the notice of the Katikiro and giving him the names of the culprits and their chiefs, every man was produced within forty-eight hours, and the money which they had received as wages was brought to my door. However satisfactory in its ultimate issue, the immediate consequences of the mutiny of my porters were inconvenient in the extreme—not the least of which was the slow going which resulted from travelling with such physically weak porters as the Batoro, who were unable to carry more than half a load each.

However, we were fortunate in being able to re-

place our faithless followers on any terms. On Tuesday, August 16th, we started for Mboga with as sorry a lot of men as it has ever been my fortune to travel with. The journey was an interesting one. On the first day we descended the escarpment which brought us almost down to the level of the Albert Nyanza, and where the air was heavy and close. But on the following day we commenced to climb one of the shoulders of Ruwenzori, and thus got into a fresher and more invigorating atmosphere. On reaching the ridge, after a stiff climb, we were rewarded with one of the most lovely views which even this most beautiful part of Africa can show. Some 2000 feet below us was the Semliki river, working its sinuous way in glittering glory through the valley which lay between us and the dark mass of the great forest which Stanley had so laboriously traversed a few short years before. Away northward, melting into the far distance, lay the waters of the Great Lake—the Albert Nyanza—shimmering in white heat and pearly haze. Southward, the great buttresses of the mountain on which we stood shelved downward toward the river, which was fed not merely by the Albert Edward Nyanza, but by those rushing streams which, in their headlong course down the mountain side, filled the air with a melody which can only fitly be described in the familiar terms " the sound of many waters."

Plunging down the craggy slope in front of us, it was not long before we found ourselves in a village of the Babamba which lay in the valley between.

The people we found to be a simple folk, and not the least alarmed by our sudden appearance in their midst. Doubtless they had had ample warning of our coming, and were evidently prepared to welcome us. They received us with kindly hospitality, bringing

THE SEMLIKI VALLEY FROM A SHOULDER OF RUWENZORI

ripe bananas for our refreshment, and doing everything in their power to make us comfortable.

Their villages we found to be clean and well kept, the huts being of the usual beehive shape, but thatched, not with grass, but with plantain leaves. On every side we saw tokens of their belief in spirits, and in the little spirit houses were offerings of all kinds.

The people themselves were almost nude, goat and other skins being their only covering. In figure they are a thickset and powerful-looking race. In features, however, they approach somewhat the Bakonjo type. Before descending into the valley we had observed what seemed to be a column of smoke at a distance of some two or three miles. On inquiry we found that this was really a column of steam rising up from some boiling springs, of which we were told there were quite a number on the other side of a wood which lay between us and them.

Lunch despatched, we sallied forth to pay these boiling springs a visit. It was a striking scene which met our view as we issued from the banana plantation through which we had been wandering during the latter part of our walk. Columns of steam rolled upward to a height of 80 or 90 feet, and then as they caught, or rather were caught, in the breeze, they were carried hither and thither, until they melted away into invisibility. This steam was issuing from a number of blow-holes out of which bubbled streams of water all at boiling point. This water was held first of all in natural rock basins, but as these overflowed it spread itself over a considerable area of bare rock and soft blue mud. In the latter, a number of natives had scooped out large hollows which they were using as baths. The water was evidently strongly impregnated with sulphur, and possessed considerable healing virtues, especially in

the case of skin diseases. People came, we were told, from long distances to be healed of the oftentimes terrible diseases from which they suffered. Many doubtless derived much benefit from the medicinal properties of these springs. In order to test their temperature, a bunch of green bananas was put into one of the bubbling pools, and in about twenty minutes was thoroughly cooked.

Our passage of the Semliki the next morning was not at all an easy matter. "Crocodiles below and hippos above the place of crossing" was the news which greeted us as we arrived on the river bank. And sure enough "up stream" were to be seen a couple of huge hippos apparently waiting for us. However, I soon brought my "Martini-Henry" to bear, and after a short bombardment they disappeared, as also did the crocodiles, whose shiny backs had been showing up ominously amid the glittering waters between the crossing-place.

The river was full, and a great volume of water was making its way at the rate of some three miles an hour towards the Albert Lake, only a few miles away. The only means of transit were a few dug-outs of the most cranky and leaky description. A man in the bows with considerable dexterity poled up the river some hundred yards or so, and driving out into mid stream we were carried down in the direction of the landing-place, which as we got into shallower waters was easily reached by dexterous poling. Of course to get men, loads, and cattle across in this fashion was a long and tedious operation. We therefore camped at a distance of some half a mile from the river, and towards evening had the satisfaction of learning that everything had been crossed without loss or accident.

Two days later we drew near to Mboga, our destina-

tion. Since leaving the Semliki we had been continually ascending, and were now at a considerable elevation above the plain. Sedulaka, one of our teachers from Mboga, was leading the way, and in answer to my oft-repeated question, "Are we near?" he would only respond, "Tunatuka" (We shall arrive). At length, while resting and enjoying the refreshment of a cup of tea, we had a remarkable proof of the fact that we were not far away from our destination. In a moment of quiet meditation there burst upon us, with a great shout, a crowd of young men and boys, at the head of whom was Apolo Kivebulaya. With cries of welcome repeated again and again they surrounded us, and almost knocked us over in their eagerness to get a shake of the hand, and to tell of their joy at our coming.

We packed up our traps and started once more, and in less than half an hour met Tabalo himself (the chief) and a great crowd of followers. Their welcome was no less warm than that of Apolo and his young men, but it was less demonstrative. On reaching Mboga itself the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. They came upon us in great crowds, embracing and shaking hands with us again and again, and thanking us for coming to them. It was most touching to see their simple trust in us, and the fixed conviction in their minds that we were in some way to be a means of blessing to them.

It may be asked, how did Christianity come to this out-of-the-way place some three hundred miles from Mengo, and on the outskirts of the Great Forest? In telling the story it will be best to transcribe what was told me at the time, and written down upon the spot. It was in this wise :—

"The Gospel was first of all preached in Toro by

Baganda evangelists. It so happened that in Toro there were living temporarily a number of the people of Mboga, the chief Tabalo among them. There they first heard the Gospel story. This led to Baganda evangelists being sent across the Semliki river and settling amongst these people of Mboga, in whose hearts the seed had been sown in Toro. The little community of readers increased rapidly, and the desire for a knowledge of the Word seemed to be spreading when the followers of the Lubare superstition made a desperate effort to extinguish the light that seemed burning so brightly. The chief Tabalo was won back to his old allegiance, and at the instigation of the Lubare priests forbade any one to read the Christian books. Many, however, had found the Word of God suited to their taste, and continued their reading in secret. Several readers were caught and in some cases cruelly beaten. Still, however, reading went on. The Baganda teachers were in hiding, but were secretly supplied with the necessaries of life by those who would not desert them in their hour of need. Tabalo, the chief, consulted one of the divines of Lubare as to their whereabouts, and was told that they had returned to Toro. Discovering later, however, that this was not so and that he had been deceived, he flew into a violent passion and declared that the Lubare priests were rogues and liars, and that he would have nothing more to do with them. He stated further that the God whose followers he had persecuted was a God of Truth, and that He should be his God.

"The persecuted believers, with their leaders, came out from their hiding-places, and reading went on openly once more. A church was built, and everything seemed prospering when the Manyema mutineers broke into the country and swept everything before them.

THE BOILING SPRINGS, TORO

The church was burnt as well as the chief's houses, indeed the whole country was devastated, and once more the Christians sought refuge in the long grass.

With the passing of the mutineers came a return of prosperity, when they received another blow by a most unexpected incident. This was nothing less than the arrest of our old friend Apolo, the principal teacher, on a charge of murder. It came about in this way. A spear had been left outside the house of a Christian woman named Mariamu, in a most awkward position. An alarm of some sort was raised outside, and the poor woman rushed out, tripped and fell, impaling herself on the spear. The whole thing was a pure accident. Apolo, however, happened to be passing near the spot, and hearing the groans of the woman went to her assistance. Seeing her desperate condition, he called some men near by to come to his help. On seeing what had happened they accused him of murdering the woman. He was brought before the chief, who sent the prisoner with his accusers to Toro. Owing to the absence of the officer in charge of the district he was kept in prison for some time, but on the arrival of Captain Sitwell he was discharged without even the formality of a trial."

It was at the same time that I thus wrote of our two teachers in Mboga, Apolo Kivebulaya (now ordained) and Sedulaka, already mentioned.

" It would be impossible for me to speak too highly of both Apolo and Sedulaka, our two teachers at Mboga. The former has suffered much for the cause of Christ. He has had false accusation more than once made against him. He has been in the chain gang as well as in prison ; he has been beaten and suffered the loss of all his property. Actually while in prison he taught his fellow prisoners to read. He has given up the

comforts of home, and the comparatively luxurious life in Uganda, for the isolation and hard living of a strange land, and all that he may bear his part in the work of evangelising the heathen.

"Nor is Sedulaka one whit behind his fellow in evangelistic zeal. When he visited Uganda a short while since his friends said to him, 'Surely you are not going back to such an out-of-the-way place as Mboga.' 'Yes, I am,' he said; and when he persisted and commenced to make preparation for his journey, they seized him and tied him up, declaring that he was a madman. He managed, however, to escape from their clutches and is now at work at his old station. I would that there were many such madmen in the world as Apolo and Sedulaka. It is largely owing to their steadfastness, zeal, courage, and fidelity to their Master that the work at Mboga has assumed its present dimensions, and is so bright with hope for the future."

Shortly after our arrival Buckley commenced the work of examining the candidates for Baptism and Confirmation. On Wednesday, August 24th, thirteen of the former, among whom was Tabalo the chief, were baptized, and seven of the latter received the laying on of hands. It was a day of great joy. The happiness of these people who had suffered so much seemed to be brimming over. One felt profoundly thankful at being permitted to bear even so small a part in contributing to their fulness of joy.

Among those under instruction we found two pygmies of the forest near which we were encamped. One was a full-grown woman and the other a youth of about seventeen years of age. The former was forty-three inches high and the latter thirty-eight. It seemed quite clear to us that in the not distant future

it might be possible to evangelise the pygmy tribes from Mboga as a base.

After paying a visit to Opedi, a neighbouring chief, at whose place we found an interesting work in progress, we made preparations for an early departure. We were leaving behind us a band of no fewer than two hundred readers, most of them reading with a view to Baptism. It was most touching to listen to their pleadings that we should remain and teach them ourselves. "But when will you come back again?" they asked, in most pathetic accents. We assured them that they would not be forgotten, and that, in the not distant future, it might be found possible to send them a resident missionary.

In the grey dawn of the early morning of August 24th we knelt together with these dear seekers after God in earnest prayer, and having commended them to Him and the Word of His Grace, we went on our way. Toro was once more our objective. We determined, however, not to return by the road by which we had come, but to travel round by the village of Aligangira, a chief of considerable importance. It was not much out of our way, and we wished to discover how he was disposed towards us. On the way thither we had most lovely views of Ruwenzori and its snow-clad heights. It seemed to rise abruptly from the plains of the Semliki river, and for the climber one would imagine the attack from that side, the west, would be more likely to have a successful issue than that from the east.

Aligangira saved us the trouble of going on to his village, for hearing that we were on the road he came to meet us. We found him friendly, but by no means cordial; nor did he respond with any great alacrity to our suggestion that he should admit teachers to his

country. He declared that he would not forbid their coming, and they should be quite free to teach. Bidding him farewell, we continued our way to the crossing at the Semliki river. A delay of two hours was involved in the perilous task of getting all our men and loads across, then onward we went towards the high ground where we had decided to camp. It was, however, for me a difficult task getting along, fever was upon me, and the last two hours of the journey was a struggle. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, and every few minutes I was compelled to rest by the roadside. Of drinking water we had none; and so with parched lips and aching limbs and fast beating heart one struggled along, longing with an intensity hard to describe for the rest of camp. At length a man whom we had sent forward in search of water brought a bowl of the most delicious water I had ever tasted in my life. It put new vigour into me, and brought on a profuse perspiration which was an immense relief. And so we reached our camp, and in an hour or two's time I was in bed and fairly comfortable. During the night the fever left me, and by morning light I was ready once more for the road.

Two marches brought us into Toro once more. We found all well, and preparation for a Confirmation service complete. This was held on Wednesday, August 31st, when seventy candidates were presented to me. At the service of Holy Communion which followed there were eighty-seven Communicants. On the day following we started on our way back to Uganda.

Travelling by way of Nakabimba and Bukumi, we arrived in Mengo on September 16th, having been absent some two months and a half. During that time we had tramped between seven and eight hundred

miles, and had been enabled to carry out our complete programme without let or hindrance of any kind.

The condition of the work in Toro as we left it may be gathered from the following statistics: Churches, 12, having seating accommodation for some 3000 worshippers; Teachers, local 45, Church Council 22, total 67; Communicants, 100; Mateka and Gospel readers, 2000; Contributions for Church purposes for nine months, 240,570 cowrie shells, value £53.

The spiritual expansion of Uganda, as evidenced by these figures and what we had seen during our lengthened tour, was a fact full of the highest and brightest significance. It meant that there was life in the body—that the Church of Uganda was a living organism, and that the Spirit of God, without whom nothing is strong and nothing holy, was working out the Divine purpose through the hearts and lives of men and women who, a few years before, were living in heathen darkness, but who now, through grace given unto them, had consecrated themselves to God and His blessed service. It was another example of the great truth that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

CHAPTER XXXIII

EDUCATION

'Knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands and there is no knowledge that is not power.'—EMERSON.

No sooner was I back at Mengo than I found myself engaged in the discussion of the question of a constitution for the Church of Uganda. That it was a pressing question there could be no doubt. The body of communicants (some five thousand) was an ever increasing one. There were nearly a thousand evangelists and teachers at work in the country; whilst the clergy—native and European—were some thirty in number. The general body of Christians—baptized and catechumen—numbered nearly twenty thousand. The Church was in possession of some seven hundred churches and schools, besides thirty or forty thousand acres of land.

It will be readily acknowledged that for the proper control of such an organisation something more in the way of constituted authority was needed than the informal method of government which had gradually grown up in our midst. Not that we were altogether without law and order. Far from it. But we had outgrown our system, which answered very well so long as our numbers were few and our work small. Besides which it had one cardinal defect. It was an unrepresentative system.

I have already referred to the drafting of a constitution during my recent visit to England. This document had now for several months been in the hands

of the missionaries, and on October 5th some fifteen of us met in conference to consider the whole subject.

There was nothing very new or startling in my proposals. I had simply set down in writing the system of government which in course of time had grown up in the Mission, and supplied one or two obvious principles which it lacked. The whole had been put into legal form by my friend, Mr. G. A. King (Master in the Supreme Court).

The central governing body of the Mission—the Mengo Church Council—it will be remembered, had been founded at the time of the persecution, when there was danger of the European missionaries being driven out of the country. When any vacancy occurred it had been the custom to co-opt upon it any prominent Christian whose character and position commended themselves to the majority of the Council. Europeans and natives sat together, the former rather as advisers than members. Gradually local councils had been formed, very much on the same lines.

As I have already suggested, one great defect there was in all this. The representative principle was lacking. That, it was clear, must be supplied; and therefore it found place in the draft submitted to the Conference. The communicant I proposed should be the Elector. The most difficult question to be decided was the place to be occupied by the European missionaries, clerical and lay, as well also as the lady missionaries. Were they to stand outside the constitution, or were they to find a place within its limits and under its provisions? That was the question which faced me as I set myself to the task of rough casting my proposals. I decided unhesitatingly on the latter principle. I felt, and still feel, that all whose lot in the providence of God is cast in a particular

sphere of missionary work should, as long as they are in the country, share in the fortunes of that Church which, through their instrumentality, is being gathered out of heathen darkness.

There are, I am aware, those who hold the contrary view, and who say that the truer policy is for the missionaries to remain outside all Church organisation, and simply advise rather than share in the government of the Church. I have already pointed out in a previous chapter (Book III. Chapter XVIII.) that this latter course implies the existence of two organisations—that of the Church, and that of the Missionary body. To any one acquainted with native life and character it will at once be apparent in which body will be found the controlling force, the guiding influence. It cannot but be a discouragement for a Church Council to feel, as it will inevitably in such circumstances, that do what it may, act as wisely as is possible in any given situation, yet still its power is but a shadow, and its influence but a semblance of what it might and ought to be. Such a feeling will sap effectually all initiative, and the life of the Council will speedily become a weak, feeble, flickering thing.

It should ever be the object of those whose God-given task it is to assist in the building up of a native Church, to develop in the Councils of that Church independence and initiative. This, I believe, will best be done by throwing the fullest possible responsibility upon the native organisation. A realised sense of responsibility will quicken into life powers and qualities which, duly exercised, will in course of time bear whatever burden may be put upon them in the way of administration and government. Failures during the early days of training there will doubtless be. But what of that? The end attained ultimately of a

strong and healthy Church organisation will more than justify the risk of occasional failure. Besides which there will always be, until the Church is able to stand alone, the presence on the governing body of the Missionary element. Its vote will, comparatively speaking, be a small one, but its voice will always carry great moral weight. This, of course, should never be regarded as a permanent arrangement. A day will come when the missionary, having completed his task, will pass on to the regions beyond. But he will have left behind him a Church self-supporting, self-extending, and self-governing.

This then was the principle embodied in my draft constitution. It, of course, implied a good deal more than appeared on the surface, and raised questions with regard to the position of laymen and lady missionaries which required a good deal of threshing out. It was not therefore altogether a surprise to me to find that the Europeans looked somewhat askance at my proposals.

The discussion naturally centred round the question as to whether the missionary body was to be included within the limits of the constitution or not. There was practical unanimity of agreement on every other point. At length having gauged, through continued discussion, the feeling of the Conference, I withdrew the draft from further consideration. I felt that for the successful working, as well as the inauguration, of a scheme of this kind practical unanimity was almost essential, and as there seemed no chance of this being attained at present, I announced that in order to secure for so important a measure that consideration which it deserved and demanded, I proposed to postpone to another occasion a final decision upon the merits of the scheme.

It will be noticed that so far the native Christians had taken no part in the discussion. In fact they had not formally been consulted. I knew that there was a difference of opinion among the missionaries on the main principle of the constitution, and felt that it was advisable to come to an agreement amongst ourselves on the point at issue before laying the scheme before the Church at large. And so our Conference came to an end.

The course of my story turns me now from the subject of constitution-making to that of character-making —in other words, to education. For what after all is education but the moulding of the character in high and noble ideals. This, I take it, is the ultimate end and object of all true education. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Thoughts build the life and character. The aim of every true educationalist is so to train the child that he may think only such things as be good—not that he may be clever, but that he may be good. Not that he may pass through life easily, but that he may do life's work nobly. As Sydney Smith said: "When you see a child brought up in the way he should go, you see a good of which you cannot measure the quantity nor perceive the end. It may be communicated to the children's children of that child. It may last for centuries. It may be communicated to innumerable individuals. It may be planting a plant and sowing a seed which may fill the land with the glorious increase of righteousness, and bring upon us the blessings of the Almighty."

If hitherto comparatively little had been done in the way of effective organisation of education in Uganda, it was not because its importance had not been realised or had been lost sight of, but simply on account of the extreme pressure of the evangelistic work (our first

work) upon the all too insufficient staff. But nevertheless it must not be forgotten that the first great essential (as a Christian educationalist understands it) is a knowledge of Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that this had never been a subsidiary but always a primary aim of our work amongst children. Together with this, there had been carried on from the very beginning an instruction in those accompaniments of education which are so often taken for the thing itself—reading, writing, and arithmetic. It came about in this wise. For a long while the rule of the Mission had been not to baptize any one (except blind and infirm persons) who had not learned to read the Gospels in the vernacular. Education was not our first object in making this rule. It was made rather as a test of sincerity and purity of motive. Large numbers were coming forward and asking for baptism. Of their life we knew nothing. They said, "We believe, and wish to be baptized." "Very well," was our answer, "we don't know you. We must test you. We must see that you have an intelligent knowledge of the way of salvation. Here are the Gospels. We will teach you to read them, and when you have read them we shall expect you to give an intelligent answer to the questions which we shall then ask you."

Thus we repelled none who were really in earnest and who were seeking baptism from pure motives. And so it came to pass that many thousands acquired the art of reading. Many of these taught their fellows and so the thing spread.

Then with regard to the other two R's—writing and arithmetic—a few young lads about the various Mission stations were taught to write and cypher. These taught their friends and so on. So rapidly did this unorganised educational work spread that at the close of 1897 it

was computed that at least there were 100,000 readers in the country, and for the four years ending December of that year no less a sum than £2116, 12s. 5d. had been received as the proceeds of the sale of books and writing material. During the year 1898 this expenditure had increased to the great sum of £1400 for the twelve months. This was paid in cowrie shells to the number of 6,300,000, the weight of which was about ten tons!

A most potent factor in bringing about these remarkable results was without doubt the peculiar aptitude of the Baganda both for giving and receiving instruction.

The first serious attempt at organised education in Uganda was made on the arrival of the first party of ladies in 1895. Miss Chadwick then commenced a mixed school at Namirembe, and Miss Thomsett, as soon as an increase in the staff allowed, made a similar attempt at Gayaza and Miss Bird at Ngogwe. Then Mr. Hattersley, who arrived in 1898, took in hand with characteristic energy the work of placing on as sound a basis as possible our whole system of primary education. He had a high opinion of the capacity of the Baganda children. The following is his testimony:—

"It is a real pleasure to teach the majority of the children. Their intelligence is far in advance of anything I ever anticipated, and given the same advantages they would compare very favourably with English children, and I do not say this without a very considerable knowledge of the capabilities of English children, gained in teaching them at home. It is astonishing how quickly the elder boys learn arithmetic, as you will see when I tell you that my first class are now doing such sums as the following:

"If 40 canoes go to Usukuma to fetch loads, each

canoe carrying 12 bales—the rate of pay for each of which is 5 rupees plus 200 cowrie shells; the Katikiro takes of this one-fifth, the chief of the canoes takes one-seventh, another under chief takes one-twelfth part, and the headman takes one twentieth; each canoe has twelve paddlers. How much does each paddler get when the balance is divided among them? One rupee = 16 annas, or 64 pice, or 600 cowrie shells."

It will be readily acknowledged that with such material to work upon, the education of the rising generation in Uganda was well worth undertaking, and presented no insuperable difficulties. Of the capacity of the Baganda, if properly trained, to carry on schools of their own, there could be no doubt. It was merely a question of training. Such training became, therefore, the main feature of Mr. Hattersley's policy.

The next step was to stir up the chiefs, as far as possible, to a sense of their duty with regard to the education of children. With this object in view I had an interview with the Katikiro, and at his suggestion paid a visit to the Lukiko, where an opportunity was given me of stating to the assembled chiefs my views on the general question.

The result was an immediate increase in the number of children attending the schools at our various centres. At the close of the year 1898 the number had grown to very nearly seven hundred. This notable increase, hopeful as it was, was as nothing to that which a few short years would suffice to show.

A sketch of our educational system in Uganda would be incomplete without some account of the industrial work which more or less, since the days of Mackay, has had some share in moulding the lives and characters of many of the Baganda.

From the very commencement of his missionary

career it was the aim of Mackay to consecrate to the service of God that high mechanical training which Dr. Duff, in writing to him in 1876, characterised so distinctly as a talent entrusted to him by God, and which he hardly thought would find sufficient scope in the Uganda Mission, for which the young engineer had recently volunteered. But surely no grander field for the industrial missionary was ever flung open wide by the great Lord of the Harvest than Uganda. A people highly imitative, naturally ingenious and eager to learn, no more promising material could be found than the young men and boys who in the early days of the Mission thronged the workshops and smithy of the young Scotch missionary, who in his last letter written on the shores of the Home-land, pleaded with his friends that grace might be given him " to keep steadily in view the one great object," not simply the making of clever skilled workmen, but " the salvation of immortal souls." The following entry in his journal will show how faithfully he kept this supreme object in the very forefront of his work.

" All day occupied with readers at various stages. Some I hear in their houses, while others I take into the workshop and teach them while I am busy at the vice."

The influence of Mackay's instruction in mechanics in these early days is still visible even at the time of writing (twenty years later). Unhappily his death in 1890, and the disturbed condition of the country, in later years militated against further organised developments on the industrial side of our educational system until 1895, when Mr. J. B. Purvis arrived upon the scene. It was under his auspices that the industrial Mission on the hill of Bulange was founded, and which in 1899 passed into the hands of Mr. K. Borup, under

whose superintendence it prospered beyond our most sanguine anticipations. At the period of which I am writing, printing, carpentering, blacksmithing, and brick-making had made considerable progress. Young lads were being sent by the more enlightened of the chiefs to be bound apprentices to these various trades.

But it may be asked, what relation has such training to the one great aim of all missionary enterprise—the evangelisation of the world? If the term "evangelisation" simply implies the bare proclamation of the great fundamentals of Christianity and nothing more, then I grant that the connection is not very apparent. But if we take the term to mean in its highest—and I cannot but think its truest sense—that the good news of the Gospel have to do with mind and body as well as soul, then the relationship of intellectual and physical training to the great end and object of all missionary effort becomes very apparent. The Gospel of Christ is for the whole man. To develop all the physical, mental, and spiritual powers into the full stature of manhood is, or should be, the lowest ideal that the missionary sets before himself in his world-wide crusade for righteousness.

And so one's earnest desire on behalf of those thousands of souls who in God's mercy and love were being brought at this date to the foot of the Cross, was that each might realise the wonderful fulness, as well as the freeness, of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus—a redemption that has to do with body as well as mind and soul—and that with souls regenerated and minds renewed, and physical powers trained to high and holy as well as skilful service, each might take his share and nobly play his part in the spiritual, political, commercial, and industrial life of the nation. As a recent writer has said, "The object of all educational

enterprise should be to make men good men and constantly better men. This is only possible by harmonising the educational process with the highest national ideals of the people, all the while purifying and elevating them till men shall see and feel and know the matchless power and glory that exalts him who was created a little lower than the angels. This gives him a dominion over nature and self—a dominion that shall spread and deepen and ascend till all created things shall join with all the human race in proclaiming the triumphs of redemption."

Medical missionary work, although more of an evangelistic than an educational agency, has in its results a distinct value in fashioning the Christian character. Heathenism knows nothing of caring for the sick and needy as one of the duties of life. I well remember how, on the occasion of my first visit to Uganda, when practically the whole country was heathen, in the midst of the firing of guns, which in those days was the most common method of giving expression to public joy, a poor woman was accidentally shot and her jaw broken. Walker was called in to see her (there was no doctor then in Uganda), and after having dressed her wounds most skilfully, told her husband and friends to feed her with liquid food. On calling the next day he found to his horror that she was being absolutely neglected, and that not even her husband had ministered to her necessity. "But she will die," pleaded the Archdeacon, "if she is not fed." "Much better that she should die," was the answer. "She will never be of any use." However, measures were taken to insure proper feeding, and in a few months' time the woman, although terribly disfigured, was perfectly well. Apart from Christ the world knows nothing of pity—that divine compassion which

is akin to love, and which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things. A Christian without the element of pity in his character is like a well without water. There are countless claimants for his ministry, but there is no response—the well is dry.

One felt that, altogether apart from its value as an evangelistic agency, medical missionary work was needed to kindle the spark of Christ-like pity and compassion, and to bring home to the hearts and consciences of these Baganda who were beginning to run the Christian course, the duty and privilege of ministering to the sick and suffering. Such a duty might be inculcated by precept—indeed all our Christian teaching bore upon it, but example is better than precept.

Bloodshed, cruelty, oppression, and wrong had been the characteristics of the old days in Uganda, and now—and now pity, compassion, love, Christlike tenderness in dealing with every phase of suffering were to be characteristic of the new days—the new era which had now dawned upon the country.

And so one welcomed the founding of the Medical Mission by Dr. A. R. Cook in 1897, to which reference has already been made (Book III. Chap. VII.). Prior to that date very little progress had been made in organised medical work. Dr. Felkin in the early days had spent a few brief months in the country, but was driven home by ill-health. Dr. Gaskoin Wright (1891–2) was also invalided after a somewhat longer term of service. Dr. Baxter, on the occasion of two or three visits of several months' duration, had been enabled to do some useful work. Dr. Rattray, too, while on a similar visit, had done good service. But not until Dr. Cook's arrival was any serious attempt made to grapple with the needs of the work as a whole.

The hospital which in June 1897 had been solemnly dedicated to the service of God was soon found to be too small, and in the month of November it was enlarged. Many of those wounded at Luba's, and other centres of the mutiny, were brought in for treatment and some made wonderful recoveries. "One man was brought with his collar bone smashed by a bullet, which had also perforated his lung and chipped off part of his vertebral column, but he made an excellent recovery. Another who had been hit by three bullets and underwent five operations while he was in the hospital, eventually left able to walk, though with a stiff leg, as his left knee joint had been shattered."

The work thus launched was destined, as we shall see later, to assume very large dimensions, spreading to Toro, Bunyoro, Busoga, and indeed every centre of a province or outlying country within the boundaries of the Protectorate.

CHAPTER XXXIV

NASA

'In the still air the music lies unheard :
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.'

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE Conference over, I was free to pay my long promised visit to Nasa. The steam-launch *Ruwenzori* which the Record Fund had provided us with, was now, I found, available, and it was with no little pleasure that on October 24th I embarked at Munyonyo on a voyage which I fondly hoped would have infinitely less discomfort in it than a journey by canoe ; but I was reckoning without my host, as will be seen later. Martin Hall was my companion in travel, a man named Saxton the engineer-in-charge, and three or four Baganda acted as firemen, stokers, and general helpers.

It was cheering to hear the steam-whistle echoing and re-echoing among the wooded hills of Murchison Creek. The sound of the engines, too, in their eager throb stimulated the imaginative faculties. One thought of the way in which at home to take one's seat on board a steamer was almost equivalent to finding oneself at one's destination. You never dreamt that it would be otherwise. It was simply submission to the mighty power of steam and the thing was done—the journey over.

And so I hoped it would be on this journey to Nasa, and took my place in the not too roomy cabin with a sense of satisfaction not easy to describe. Alas! the evanescence of human hopes! We had been going for something like an hour at a very fair speed when a peculiar hissing sound struck my ear. At the same time I noticed that our speed had sensibly diminished. Glancing at the steam-gauge I saw that instead of registering 110° it was down to 80°; something was wrong with the boiler. Inquiry soon revealed the truth. The tubes were leaking and the fire was being extinguished. There was nothing for it but to make for Entebbe, which was not far off, and to hope that repairs might be feasible, so that a fresh start might be made the next morning. Happily this was found to be possible, but our confidence had received a rude shock. It was clear that the voyage would not all be plain sailing. At one time we were gliding along happily enough under the lee of one of those beautiful islands which are the glory of the Victoria Nyanza. At another, venturing into the open sea, we got such a knocking about that we were only too glad of an excuse to seek the shelter of another island. Even when the open water was calm there was always the danger of one of those sudden storms springing up for which the Victoria Nyanza has an evil, and only too well merited, reputation. One such storm burst upon us just as we were nearing the Kome group of islands in the south-west. Happily we were able to get some shelter in a rockbound bay. But even there our position was one of extreme peril. Both anchors were down, but the raging of the storm obliged us to keep the engines going. Torrents of rain were falling, and what with the crashing of the thunder, and the roaring of the waves, as they broke with columns of spray

upon the rocks by which we were surrounded, we seemed to be in the midst of a very pandemonium. Nothing was to be seen but the dim outline of rocks, and the waves around lashed into fury by wind, rain, and hail. If the anchors failed us, there was nothing but disaster, ruin, and death before us. It was with no little anxiety, therefore, that one waited for some indication of the fury of the storm being spent. At length it was vouchsafed: suddenly the wind shifted and commenced to blow off shore, the clouds broke, the rain grew lighter, the thunder rolled away into the distance, the waves went down, and there was a great calm—in the bay at least. The crew came out from their hiding-places, the stokers replenished the furnaces, the engines were oiled, and once more we started on our way, thankful to God for a merciful deliverance from imminent peril.

Mwanza was reached on the 1st of November, and on the 4th, to our great relief, we steamed to the landing-place at Nasa. The journey had taken us exactly eleven days, one day less than the time occupied on a previous occasion when travelling in canoes.

As a sphere of missionary work Nasa is a great contrast to Uganda. The intellectual capacity of the Wasukuma differs as completely from that of the Baganda as the physical aspect of the country contrasts with the more favoured land north of the great Lake. In the latter you have green hills, deep dark forests and luxuriant banana groves without end, everything in fact which tells of life and vigorous growth. And the people are like the land in which they dwell—bright, quick, clever, and vigorous. You feel as you come in contact with them that they are in harmony with the conditions of life by which they are surrounded, that their environment accounts for

many of their characteristics. But in the country south of the Lake, rocks and scorched vegetation, arid plains and dry river beds are the chief characteristics, everything in fact indicating a struggle for existence. And here again we found the people in harmony with their environment—the Wasukuma are of a simple kindly nature, but not keen intellectually. It seems almost as though the severity, not to say the hopelessness of the conflict with the hard conditions under which they live had gradually induced such an apathetic state of mind as to lead to an atrophy of the higher mental faculties. Be this as it may, the fact remains that from an intellectual standpoint the Wasukuma and kindred races south of the Lake are vastly inferior to the tribes dwelling on the northern and western shores of the Victoria Nyanza.

Although possessing large herds of cattle, yet when the crop of " mtama " (millet)—the staple food of the people—fails, the result, owing to an absolute lack of stored provision, is widespread ruin and disaster. But besides this living from " hand to mouth," so to speak, which is a constant peril, there is the ever present danger of raids from such hostile tribes as the Masai. It is no uncommon thing for these ubiquitous warriors to be in a certain place one day and the next to be sixty or seventy miles away—burning, slaying, and ravaging the whole country side. On more than one occasion, within my own experience, Nasa has been thus raided, and the whole country round with its numerous villages made a desolation. It can hardly be wondered at that with such drawbacks, and apart from physical causes, the people in course of time should have sunk back into an apathetic and sluggish condition of mind. The marvel is not that there should have been so little advance in missionary work

during the ten years since the station at Nasa was founded, but that in such circumstances there should have been any progress at all.

And yet very real progress had been made, as was apparent the moment we landed. A large number of young men and boys met us, and with many expressions of joy at our coming, led the way to the Mission station, where we were sorry to find Force Jones down with an attack of blackwater fever, but cheerful and bright in the midst of his weakness.

One could see in a moment what the Gospel had done for these young people who gathered about us with their warm-hearted greetings. It had sharpened their intellect, brightened their life, and imparted to their whole being a new character altogether. Indifference had given place to interest, apathy to energy, idleness to industry, and self-indulgence to self-denial. As one compared them with the heathen around, one felt that they were verily "a new creation." One of the principal obstacles to the progress of the work at Nasa has been the attitude of the chief, Kapongo. Outwardly friendly, he is and has been from the first secretly hostile. His influence over his people is dependent upon his reputation as a "rain maker." He sees clearly enough that Christianity and rain making are incompatible. He therefore rejects what he regards as a shadow and grasps what he believes to be the substance. And yet he would fain stand well with the Europeans. Hence his double face.

He came to see me the day after my arrival, and the same afternoon I returned his visit. A kraal within a kraal is the best description I can give you of his village. Pitched on a low-lying piece of ground, in the rainy season it is little better than an island in the midst of a swamp. Even when the rains are lessening, the con-

tinual movement of cattle, sheep, and goats makes the place a veritable quagmire.

Plentifully besmeared with grease, and with an abundance of neck, arm, and leg ornaments of ivory, brass, and ostrich shell, the old man—for he is now getting on in years — is a typical Usukuma chief, quite one of the old school.[1]

Seating ourselves on stools, which to my great relief were placed outside and not inside the hut, and in the shade of the capacious doorway, I at once broached the subject of freedom for the children of Nasa to attend our schools. Wright, who by this time had acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, acted as my interpreter. "Do I hinder them from coming?" was the retort of the chief. Of course I could not say that it was through his influence they abstained from coming, but I urged in answer to his question that he should use his influence in persuading them to come—that there was now an opportunity afforded them of learning that which, in time to come, would be of priceless value, and that as a chief who cared for his people it was his duty to do his utmost for them, and so on. I then urged upon him a personal acceptance of that salvation of which now for many years he had heard preached—the day of opportunity would soon pass, and that he was doing himself a great wrong by turning his back upon the goodness and love of God. Thus I pleaded with him, and not without response. But how far the heart was touched as he assented to all my arguments is more than I can say.

On Sunday, November 7th, I confirmed twenty-six candidates who were presented to me by Mr. Wright. Of these, two were Baganda women—wives of teachers who, at considerable self-sacrifice, had left their homes

[1] Since this was written the news has come of the death of Kapongo.

in Uganda for this missionary enterprise south of the Lake. Baganda evangelists—men like Nasanieri Mudeka and Yusufu Mukasa—have done what no European missionary has ever had it in his power to do. They have shown the Wasukuma that the Gospel of Christ is for the black man as well as for the white, and that it is possible for the African to live a life of self-sacrifice and self-denial. The Baganda have been a great object-lesson to the Wasukuma.

One of the most interesting sights at Nasa is the gathering together every Sunday morning of some five or six hundred heathen in the large church for an evangelistic service; there they sit in all their savage finery. This man has upon his arms heavy rings of ivory, and upon his wrists similar ones of brass—you wonder how they got there, they fit so tightly; that man is decorated with a necklace of shells cut or ground into various shapes, and on every side there are spears and shields and knobkerries without end. The women, too, of whom there are a goodly number, are resplendent in beads and brass, and all, men and women alike, are shining with grease, the air is redolent with it. The whole scene is suggestive in the extreme of savage heathenism, old customs still tenaciously clung to, and old superstitions still believed in, for every soul present has some heathen charm about his person, either on neck, arm, or leg.

One longs to dive deep down into their minds, and to know of what they are thinking, as they sit there listening apparently with all their ears to the truths of the Gospel set before them, in simple language in their own tongue, by the white man from the far off land, and impressed upon them still further by questions as to the facts of the life and death of Christ their Saviour, of which they have just been hearing. One cannot

but believe that into some heart some word of truth may fall, and as "good seed sown in good ground" bring forth fruit to God's glory in a changed life and consecrated will. One knows how

> 'In each heart of hearts a hidden deep lies,
> Never fathomed by its dearest, best.'

And one knows, too, how the Word of God meets the soul-need of every child of man. But it is difficult indeed, even for the experienced missionary, to say how it is brought about, and how the need is met, and what it is that stirs the "hidden deep." All that he can say is, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

And if the sight of such a multitude of souls in all their ruin and degradation, "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," stirs the heart of the onlooker to its nethermost depths, so, too, does the sight, seen in many another place besides Nasa, of the solitary witness to the love and power of God appeal to one's deepest emotions. It is a position of singular glory and solemn responsibility. There he stands—alone—the only witness to the love of God in all that vast region. Around him are all the principalities and powers of darkness,

> 'Mustering their unseen array.'

Humanly speaking the salvation of multitudes of immortal souls depends upon him, his steadfastness, his courage, his faithfulness. He is

> 'One man against a stone-walled city of sin.'

Verily it is a sight for men and angels! How such a spectacle should stimulate us in prayer, deepen our

sympathies, brighten our hopes, and strengthen our faith.

And thus one felt with regard to the lonely Mission at Nasa, and the faithful witness that was being borne by that little band of missionaries (just two men and no more in all that vast field) to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another interesting sight to be seen at Nasa and the villages around is that of the schools with all their infinite possibilities.

The more one considers the ccirumstances of Usukuma, and the conditions of life which obtain there—the sin, the superstitions, the baleful, not to say bestial, habits of the people—the more the conviction is borne in upon one's mind that the great hope for the future of the country lies in work amongst the children. God forbid that we should despair of winning the souls of the young men and women, the middle-aged or even the aged. To them the Gospel must be preached. It is, we know, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and the Holy Spirit is able to quicken into life the most degraded and hardened of sinners. God forbid that we should doubt it for a single moment. But still when we think of the seared consciences, the bulnted susceptibilities, the dulled faculties, the crystallised habits of a lifetime, of the great mass of the adult population, and compare them with the susceptible hearts, the bright intelligence, the keen faculties and the tender consciences of the children, we see in a moment on which side the possibilities lie. To lay ourselves out, therefore, to win the children is to my mind the wisest policy to pursue in seeking to evangelise all such countries as Usukuma and Unyamwezi. Let us never grow weary of proclaiming the "unsearchable riches

of Christ" to all alike—the old as well as the young, the sick as well as the whole, the maimed, the halt, and the blind as well as the vigorous and strong, but let us see to it that we never relax our most earnest efforts to win the children for the Saviour.

The journey back to Uganda was accomplished partly in the steam-launch and partly in canoes. Shortly after leaving Nasa (in the bay of Magu) the boiler of the launch broke down once more. Having no sailing-gear we were at the mercy of winds and waves. Steering was an impossibility, there was no way on the boat. We must either drift, possibly on to the rocks, or in some way or another get steerage way on the vessel. Happily the ridge pole of my tent was without joints. This was rigged up as a mast. An Edgington canvas cover for my loads provided a sail. There was a fair wind, and to our great delight we were able to steer our crippled boat into a haven of refuge. Here repairs were effected during the night. The next day we reached Kagei; here, it will be remembered, Dr. Smith of the first expedition to Uganda died on May 11, 1877.

A thorough examination of the boiler tubes revealed the necessity for further repairs. It was evident that we were in for a delay of three or four days at least. However, on the second day after our arrival, a fleet of Uganda canoes, in charge of my old friend Danieri Kaganda, entered the bay. "Now," I thought, "is my opportunity I am sick of these continual delays and these leaky tubes. I will give the steam-launch the slip, and make my way back to Uganda in a canoe." Danieri gave us two of his largest and best-manned canoes, and having said "Good-bye" to the *Ruwenzori* we started on the long pull to Uganda. The men were glad at the prospect of getting back to their homes

sooner than they expected, and so paddled with a will, beguiling the monotony of their toil with songs, telling of the perils of past days, and expatiating on the joys of the present. And so past Juma's isle and on to Kome and Soswa we went in almost record time. There was a fair wind behind us and willing arms on board of us. Five and a half days brought us to Bukoba on the Kiziba coast. Two more days and we were in sight of Sese. Then on we went past Kaganda's and Jana until Bulago was reached. So far we had seen or heard nothing of the steam-launch. We were now within a few hours of our destination. It was with no little interest that we looked forward to our arrival at Munyonyo. Should we find the *Ruwenzori* there or not? Has she passed us, or was she still lagging behind? These were questions keenly debated as we drew near to our goal.

Happening to look seaward while following the flight of what looked like a fish eagle, I caught sight of a column of smoke on the horizon. "Yonder she is!" I exclaimed. Immediately the canoe went forward with a rush. The paddlers were determined not to be beaten. Dashing with his paddle the water high into the air and flinging it far behind him the steersman broke into a familiar boat song. The chorus was quickly caught up. And so with the rhythm of song, and the perfect time kept with the paddle, and the swinging bodies of the crew, we swept on our way. Gradually the steam-launch gained upon us, until at length we were able to make out the figures of those on board. But we were now at the edge of the reed lining of the shore. A few minutes more and our little craft grounded on the sand and we were at the haven of our desires.

With the shrill cry of the whistle and the panting

of the engines, with the rushing of steam the launch glided to her anchorage some ten minutes behind us. The canoe had won the race and steam-power for once was beaten.

And so the visit, long looked forward to, to Nasa came to an end, and we found ourselves once more back at Namirembe, the centre of all our Mission work.

The next few weeks were taken up with visits to Gayaza, Nakanyonyi, and Ngogwe. Confirmations were held at each place. Candidates to the number of 526 were confirmed, interviews with teachers were arranged, and the thousand and one matters which crop up on the occasion of such visits were gone into and settled. Then on St. Thomas' Day came the Ordination of H. W. Tegart to the Priesthood.

The year closed with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Fisher from England.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE DYING CENTURY

'The Present, the Present is all thou hast,
For thy sure possessing;
Like the Patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.'

WHITTIER.

THE New Year, the last of the century, was ushered in by a week of united prayer. Special addresses were given each day by various members of the Mission. Earnest was the pleading at the "Throne of Grace," that a very special blessing might be vouchsafed to us and our work during the remaining months of a century of marked missionary progress throughout the world. Wonderfully was this prayer answered, as will be seen hereafter in the opening up of two of the surrounding countries—Nkole and Bunyoro—to the Gospel of Christ.

On January 29th (Septuagesima Sunday) came the Ordination (long looked forward to) of five native deacons and four native priests. This brought the number of ordained natives up to fifteen, of whom seven were priests and eight deacons. Fisher received Deacons Orders on the same occasion.

The way was now clear for me to start on a long contemplated journey to Bunyoro. It appeared to me and others that the time had now come for the evangelisation of that long down-trodden country, and the commencement of direct missionary work. Several attempts during the last years had been made to obtain

a footing, and to arouse an interest in the Gospel of Christ. Fisher when stationed in North Singo had crossed the Kafu river, in which, by the way, owing to the strength of the current, he was nearly drowned, and had penetrated as far as Kahora, Kabarega's former capital. There he had planted one or two Baganda evangelists, and had managed so far to interest Byabachwezi, one of the principal chiefs, as to get him to build a church.

By this time Mwanga and Kabarega had been driven from the country, and were now in hiding in Bukedi, a little known country on the east bank of the Nile. Kitaimba, one of Kabarega's sons, a youth about twelve years of age, had for some time been living in Mengo; him the Government decided to make king of Bunyoro in the place of his father.

Early in September 1898 he started for Masindi, his new capital. Passing through Kisitala in Bulemezi he was there found on the 10th by Mr. Lewin, who determined to accompany him to Bunyoro. The latter decided also to take with him Tomasi Semfuma, one of our most trustworthy evangelists. The journey occupied some eight days. Lewin received a warm welcome from the people, who at once manifested an eager desire for instruction. A church of reeds and grass was soon run up, and a daily attendance of some eighty souls gladdened the heart of the missionary. Leaving Tomasi Semfuma to carry on the work, Lewin returned to his station in Bulemezi, reporting to me that in North Bunyoro at any rate there was an open door which ought as soon as possible to be entered. To crown all, a letter with a piteous appeal came to me from the king Kitaimba. "Why remain in Uganda only?" he wrote. "When I was there, in Uganda, I saw that the light had spread. But what about me?

THE ALBERT NYANZA

Do you not think of my country? Do you not know that it is a very dark one. I want both the Bible and the Prayer Book very much. My friend, the Bishop, I beseech you to send a European to teach me."

Yes! Bunyoro was truly in a pitiful condition. War and rebellion had been followed by plague, pestilence, and famine. The food supply of the country, poor at the best, was now perilously near starvation point. Cultivation had almost ceased. The people were without heart, without hope, because they were without God.

"Do you not know," wrote the king, "that my country is a very dark one." Yes! it was dark indeed. The ancient superstition of the people still held sway. Mr. Fisher thus describes it:—

"The Munyoro believes in a great devil called Byachwezi and his ten Angels, called (1) Nyabuzana, (2) Kyomya, (3) Kugolo, (4) Mulendwa, (5) Ndausa, (6) Ebona, (7) Mugenye, (8) Mukasa, (9) Lubanga, (10) Namutali. When these angels were consulted the priest placed on his head the crown peculiar to each, otherwise the oracle was dumb. The ritual of devil worship in Bunyoro was most horrible. Propitiation at the favourable time was the remedy for every evil or disaster. This took the form of (*a*) human sacrifice, (*b*) cutting with sharp knives, (*c*) burning with fire, (*d*) extracting teeth from the lower jaw that the life, the blood, the smoke of human flesh and the dedication of human teeth might turn the great devil from his stern purpose.

"The moment a baby is born it is scarred with a sharp knife and dedicated to the devil. If it has a pain in the head or chest and cries, the devil is angry, and the little creature is burned with a red hot iron on the head and chest that the human smoke may drive

away 'Lubare.' When the poor baby's teeth arrive, instead of being a cause of delight to the mother, she painfully extracts them. Amongst my daily patients is a little girl with a deep wound in her forehead, caused by her mother firing a blunt arrow at the child's head that she might draw the blood and cure the pain."

Such was Bunyoro when I decided to visit it, and to see for myself whether the time had come for the permanent occupation of the country. As it was so lately in rebellion, and was still in parts greatly disturbed, it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the Acting Commissioner (Colonel Ternan) for the journey. This was readily accorded, and having invited Mr. Fisher to accompany me, I started on February 11th for Waluleta, some five-and-twenty miles away. The day was hot and the journey long, the hills were steep and the swamps were deep. It was therefore with no little pleasure that some six miles from my destination I met some messengers from the Kangawo (Zakaria Kizito) with a horse. To save me further fatigue he had sent it most kindly to my assistance.

A quiet and restful Sunday was spent at Waluleta. A Confirmation service was held, when ninety-two candidates were presented and received the laying on of hands. At Kisitala, where we arrived on the following day (February 14th), a similar service had been arranged, and no fewer than one hundred and twenty men and women were confirmed.

Having said "good-bye" to our old friend Samwili Mukasa (the chief of the place) and the warm-hearted crowds which thronged around us, we started on our four days' march to Kisalizi, the headquarters of Andereya, the Kimbugwe. It was a hot and tiring journey, the scenery monotonous and uninteresting. A veil of grey haze hung over the landscape and added

to the depressing monotony of the march. However, we made good progress, and on Saturday, February 18th, reached our destination.

Kisalizi has but few distinguishing features about it. The whole of the country around is flat, with a gravelly, sandy soil. The trees are stunted in their growth, and mostly of the thorny kind. The water is of indifferent quality, and not too plentiful. In the dry season it is necessary to fetch it from the Nile, which is about an hour's journey away.

Although Kisalizi forms nominally a part of Uganda, the population is almost entirely Banyoro. In the old days Kamrasi and Kabarega, kings of Bunyoro, pushed their conquests very far down the west bank of the Nile, almost indeed as far as the province of Kyagwe. The late encounters of the Baganda with their ancient foes had resulted in the recovery of most of the lost territory. The Banyoro settlers, however, instead of being driven out, were allowed to remain in the occupation of their holdings, and so the land was saved from falling back into ruin. It had lately been the centre of considerable interest from a military point of view. Many of the Sudanese mutineers were encamped on the east bank of the Nile (we could hear the crack of their rifles as they hunted game), and from time to time made raids upon their enemy's lines of communication. One such raid had taken place a few weeks previous to our arrival. It seems that two or three small forts had been built not far from the Nile, one being at Kisalizi and another at Mruli. Lieutenant Hannyngton, with a detachment of Punjabis, was proceeding to the latter place, and had halted to read a letter which had just been handed to him by a messenger. Hastening to overtake his men, he reached them just as a murderous volley was fired upon them

by a party of mutineers hidden in the long grass, not far from the road. Half of his party had fallen. He himself, by a second volley, was wounded, but with the few survivors managed with great difficulty to make his way back to the fort at Kisalizi. There he was besieged for several weeks by four or five hundred Sudanese. He made a successful defence, the mutineers at length raising the siege and retreating across the Nile.

It was with no little curiosity that I visited the scene of an encounter which had aroused no little interest in Mengo, and on the result of which momentous issues hung.

The fort we found in charge of Captain Chitty. He most kindly allowed us to see all that was to be seen, and explained to us the line of attack adopted by the mutineers. There was, it seems, a triple line of defence —first a boma of thorns, then the ditch, and lastly the ramparts, which were really earthworks. Had the Sudanese possessed a gun or two it would have gone hard with the little garrison. As it was, rifle fire was no small matter with such poor defences. However, the attack never developed into a direct assault, the mutineers retiring across the Nile rather than venture it.

The Sudanese works were a marvel of ingenuity. They consisted of a series of underground passages and minute dwellings. Had the garrison attempted a sally the results would have been disastrous. The main contest, however, was over the water supply. Had that been lost there would have been nothing for it but surrender. The defence realised this, and never for a single day or night relaxed their keen vigilance, which was a marked characteristic of a most gallant fight.

The prospects of the work at Kisalizi were distinctly encouraging. Andereya had commenced to build a

new church—the old one had been burnt by the Sudanese—and school-rooms, and many young men and women were already under instruction. The baptism of several infants, and a service of Holy Communion, in the unfinished church, were my first engagements. Then came the writing down of the names of candidates for baptism. The sale of books followed. For these there was a keen demand, no fewer than 40,000 shells' worth being disposed of in one day.

A football match on the chief's "mbuga," one side captained by Fisher and the other by myself, brought our visit to a close.

On Tuesday, February 21st, we started on the last stage of our journey to Masindi. Captain Chitty, in obedience to instructions from Colonel Ternan, arranged for an escort of some thirty Baganda soldiers. At the same time a party of Indian soldiers was sent to march parallel with ourselves—between us and the Nile—on the further bank of which were the mutineers. Fort Kutabu was reached in due course, nothing having been seen of the enemy. On the following day we made our way to the Kafu, on the north bank of which was the modern station of Mruli. An immense dug-out canoe, capable of holding thirty or forty passengers, was in use as a ferry-boat, and quickly transported us across the semi-reed-blocked channel of the river, which conveys the greater part of the drainage of Uganda into the Nile. Sergeant Bonza, who was in charge of the block-house, received us kindly, and in the afternoon arranged for a visit to the old station of Mruli, from which General Gordon dated some of his letters, and which was in his day the most southern outpost of Egyptian rule.

The huge dug-out was once more brought into use, and slowly we poled our way through reeds and papyrus

until, with very little warning of what was before us, we were launched out into a most beautiful reach of the river Nile. The scene was enchanting in the extreme. A wide, almost lake-like stretch of water lay before us, a stretch some eight hundred yards in width, which in parts, as in a mirror, reflected a sky more high and clear than the azure of a summer morning in the home-land ever imaged, and lit to its apparently measureless depths by a sun more glorious than ever poured splendour even upon the meres and tarns of "bonny Westmorland," that queen of scenic beauty.

In other parts, where a gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the stream, aquatic birds of all kinds and most varied plumage were dipping and diving, some darting for flies, and others plunging into the depths below for fish. Away in the distance a number of dark specks upon the glittering silver of the sunlit waters told of a school of "hippos" at play. Here on the right bank papyrus plants in all their grace and beauty were bending and bowing their heads in instant response to the wooings of the gentle breezes, which here and there were touching as with a magic cloud the mirror which lay before us.

To drive our canoe into this scene of exquisite beauty seemed almost like desecration. But our paddlers had no mercy. Their work was to reach the farther bank and that with as little delay as possible, and so with a wild cry of pleasure at getting free from the trammels of the pearly white and sky-blue lilies with which our track like a bridal path had hitherto been strewn, and of whose glories they could see nothing and cared less, they set to work with a will, and dashing their paddles simultaneously into the water, in a very few minutes they brought us to the reedy margin of the further shore.

THE NILE AT MRULI—THE RUINS OF GENERAL GORDON'S FORT

Climbing the rough bank of rocks and scrub intermingled with red earth, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the ruins of the old fort of Gordon's days. There, there was little doubt, were the remains of the guard-house, and there and there were bastions commanding every possible approach, and over yonder, near that tangled mass of creepers, was one of the dwelling-houses, possibly the one in which Gordon lived, and in which he jotted down those entries in his journal which give us such a wonderful insight into his inner life and character.

It was very moving to the soul to stand there, in that ruined desolated fort, and to think of that noble Christian hero who had sojourned there, and of all his prayerful longings for the regeneration of the land spread out before him, and to remind oneself of how wonderfully his prayers had been answered in the growth of the Church of Christ in Uganda, in the planting of which he had assisted, and in its extension to the very regions which lay so heavily upon his soul.

Fifteen years had passed by since Kartum fell with a crash that echoed and re-echoed throughout Christendom and the whole Mohammedan world—fifteen years of cruel tyranny and unspeakable wrongs. But the hour of retribution came, and with it the man. Omdurman was fought and won. Barely fifteen months had passed since then, and now Kartum had its Christian teachers and Bunyoro its catechumen king. As Browning says:—

> 'Faith cannot be unanswered,
> Her feet are firmly planted on the rock.
> Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
> Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
> She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
> And cries, it shall be done—sometime, somewhere.'

At Masindi, where we arrived the second day after leaving Mruli, we received a warm welcome from the king, Lubuga (Queen-sister), Tomasi Semfuma, and the band of readers whom the latter had gathered round him. A grass and reed house had been built for our accommodation, and every arrangement made that was possible for our comfort. It was evident that a spirit of inquiry was abroad, and that in a very short time we should have a considerable work upon our hands. Tomasi recommended both the king and the Lubuga for baptism, for which rite he had been preparing them for some while past. I asked Mr. Fisher to examine them. The result was entirely satisfactory. On Sunday, February 26th, therefore, it was my great joy to baptize them both—the young king and his sister—the former taking the name of Yosiya William and the latter that of Vikitoria. Three other catechumens were baptized at the same time.

That Masindi would eventually become a place of considerable importance was evident. The Government were making it a military centre, and the main caravan road to the Nile stations of Wadelai, Dufile, and Gondokoro passed through it. I therefore thought it well to take steps to acquire a suitable site for a permanent Mission station.

Colonel Evatt of the Indian contingent, whom I found in command, was most helpful, and did everything in his power to further my plans. A good site was obtained, and arrangements made for the extension of a work which seemed to have in it so many elements of success.

Hoima, or more properly Kahora, was the ancient capital of the kings of Bunyoro. Planted in the midst of a fine grazing country, it was regarded by most of the Banyoro chiefs as an ideal spot for their

cattle, and thus it came to pass that whilst obliged to build at Masindi, on account of its being the centre of the European administration, their cattle were at Hoima, and, needless to say, their hearts were there also. Thither on Tuesday, February 28th, we bent our steps.

Colonel Evatt insisted upon our having an escort of Indian soldiers. It was arranged that we should meet at sunrise at the junction of the roads, some three or four hundred yards from the fort. On reaching the rendezvous, however, we saw no signs of our escort, and after waiting a few minutes decided to go on our way. We had gone about a mile when we heard loud shouts behind us. It was our escort coming after us with that promising young officer, Lieutenant Hornby, in front. On overtaking us he told us to our horror that the native officer in command had rendered himself liable to the punishment of death, on account of losing his convoy. However, it was clear he was not going to be put upon his trial, and so we went on our way, if not sadder, at least wiser men in things military.

Hoima, which we reached on the second day, is a charming spot. Located in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, it reminds one of nothing so much as a scene in the home-land. A rippling stream runs through the valley, dipping down here and there into shady dells half hidden from view by the overhanging trees. Away southward on the horizon peeps up Musaja Mukulu (the head-man), a cone-like hill which not long ago was the scene of a bloody fight. Yonder to the east is the gap in the hills through which runs the road to Masindi, whilst westward, blue with haze, rise the Bulega Mountains, and we know that between them and us, in a great trough a thousand feet below us, lies the Albert Nyanza.

On a knoll in the midst of this scene of exquisite beauty, and almost within sight and sound of the running water, stands the fort. Captain Hicks was in charge, and gave us a most cordial welcome. He was leaving, however, the next day for Fajao, but most kindly placed his house and indeed the whole fort at our disposal.

The next few days were full of the most absorbing interest. What could be more delightful than to see gathered round us young men and women with joy written on every feature of their countenances, a band of believers which, almost without European teaching, had been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ as God and Saviour. Byabachwezi, the chief whom Fisher had interested in Christianity during his visit in 1895, was a great help to us in making our plans for the future. A site for a Mission station and church was secured and the buildings marked out. Candidates for Baptism were examined, and the course of instruction for Confirmation was arranged. It was then decided that Fisher should remain at Kahora for a while, but afterwards return to Masindi until arrangements could be made for the permanent occupation of the former place. Thus was Bunyoro claimed for Christ and permanently occupied.

It was with no little regret that on March 6th I said "good-bye" to the little band of Christians who, on Sunday the 5th, had been baptized into the Church of Christ, and took my way towards the Kafu river on my way back to Uganda. I crossed it on the second day, and camped at Petero's, a wild spot not far from the river bank. Towards evening headache and racking pains in my back and limbs told me that I was in for an attack of fever. I spent a sleepless night, but towards morning my temperature went down, and

A HUT IN BUNYORO

although feeling weak and good for nothing I determined to proceed. Twenty-two or three miles lay between Petero's and the next possible camping-place. It was a long journey, but I resolved to face it. However, after a couple of hours hard tramping, I became conscious that fever was upon me once more, the racking headache, and the heart beating like a sledge-hammer were unmistakable signs. What was to be done? It was impossible to camp—there was no food or water. To go back was not to be thought of. Walking was an impossibility. How about a hammock? For a pole there was the ridge pole of my tent, fortunately unjointed; for a hammock, one of my boys was wearing several yards of Amerikani calico. Tied together at the ends it would sustain a considerable strain. This makeshift arrangement answered admirably. Fortunately I had a few spare men with me, and by putting a few light loads together, I got two or three more. And so we went forward. A halt for refreshment and then on again. At length, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the mounting clouds and the rolling of distant thunder told of a coming storm. Happily I had a new waterproof riding "poncho" with me. This was spread over the hammock and securely tied underneath, but only just in time. The storm burst with almost inconceivable fury. Torrents of rain, rushing wind, and blinding lightning all combined to make the outburst one of the most terrible which it has ever been my lot to witness even in the tropics. I say witness, but to tell the truth I saw little of it. Securely tied up in my hammock, I was in semi-darkness. But the struggles of the men, the beating of the rain on the waterproof cover, and the appalling crashes of the thunder indicated only too truly the nature of the storm without. For two mortal hours the men

staggered along with their burden in the face of the tempest, the path little better than a running stream. It was a gallant struggle, and nobly the men did their work. At length darkness set in, but gardens were in sight, so I gathered from the broken bits of information which came to me from time to time in my hiding-place. Soon it became evident that we were nearing a house, and then that an attempt was being made to enter it. There was a halt, the fastenings of my cover were undone, and lo! I found myself inside a native hut, in the midst of which was a blazing fire. Thank God! was all I could say, as I staggered to a native bedstead which occupied the farther side of the hut. It was a merciful deliverance from a great peril. But for the courage of my men I should have been exposed to the fury of the storm, without hope of shelter, of fire, or of food, and that, too, with fever upon me—a temperature of 103°. To say that I was grateful is but feebly to express my thankfulness to the brave fellows who so nobly did their work. The "Muzungu" (the white man) was in danger and they must save him, had been the burden of their cry as they bore him along in the face of that terrible storm.

A sleepless night followed; but happily strong doses of quinine, hot tea and blankets did their work, and at dawn my temperature was once more normal. It was not, however, till the afternoon that I felt fit to move. Kinakulya was only some three hours away, and so was easily reached by sun-down.

A day's rest followed, and then on I went again to Mitiana, where I arrived on March 13th. Here and at Kasaka Confirmations had been arranged. Seventy-nine candidates were presented at the former place and fifty-three at the latter.

On Monday, March 20th, I left Mitiana, whither I

had returned after visiting Kasaka, and on the following day reached Mengo.

Thus came to an end a memorable expedition involving a tramp of nearly four hundred miles, but resulting in the opening up of Bunyoro, which for so long ages had been sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, to the Gospel of Christ and the permanent occupation of the country for Him.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE EVANGELISATION OF KOKI

'Every field smiles with thy glory; and each
Chiming voice in forest, or on heaven's invisible thrones
Has one soul-soothing song.'—W. FREELAND.

AN interval of some three weeks followed my return from Bunyoro. Then came a journey to Koki, where Clayton was at work. The story of the evangelisation of Koki, which lies to the south-west of Uganda, is an interesting one. Roughly it is as follows.

Kamswaga the king is of the great "Hima" tribe. Tall and lithe in figure, with a light complexion, he is easily recognised as one of that interesting people—the cattle-breeders and tenders of Central Africa. His first contact with Christianity was in 1894, when on a visit to Mengo. Seeing what faith in Christ as a living Saviour had done for the Baganda, he became not only anxious to be taught himself, but most desirous that his people should also be instructed in the new religion, which appeared to him (so he said) to be as "good for this life as for the next;" in other words, to have in it "the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come."

Appealing to the Mengo Church Council for help he met with a ready response. Four teachers came forward as volunteers, and were assigned to Koki as its first evangelists. With these men Kamswaga returned with great joy to his own country. One of these evangelists, a lame man named Mikaeri, told at

a missionary meeting in Mengo a year later the story of his experience—"first defiant opposition, slander, misunderstandings, and then prayers answered—charms brought to be broken and burnt—a weekly congregation of two or three hundred souls, besides others in the country—books bought in considerable quantities, and sixty able to read a Gospel where not one could read before."

In June 1895 Fisher was asked to undertake a journey to Koki in order to see how things were prospering. His report was even more encouraging than lame Mikaeri's. Of the eighty chiefs of the country, twenty-four were able to read the Gospels, and twelve were reading the Mateka (first reading-books). During a stay of two months Fisher was able to effect a good deal in the way of consolidation of a work which had made such a promising beginning.

Another step forward was taken at the end of the year when Leakey was located in Koki as its first resident missionary; with him was associated Tomasi Semfuma, whom we saw in the preceding chapter at work at Masindi in Bunyoro some three years later.

In April 1896 Roscoe visited Koki and conducted a series of Mission services, which resulted in much blessing. Then came the baptism of the first converts. In October Pike followed in Roscoe's footsteps, and baptized fourteen adults and eight children. At the close of the year the following was Leakey's testimony as to the progress which had been made:—

"When I arrived here there was but one church in Koki, now there are eight; then no baptized Christians, now twenty-two adults and eight infants. Then books sold very slowly, now there is a good sale. I have about twenty-four names of candidates under

instruction for Baptism, and about sixteen for Confirmation. Drink is far less. Slavery and the slave trade is also less—the king is trying to stop it. We have much to thank God for. He has done wondrously."

In March 1897 Clayton was added to the missionary force in Koki, and there was a promise of great things in the near future. Pilkington was on a visit, and the work was moving forward rapidly when all at once came a check. The "bolt from the blue" had fallen. Mwanga had fled from the capital and had raised the standard of revolt in Budu. The little missionary band was thus cut off from all help from Mengo. However, Colonel Ternan, who was in command of the forces, lost no time in marching against the daily increasing army of the king under Gabrieli, the Mujasi. They met near Kabuwoko. A short, sharp fight ensued, with the result that Mwanga was totally defeated and his forces dispersed. He himself fled (as has already been told in an earlier chapter) into German territory, and was interned at Mwanza. The road to Mengo was now open, and thither the Koki missionaries made their way. There they were detained for some months, owing to the disturbed state of the country, the Sudanese mutiny following close upon the flight of the king. Even after his return Clayton had his house in Budu burnt down by a wandering band of rebels, who saluted him with shots as he emerged from the blazing building. "We will let them see," said Clayton, "that an Englishman is not so easily frightened as they suppose." He at once commenced the building of a new house of mud, with a roof of "byai" (banana fibre), which was practically fireproof. And so the work went forward (Clayton spending half his time in Budu and half in Koki), until at the close of 1898 there were in the latter country some three hundred

readers, ninety-six of whom (excluding infants) were baptized.

And thus I found things on my first visit to Koki, a sphere of work with a chequered history, as we have seen, and yet with manifest tokens of God's blessing resting upon it. My journey thither was full of interest. I determined to travel by canoe to Bujaju, on the coast of Budu, and thence by road to Kajuna, where Clayton had arranged to meet me, and where he had a very promising work in hand.

Starting on Monday, April 10th, I camped at Kazi, on the Lake shore, where old Nikodemo, the chief, had a couple of large canoes in readiness. The pull to Busi the next day was a long one, but full of that indescribable charm which is inseparable from Lake travel. Skirting the shore, we passed at intervals headlands and bays, islands and creeks, teeming with life of all kinds, the sounds and sight of which were a continual delight. Away in the distance yonder, on the seaward side, was a school of "hippos" blowing now and again with that bass note of theirs, which seems to come from a spot only a few yards off. Nervously the canoe-men grasped their paddles, keeping their eyes fixed upon the monsters, fearing lest at any moment they might "come for us."

And then the bird life! What a wonder it was—dippers and Nile geese, swallows and island parrots on every side, continually on the wing, with all their characteristic movements darting, diving, hovering or circling as the case might be. Yonder, not a hundred yards away, high up in a crooked branch of an old "Muvule" tree, overhanging a deep dark pool, was a huge fish eagle, watching for its prey.

Even the depths below contributed their quota to the sum of the life above. Occasionally a great fish,

with scales glittering like burnished silver, would fling itself into the air, and falling with a great splash would send the ever-widening circles rippling against the sides of our frail craft, as she swept on her way towards the forest glades of Busi.

It was a disappointment to find that Samwili Kamwakabi, the teacher in charge, was away visiting some of the more distant villages. However, there was a goodly crowd to greet us, as towards sunset our canoes shot their prows high up on the sandy shore of the island, and we found ourselves at our camping-place.

The next day's camp was on the island of Sewaya, where I found a little band of Christians, simple in their faith, and apparently full of love and devotion to their Lord and Master. A cold wind had been blowing all day. The result was chill, fever, and a restless, sleepless night. However, there could be no delay, and so, wrapping up well, I took my place a little after dawn in the canoe and went on to Bujaju, where we arrived about 4 P.M. It was here that my difficulties commenced. I had counted on obtaining porters from the chief for my onward journey to Kajuna, some four hours away. But I had reckoned without my host. A message to the chief, asking him to come and see me, only resulted in the one word "aganyi" (he refuses). A still more urgent message met only with a similar response. Then came the information that he had gone off to a neighbouring garden. On inquiring of his steward the reason of this conduct, I was informed that his master had received orders from the French priests to do nothing to help me or any Protestant missionary. My men had perforce to go hungry to bed, and I, in starting the next morning, was obliged to leave all my baggage

behind me. I was still feeling weak and ill. The road was a most trying one—for miles I had to tramp across a sandy plain, which evidently at no distant date had formed the bed of an arm of the Great Lake. At every step one sank about ankle deep in the soft sand. In such circumstances two miles an hour was good travelling. But the toil of it! The weariness of it! No words can fitly describe the absolute misery of it. Occasionally I crouched down under the shade of a small bush, for a little rest. But the thought that the longer the delay the hotter the sun would get urged me along. At length, almost fainting from fatigue and exhaustion, I climbed the hill on the crest of which was the little Mission station of Kajuna.

At this particular period we were at the very beginning of things in Budu. The war of January 1892 had, it will be remembered, brought to an end an occupation which had only lasted a few months. Walker and Baskerville were barely able to escape with their lives when the French party rushed in. For six years the French priests were left in practically undisturbed possession of the province. Owing to the political settlement which followed the return of the king, after his abduction, all the chieftainships were in the hands of the Bafransa, and it was extremely difficult to get even the smallest piece of land for a Protestant Mission station. However, by dint of putting great pressure upon Mugwanya (the Roman Catholic Katikiro), a fair site had been secured at Kajuna, where Clayton had built his Mission-house. A little band of Christians whom the latter had gathered round him had given themselves up to the work of teaching in the neighbouring gardens. Thus a congregation had been brought together, and a small church had been built where regular services were

being held and daily instruction given. I found eighteen candidates for Confirmation awaiting me—eleven men and seven women. The bracing atmosphere of persecution had done much for their faith, which was strong and vigorous.

> 'The wind that blows can never kill
> The tree God plants.'

From Kajuna a three days' journey through Budu brought us to Koki. Here, as in the country we had just passed through, we found on every hand traces of the devastation wrought by the rebels. The old Mission station built by Leakey, after having been used by the soldiery as a fort, had been abandoned, and a small grass and reed hut had been put up in its stead near the king's enclosure.

The king's place was in ruins. The houses had been burnt and the fences destroyed. The gardens had fallen out of cultivation, and in consequence food was scarce and the means of living very precarious. But still the work was going forward. It was true there was no church, but there was no neglect among the Christians in the matter of assembling themselves together for worship and instruction. The shelter of a half-burnt house—the shade of a piece of the "kisakate" (fence) yet standing—the "greenery" of the banana plantation—it was all the same, wherever shelter from sun or rain was available, there was the getting together of the two or three seekers after God, claiming the promise of the Presence.

I cherish no more sacred memory of my life than the open air Confirmation service held on Sunday, April 23rd, in the shade of Kamswaga's "kisakate." Some fifty-two candidates were presented by Mr. Clayton, of whom thirty-seven were men and fifteen women.

These, with twenty-two other Communicants, gathered around the Table of the Lord in a solemn service of Holy Communion. It was indeed a touching scene. On every hand were tokens, plainly visible, of the war which had swept through the land — broken walls, charred beams and rafters, dilapidated fences, creepers and wild weeds, the former clinging in fantastic wreaths to the ruins around, and the latter covering the open spaces with a carpet of verdure beautiful to look upon but heartbreaking to peasant and chief alike—all told more eloquently than words of the troubles through which the country had so recently passed.

The sunlight and the moving shadows, the rustling of the banana leaves as the breeze rose and fell, the gathered worshippers pleading at the footstool of the throne, the voice of the minister, the responses, the solemn pauses when only the song-bird was vocal—all combined to fashion a memory that will never fade so long as life shall last.

Kamswaga, the king, I was thankful to find, was persevering in his struggle with his old enemy strong drink, and was living an altogether new life. Many of his followers were under instruction, some indeed with a view to baptism.

Clayton's house was the centre of a remarkable, widespread influence. Daily it was thronged with inquirers, and every evening crowds of men and boys came together, eager for the teaching which preceded evening prayers.

It was clear that with peace in the country, and a consequent returning prosperity, the work would go forward by leaps and bounds. And so, with a heart full of thankfulness and praise for what I had seen of God's work of grace in the hearts of the people, on Monday,

April 24th, I brought my five days' visit to a close and started on my way to Sango, on the Lake shore, where I proposed to embark for the Sese Islands. Clayton accompanied me upon the way so far.

We had halted for our mid-day rest at the house of a friendly chief, when a man rushed in shouting, "Bamukwata," *i.e.* "They have caught him." "Whom have they caught?" was our not unnatural inquiry. And then came the startling answer, "Mwanga, Kabaka." Little by little the story was told of how Colonel Evatt, who was in command of the troops in Bunyoro, had planned an expedition into Bukedi, where Mwanga was in hiding. Andereya the Kimbugwe and Simei Kakungulu had, it seems, opened up communication with the natives, and had obtained accurate information as to the whereabouts of the fugitive king. Very complete arrangements were made for the passage of the Nile by the expedition, and for the surprise, if possible, of the whole party, including Kabarega, the king of Bunyoro. The whole enterprise was a complete success. Hidden by the early morning mists, on April 9th the forces moved forward in absolute silence, their object being to surround the village where the rebels were in hiding. The attack was delivered at about 10 A.M. The surprise was complete. There was a short sharp fight, in the course of which Kabarega was wounded, but he and his two sons, Tao and Nakana, were captured. Mwanga almost died of fright when he realised that his race was run, and rushed out of his place of hiding crying, "I am Mwanga—take me—don't kill me." He, together with a number of Baganda rebel chiefs and Sudanese mutineers, also became prisoners.

This victory, almost dramatic in its completion, practically brought to an end the troublous period

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which was inaugurated by the flight of the king, nearly two years before. Gabrieli and other rebel chiefs, with the remnant of the mutineers, were still at large, but with the capture of both Mwanga and Kabarega their position, as the event proved, was a hopeless one. Colonel Evatt's notable victory was the signal for their dispersion. Each one sought to make terms for himself, Gabrieli giving himself up to the German authorities at Bukoba. And so peace came and once more spread its sheltering wings over the long distracted land of Uganda.

Cheered by the good news, we went on our way with light hearts to Bale, on the coast of southern Budu. Arriving tired at the close of a long day, it was a great delight to be welcomed by a large body of warm-hearted Christians, whom the teacher, a man named Yeremiya, had gathered round him.

Canoes were ready, and on the following morning, having bidden farewell to Clayton and the Bale readers, I started on my voyage to Sese, *en route* to Bukasa, where Mr. Gordon had arranged to meet me.

The day was fine and the wind fair, so that steady paddling for some five hours sufficed to take us across the channel to the south end of the great island.

A little group of readers rushed forward with shouts of welcome to greet me, as, with a song in chorus, the paddlers working as one man, and the steersman dashing the sparkling water high into the air, drove our craft on to the sandy shore.

It was a great joy to gather at sundown for evening prayer in the little church of reeds and grass, which served as a reading place during the week, and a place of worship on the Lord's Day, for a congregation of some thirty or forty souls. Two of this little flock I found were candidates for Confirmation, and were to

journey with me on the morrow to the island of Bukasa, which was the centre of our island work, and where I had arranged to hold a Confirmation service.

The onward voyage to Bukasa was full of the deepest interest. At one moment we were gliding smoothly along under the shadow of a beetling crag which rose abruptly from the water's edge to a height of some seventy or a hundred feet. At another cutting across a narrow strait we were pitching and tossing on the glittering waterway, occasionally being drenched by a shower of spray as we ventured to put the canoe's head to the wind. Then later, as we neared the further shore, a school of hippos would rouse our men into a sudden burst of fearful energy, and, dashing their paddles into the still water of the Lake, they would make once more for the open sea. The sunshine and the shade, the woods, the rocks and the distant hills, the fresh and fragrant breeze, the lapping water, the cawing rooks, the leaping fish, and a thousand charms of earth and air, of sky and water, all alike had their share in filling the soul not merely with images of beauty, but with a deep sense of the greatness and glory of the Creator.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon welcomed me most warmly to their island home. The former, who was in charge of the work in the Sese Archipelago, had as his native colleague Henry Mukasa, a man of tried worth, who had formerly been a missionary to the people of Nasa. Confirmation candidates from the neighbouring islands had come together for examination, and on Sunday, April 30th, eighty-six of them—men and women—received the laying on of hands.

On Tuesday, May 2nd, I started for the island of Bubembe, in company with Mr. Gordon. There another Confirmation had been arranged, and seventy-eight candidates were presented to me at a service

held in a new church, which had recently been opened for worship.

This brought my list of engagements to a close, and on the following morning I started on my return to Mengo, where some three days later I arrived and found all well.

CHAPTER XXXVII

CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF MWANGA

'How are the mighty fallen!'—II. Samuel i. 19.

The news of the capture of Mwanga and Kabarega created a great sensation throughout the whole of Uganda. The excitement was intense, though subdued. The question as to what the Bazungu (the white men) intended to do with their prisoners was eagerly discussed in every native gathering. Would they be shot, as several Baganda rebels had been already, or would they be put into the chain gang, and be compelled to work like common malefactors? were the questions most commonly debated. "What is the use of talking?" was the general conclusion. "You can never tell what the Bagovamenti (the men of the Government) are likely to do." Not long were they kept in suspense. Deportation to the coast, first to Mombasa, and then to Kismayu, was to be the fate of the two kings.

It was evidently a great relief to the great mass of the Baganda that their king, tyrant though he was, was not to be put to death. The extraordinary hold which the idea of the kingship has on the native mind can hardly be realised by the European. "Katonda Yebale" (Thank God) was the exclamation most commonly heard coming from the lips of the Baganda Christians as they heard the news. "Abazungu bamusaside" (the Europeans have pitied him), was their summing up of the whole matter.

On May 11th, happening to call on Colonel Ternan (the Acting Commissioner) at Kampala, I was told that the two kings were momentarily expected. They were being brought in under guard. The report was soon noised abroad and crowds began to gather. There was a little anxiety on the part of the authorities as to the attitude of the "Bakopi" (peasantry), and every precaution had been taken to prevent any attempt at a rescue. The murmur of voices at a distance, gradually getting louder and louder, told of the approach of a great multitude. The murmur grew into a roar, and then the sight of fully armed guards told us that Mwanga and Kabarega were at hand. Lying upon a native bedstead carried on the heads of half-a-dozen porters was the late king of Bunyoro. His arm was in bandages, owing to a wound received at the time of his capture.

Mwanga was walking surrounded by guards. He had grown a long beard, and was hardly recognisable. "Otyano sebo" ("How are you, sir?") resounded on all sides. It was a touching and, in many respects, a pitiable sight. One could not but recall the many opportunities which Mwanga had enjoyed of doing the right, and how persistently he had chosen to do the wrong, and certainly in his later days had sinned against light and knowledge. But yet, if one sought to find excuses for him, one could not but remember his up-bringing—his evil surroundings, his hereditary tendencies, his awful temptations, and truly one felt that the weight of these might well drag downward a man of much stouter moral fibre than this sinning, and by no means little sinned against, son of Mutesa.

Thenceforward—but in this I am anticipating—his figure is but a mere shadow to us. We hear of him from time to time—a prisoner at Mombasa, Kismayu,

and eventually in the Seychelles. Then there is a long silence, broken by the glad news that he had accepted Christ as his God and Saviour, and has been baptized, taking the name of Danieri. A few more months pass by, and then came the tidings of his death.

There was weeping and wailing on the part of many in Uganda when the news was noised abroad. Even the worst men have those who love them. An effort was made by many of his old followers to have his remains brought back to Mengo for burial, but permission was very wisely refused. He was laid to rest yonder in that lonely island of the Indian Ocean, in which the mystical mind of General Gordon seemed to see the original site of the Garden of Eden. And so he passes from our view, and from the stage where he had played so tragic and so fateful a part.

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

But to return to my story, the next few months were taken up with many engagements in and around Mengo. After a visit to Gayaza, where thirty-five men and nineteen women were confirmed on May 21st, there came a very busy week of examination work. Six men trained by the Archdeacon had been selected by the Church Council for presentation to me for Deacons Orders. Ecob and Skeens were candidates for Priests Orders. On Trinity Sunday, May 28th, the following were solemnly ordained :—

Deacons.—Nuwa Nakiwafu, Tomasi Semfuma, Zakayo Buligwanga, Isaka Lwaki, Yosua Kiwavu, Silasi Aliwonya.
Priests.—C. T. Ecob, S. R. Skeens.

Of these perhaps Tomasi Semfuma has the most interesting life record. One of the first to accept Christian teaching, on the occasion of the persecution

of Mwanga he was seized and ordered to be burnt. His life was, however, spared on Mackay paying down two tusks of ivory, which were charged to the C.M.S. He was one of those who sought shelter in Nkole at the time of the Mohammedan domination. In the war of 1892 he was wounded, a shot from the enemy ripped across his chest, but, owing to the skill of Dr. Gaskoin Wright, his life was saved. He still bears on his body the scars. A forcible character, he is a man of considerable weight in the counsels of the Church. Nuwa Nakiwafu is a spiritually minded man, very earnest and very painstaking.

Yosua Kiwavu is above everything an evangelist. A man of strong convictions and considerable preaching powers. But all were described to me as good men and true, and it was with a very thankful heart that I set them apart for the work to which they seemed so manifestly called.

The month of June was crowded with engagements of the most varied kind. On the 11th two lay readers were admitted to their office. On the 13th came the dedication of the new church at Ndeje, in celebration of which the Kangao made a great feast, when five oxen were killed and eaten, and five hundred baskets of food were consumed. The 15th saw me once more at Mengo, and two days later I started for Nakanyonyi, where, on the 18th, a hundred and thirty-one men and women were confirmed. On the 19th Mengo was reached once more, and on the following day I started for the island of Kome, where I arrived at 3.30 P.M. A Confirmation the next morning, when thirty-two candidates were confirmed, and a conference with teachers, was all that had been arranged for me, and starting back as soon as these were over, I was able to reach my house in Namirembe by 7 P.M., thus doing the

double journey within twenty-four hours. On the 23rd came a Confirmation at Mengo, when fifty-nine candidates were presented. On the 24th there was a long meeting of the Translational Committee, and on Sunday the 25th an English service with sermon, for a congregation of twenty-four Europeans. The two following days were filled up with meetings, both morning and evening, of the Translational Committee, and then on the 28th came the Conference of Missionaries, which had been summoned specially to consider further the question of a Constitution for the Church.

After a solemn service of Holy Communion, with an address by myself, the Conference settled down to the consideration of the burning question as to whether the European missionaries were to be included within the Constitution, or on the other hand to be excluded from it, and find their places as advisers of the Native Church, which they themselves did not join. The latter proposal was that favoured by the majority in the Conference, and as I regarded the former as a fundamental principle, I withdrew my draft Constitution as a whole from further discussion. I then proposed that so much of it as had a general consensus of opinion in its favour should be adopted and become the working rule of the Church. I felt that "half a loaf was better than no bread." Indeed it was more than half a loaf which was obtained by the adoption of my suggestion. In fact three-fourths of the Constitution were agreed to. Parochial and District Councils were provided for, as well as the maintenance of the Central Council at Mengo. The Elector, it was decided, should be the Communicant, the offices of readers, teachers, and women teachers were put upon a recognised and regular basis. Women's Conferences were arranged for each district, and for the centre at Mengo. The Central

Conference consisted of delegates chosen by the District Conference, two from each Conference. A Central Church Fund was also established. These proposals a few months later were brought before the Church Council at Mengo, and were formally adopted as the working rule of the Church. I gave it my sanction, but only as a temporary measure, as an instalment of that complete scheme which I hoped in time would meet with general acceptance as a full and generous measure of Church Government.

The Conference then passed to the consideration of a number of matters of the greatest importance, "The higher education of the native clergy and teachers," and "How best to organise a more thorough system of education for the young." Subjects more intimately bound up with the truest interests of the Church in Uganda it would be difficult to conceive. As is the life of the clergy, so will be the life of the people. Ignorance in the clergy means ignorance in the people.

I have already, in a previous chapter, enlarged upon the pre-eminent value of character in a minister of the Gospel, and how infinitely it is to be preferred to that which commonly is regarded as education. In the earlier stages of missionary work it is vain to look for much else in Church workers than spiritual life and moral worth. But in 1899 we were passing out of the earlier stage. A new era was dawning both upon the Church and the country. Six years had passed by since the foundation of the native ministry had been laid, and it was time to take a step forward and to devise means by which, in addition to spiritual life and moral worth, there might be added to the equipment of our native pastors that culture and mental training which is the outcome of study and the fruit of instruction properly and wisely imparted. We therefore

decided to embark upon a considerable translational work—a commentary on the four Gospels and the Acts from the Cambridge Bible, Maclear's "Old Testament History," a work on Church doctrine, Maclear's "Introduction to the Creeds," and so forth. It was also arranged to assign another missionary to the special work of teaching, one who should give his undivided attention to the training of Church Council teachers in Mengo.

The two great obstacles in the way of a thorough organisation of educational work amongst the young were the lack of school buildings and properly trained teachers. The former need could only be supplied by the Church Council. It was therefore decided to bring the matter before that body as soon as possible. The latter great necessity was a much more difficult problem to deal with. You cannot train a teacher as you can "run up" a school building. There seems to be a general impression in the Mission field that anybody can teach in a school. No greater mistake can possibly be made. Some one has said, and said truly, that the four chief qualifications of a teacher are: "Character, teaching ability, scholarship, and culture." While it is quite true that no amount of training can ever take the place of natural ability, it is also true that it is only by means of a thorough system of training that natural ability can be properly developed, and ordinary ability (and this is what we have mainly to deal with in the Mission field) be utilised for the due filling of that high and holy office—the office of the teacher of the young.

With such thoughts in mind, the Conference discussed, and eventually adopted, the following resolution:—

"This Conference is of opinion that immediate steps

should be taken to organise a thorough system of training school-teachers, both male and female."

A Conference of Lady Missioners, held a few days later, adopted a similar resolution. Thus was the Church committed to a forward policy, both with regard to the higher education of pastors and school teachers, and also with regard to an organised system of primary education throughout the country.

Another subject dealt with by the Conference was, "How best to foster a spirit of prayer among the native Christians." It was decided to recommend the establishment of a weekly meeting for prayer in connection with every congregation throughout the country. It was further resolved to issue a manual of devotion, as an aid to Christians in private and family prayer.

A consideration of the very necessary subject of the best method for the registration of Communicants brought our Conference to a close.

In order to enlist as far as possible the co-operation of parents and chiefs in the good work of education upon which we had now embarked, I had the following letter translated into Luganda. It was then presented as a leaflet, and scattered broadcast throughout the country.

A WORD ON EDUCATION ADDRESSED TO PARENTS AND CHIEFS BY THE BISHOP OF UGANDA

MY FRIENDS,—I greet you in the name of the Lord and beseech you to hearken to my words.

God has given to every human being wonderful powers of mind. These powers may be exercised either in good works or works of evil. "As a twig is bent, so will the tree incline." As you train the child so the

man or woman will be. Solomon says (Prov. xxii. 6), "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If a child is untaught, what wonder if he grows up to be a fool? If he is allowed to grow up in the midst of wicked surroundings, what wonder if he becomes a wicked man?

Every chief and every parent has a responsibility laid upon him with regard to the children under his care.

First, I would speak a word to parents. My friends, your children are God's gifts to you, and He expects you to train them for Himself. St. Paul in writing to the Ephesians says, "and ye fathers provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" (Eph. vi. 4). Many parents send their children to be brought up in other homes. This is an evil custom. It is the work of the parent to watch over the child, and to train it in good habits. Moses, in speaking to the Israelites, commanded them to teach their children the law of the Lord their God (Deut. xxxi. 13), that they might learn to fear them. This God calls upon *you* now to do. When at the last day you are called upon to give an account of the way in which you have dealt with the children whom God has given you, it will be no good excuse to say that the persons to whom you entrusted your children trained them ill. It is your duty to train them yourself, or to send them to school where you know they will be well taught.

Now, I want to tell you, that we on Namirembe are establishing schools all over the country, and that we are prepared to teach your children not only the law of God but other good things, such as reading, writing, and arithmetic. A great change is coming over the

country. There will be work to be done which can only be done by those who have learned to read and write. The better taught your children are, the better work they will be able to do, and the happier and more prosperous will be their lives. I would advise you, therefore, to make it a rule of your house that your children go to school every day to be taught.

And now I want to say a word to chiefs. My friends, you have a duty to discharge with regard to the children of those under your authority. It is to see that they do not grow up in ignorance. The prosperity of Uganda will depend upon the education of the children. If they are left to grow up in ignorance they will be unfitted to take any but the lowest place in the life and work of the country.

A good chief will consider the welfare of his people. He will advise them to send their children to school, because he knows that ignorance and degradation always go together, whilst prosperity and happiness will always be the lot of those who have been well taught.

My friends, you have many boys who wait on you. I beseech you to send them to school every day. And I plead with you not only on behalf of the boys but also of the girls. Let them not be left in ignorance. We are prepared to teach them as well as the boys. If they are well taught, they will make good wives and good mothers. Leave them in ignorance, and the result will be that the children of the next generation will be no better than the children of the last. Use all your influence on the side of education and progress. If you give your people education, you will give them that which is worth more than gold, silver, ivory, or cattle, for the Word of God tells us that " the price of wisdom is above rubies " (Job xxviii. 18).

Well then, my friends, if these things be so, hearken to my words, and do that which in your hearts you know to be right.

Farewell. May God keep you in all your ways.

I am your friend, who loves you in the Lord.

Alfred R. Tucker,
Bishop of Uganda.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BUSOGA

'All souls are thine! the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for thou art there.'

WHITTIER.

LET us now turn from the comparatively ordered and settled condition of things both in Church and State in Uganda, and see how all this while matters were faring in the more backward country of Busoga. Its backwardness (about which there could be no question) was due very largely to that position of subordination which for many years it had occupied with respect to Uganda. Naturally rich and fertile, with immense flocks and herds, it had long been the happy hunting ground of the more warlike and strenuous race dwelling on the opposite bank of the Nile, who, not content with carrying off their sheep and goats, had enslaved for bartering away, in exchange for guns and powder, thousands of men and women.

Another reason for the backward condition of the Basoga and their position of subordination is, I think, to be found in their tenacious hold upon a method of government which did not make for progress. Whilst they had doubtless risen superior to the more primitive conditions of life which distinguish the tribes living under the patriarchal system, they had not yet advanced to the idea of the kingship and the feudal system as it obtains in Uganda—a system which had

without question given to the Baganda that cohesion which had enabled them to conquer and to keep in subjection peoples like the Basoga, standing midway between such tribes as the Bakavirondo, who still clung to the patriarchal idea, and themselves, who had risen to a realisation of the advantages of the feudal method of government.

The feudal system in Europe did its work and played its part in the making of the nations, and it has passed away. It is true that the very thought of it suggests to our mind the "dark ages." But in "darkest Africa" it means law and order, cohesion and national supremacy. It has done its work in Uganda as in Europe, and in due turn it will be

> 'Numbered with the things
> That once have been.'

In the meanwhile it has its uses: for it distinctly makes for a higher condition of things than that which obtains in those countries like Bukedi and Kavirondo, where through each little chief being a law unto himself, and as good as his neighbour, the ruling principle seems to be:

> 'Let him take who has the power,
> And he can keep who can.'

Busoga at the time of which I am writing was divided into seven great chieftainships, viz., Wakoli, Luba, Miro, Tabingwa, Gabula, Nkono, and Zibondo. Each of these was independent of the other—jealous as well as fearful of the other. The only unifying force in Busoga was a common language. But even this was powerless to unite the rival forces against a common foe. An effort made by Mr. Berkeley, the British Administrator of the Uganda Protectorate, to bring the

various chiefs to recognise one of themselves as paramount chief or king of the nation, failed completely. They would have none of it.

But their division, and their consequent impotence in the presence of their enemies, was not the only cause of the degradation of the Busoga. Drunkenness, bhang-smoking, and lust were doing a deadly work amongst them. Naturally a clever people, their intellects have been dulled, and their physical energy sapped, by vices more menacing far to their national life than the plundering and enslaving Baganda.

Political pressure had failed to unite this divided people with a view to temporal advancement and material prosperity. It was reserved for that greatest of all unifying forces, Christianity, to knit them together in the closest of all bonds, the bonds of Christian love and union—not a union for conflict with their ancient foes the Baganda, but a union for battle with the forces and powers of darkness, which for so long ages had held them in cruel bondage.

How this was brought about, and how slowly but surely Christianity won its way in Busoga in the face of opposition fierce and deep, and indeed at times almost deadly, let me tell as briefly and shortly as possible.

In 1891 F. C. Smith, who had formed one of my party travelling to Uganda the previous year, journeyed to Busoga in company with Gordon. Among other chiefs, Wakoli was visited. He was a man of remarkable gifts, and free from many of the vices and superstitions of his people. He was, moreover, on very friendly terms with the British East Africa Company. So encouraging was their reception, and so inviting appeared the opening, that early in 1892 Smith returned alone, with the idea of definitely commencing

the evangelisation of the country. Captain Lugard, on his way to the coast, specially commended him to the care of Wakoli.

Shortly after Smith's arrival the terrible tragedy occurred to which allusion has already been made, when Wakoli was shot, either wilfully or accidentally (it has never been properly determined which), by a Swahili porter. Smith had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the infuriated people. This, of course, brought to a conclusion the attempt to evangelise Eastern Busoga; and Smith returned to Uganda, and was shortly afterwards invalided home.

In the meanwhile Roscoe had commenced work at Luba's. But repeated attacks of fever, induced by the low and unhealthy situation of the grass hut which had been built by Luba for his accommodation, broke down his health, and he was obliged, like Smith, to retreat to Uganda.

It was not until two years later that another definite attempt was made to enter Busoga. On the failure of Messrs. Crabtree and Rowling to effect a settlement at Mumia's in Kavirondo, owing in a large measure to the scarcity of food and the lack of barter goods, they were transferred to Busoga. Rowling made Kigwisa, near Luba's, his headquarters, and Crabtree set to work at Miro's, some four-and-twenty miles away in a northerly direction.

The work was carried on in the face of much opposition on the part of the principal chiefs; though outwardly friendly they were secretly hostile, and strove by every means in their power to frustrate our efforts to evangelise and teach their people. For some time most of the teaching went on in secret at night, or in out-of-the-way places. Not infrequently some case of cruel treatment of a helpless woman or an inoffensive

child came to the ears of the missionaries. In nearly every instance the victim was a reader. It seemed almost as though we must face a revival of the early days of persecution in Uganda. There could be no doubt but that the priests of the Lubare were at the bottom of all this fierce opposition and cruelty. The hold which heathenism—the old Lubare worship—had still upon the chiefs and people was intense. Evidence of this was to be seen on every hand. Clumps of trees used as shrines met you at every turn. The peaked devil houses, which are hardly ever seen now in Uganda, seemed almost as numerous as the huts of the people. It was almost impossible to go along a public path without being obliged to pass under some arrangements of charms intended for the propitiation of evil spirits. The powers of darkness were entrenched as in an impregnable stronghold, and it was evident that only by the might of the "stronger than the strong man armed" could they be dispossessed of that sovereignty over the minds and consciences of the Basoga, which for so long ages they had exercised.

Rowling with his medicine-chest attracted many sick ones to the Mission, and so insensibly a circle for some considerable distance round was influenced. Then came applications for instruction from those whose hearts had been touched. And so the work grew almost imperceptibly.

In these early days Lusoga was the language in which it was sought to reach the people. Reading sheets were printed in the little press which had been set up at Kigwisa. Then the work of translating the Gospels into the vernacular was taken in hand by Mr. Crabtree. But there was noticed a desire on the part of many to read in Luganda. Whether it was from a feeling that the old life was so bound up with

Lusoga that it was impossible to get entirely free from much that had become hateful unless the old language was forsaken, or whether it was simply a desire to acquire Luganda, as an accomplishment, and as identified with the white teachers, who understood and spoke the one with facility, but the other very stumblingly, it is hard to say. At any rate it soon became a moot question as to which was to be the prevailing tongue.

The principle ultimately adopted was that which has been applied to such countries as Bunyoro, Toro, and Nkole (where similar phenomena have been observed), viz., that all evangelistic work should, as far as possible, be done in the vernacular, but that in educational work Luganda might be the language of instruction.

One of the greatest obstacles to the progress of missionary work in Africa is the multiplicity of its languages. The confusion is Babel-like in its completeness. Now to those who have carefully observed philological phenomena in the "dark continent," it is quite clear that while certain languages are dying, others have in them all the elements of a continued vitality. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that nothing should be done by the missionary towards reviving those languages which are evidently moribund. The reduction of such languages to writing, and the translation of the Scriptures, are all potent elements in their perpetuation, and should, if possible, be avoided. I say if possible, because I hold it to be the inalienable right of all peoples, and kindreds, and nations, and tongues to have the Gospel proclaimed to them in a language understood by them. It is always possible, however, to draw a line between the evangelisation and the education of a people. If,

therefore, there is a rich, full, and vigorous language which is evidently driving before it a poor, weak, and dying tongue, it will always be the wisdom of the missionary to use, as far as possible, the widely spoken language in preference to the one which has only a low vitality. You can never hope to give a literature to the people speaking the latter. It may be possible to do it for the former.

I have sometimes been asked to what I attribute the sudden leap forward in the progress of the work in Uganda, which is so marked a feature of the period commencing in 1890. There were in my opinion several contributing causes, but one of the chief I believe to have been the abandonment of the use of Swahili in our teaching work, and steady perseverance in the policy of giving the Baganda the Word of God in their own tongue.

Mackay, it is true, did a notable translational work in Uganda, but in his later days he was very desirous of hastening the time when one language should dominate Central Africa, and that language, he hoped and believed, would be Swahili. But he miscalculated the results likely to accrue through the translation of the Scriptures into Luganda. He hardly foresaw the powers of resistance which it would give to that language. We, however, who can look back over the years that are gone, can trace it distinctly. We see that Swahili has hardly made any advance at all during the last fifteen years. Then Swahili books were eagerly sought for. Now hardly any one will accept them as a gift. And we are profoundly thankful that it is so. Swahili is too closely related to Mohammedanism to be welcome in any Mission field in Central Africa.

Divine guidance to the Church is, thank God, a great

reality, and there is no event in the history of the Church of Uganda which proves it more conclusively than the rejection in 1890 of Swahili as a teaching medium, and the enthusiastic adoption of Luganda both for evangelistic and educational purposes.

That there should be one "language" for Central Africa is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but God forbid that it should be Swahili. English? Yes! but Swahili never. The one means the Bible and Protestant Christianity, the other Mohammedanism, sensuality, moral and physical degradation and ruin.

But to return to my story. Although between 1892 and 1894 no European missionaries were stationed in Busoga, the work begun in 1891 was not allowed to lapse. Baganda evangelists were from the first engaged in the enterprise, and in the intervals of European occupation continued the work.

In journeying to Uganda from the coast in the autumn of 1895, Allen Wilson, who formed a member of my party, was left behind at Luba's, and commenced that work which so bravely and successfully he has carried forward up to the present time. In the following year H. W. Weatherhead was added to the force operating in Busoga. Then came Martin Hall. And so I found the party constituted when, at the conclusion of the Conference at Mengo to which reference has already been made, I determined to see for myself how things were prospering.

Leaving Mengo on July 17, 1899, I arrived at Luba's four days later, having held a Confirmation at Ngogwe on the way, when eighty-six men and women received the laying on of hands. Luba was in "high feather" in consequence of the increasing importance of his chieftainship. The Government had made Luba's the capital of the country. There were two

Missions planted almost at his very doors. Europeans, Government men, traders, and missionaries were always coming and going. All this, of course, meant "grist to his mill." There was the heavy toll which he exacted for the use of canoes with which to make the crossing to Uganda. There was employment for his men, of whose wages he took a share. There was the sale of the produce of his gardens, of his flocks and herds, and so forth. Luba was fast becoming not only a man of consequence but also a man of wealth. Whether his heart was being touched by the Gospel to which he listened, Sunday by Sunday, in the little church on the hill, or in the one in his own enclosure, it is hard to say. At all events his attitude towards the Mission was most friendly. On my arrival he came almost immediately to greet me and invited me to a feast on the following day.

A native feast in Central Africa is a fearful and wonderful sight. Then the native is seen at his very worst. He tears his meat like a wild beast. He gorges himself like a boa-constrictor. He is the animal pure and simple. In Uganda such savagery is slowly dying out with the advance of civilisation and contact with the European. But in Busoga, at the time of which I am writing, such influences were only just beginning to be felt, and the native feast was altogether untouched by any of the refinements of civilised life.

Happily, our part in the repast preceded that of the natives. Willing hands soon covered the ground in front of us with bright green banana leaves. Then came a long procession of youths bearing upon their heads heavy burdens of cooked food in wicker baskets. These were quickly taken from their banana leaf wrappings, and lo! fish, flesh, and fowl lay before us, inviting us to fall to. Forks and spoons were minus

quantities—a knife was the only implement which the helpless "Muzungu" (European) had to aid him in his efforts to *appear* to enjoy the hospitality of his host. That, however, with the help of his fingers, which had been previously washed with water poured upon them by an attendant, enabled him to pass muster as a guest who appreciated the good things set before him.

The hungry crowd without had not long to wait. Very soon the word was passed round, "Abazungu bamaze okulya" (the Europeans have finished eating). Immediately the murmur of voices, which told of a gathered multitude outside, grew into a hoarse roar, almost indeed to a tumult. "Come," said Luba, "and let us see them eat." It was a sight not easily forgotten. Two or three thousand men and women were gathered on the two sides of their "mbuga" (the space in front of the chief's enclosure). The men in groups of ten or a dozen on the one side, and the women in similar groups on the other. Three hundred baskets of food, consisting of boiled bananas and the stewed flesh of a dozen bullocks which had been killed in honour of our coming, had just been brought upon the scene and were in process of distribution.

Word was brought to the chief that all was ready. "Let them eat," was the response. Then ensued such a scene as baffles all description. The hot "matoke" (boiled bananas) was seized and crammed down the throat at lightning speed, then lumps of meat were laid hold of and torn to pieces with the teeth, and as greedily swallowed, without mastication and with imminent risk of choking. Here was the rib bone of an ox with four men gnawing at it. There the jaw bone had three boys hanging on to it with their teeth. Here—but the sight altogether was too disgusting, and one turned away with loathing from this mass of poor

degraded humanity, which seemed to have but one object in life—self-satisfaction. "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," sums it all up.

On the following day, July 25th, Martin Hall and I started on our tour through Southern Busoga. My programme included visits to all the great chiefs, as well as to our evangelists and teachers. I hoped to induce many of the former to admit our workers, if not to their enclosure, at least to their country, and so gradually to break down that wall of opposition which was so seriously hampering our efforts for the evangelisation of the country. Kajaya was the first of these great chiefs to whom we paid our respects. I had already some acquaintance with him, having camped at his village on more than one occasion. He was as plausible as ever, and to all my requests yielded a ready assent. Oh! yes, he would be glad to have teachers in his country, and they should have complete freedom to go where they pleased and teach what they pleased. Would he allow his women and children to be taught? Certainly, there was nothing of which he was more desirous than that they should learn something of the wisdom of the white man—and so on. All this was very satisfactory as far as it went. But one knew from bitter experience the real value of such assurances from such a man as I knew Kajaya to be. However, there was nothing more to be done than to accept his assurances, and definitely to fix a date and a place for the commencement of the work thus sanctioned. Obstruction and violation of pledges could be dealt with as occasion might be given. And so we went on our way.

Our journey through Busoga was a strange and weird experience from many points of view. There was the close contact with the ancient superstitions of the country—Lubare worship—into which we were

necessarily brought. There was the only too evident thraldom to its powers by which the people, men and women alike, were bound. There was the atmosphere of deep, dark heathenism, which we were breathing, so to speak, and which at times seemed stifling in its density. The air too was resonant with the weeping and wailing of mourners. Some thousands of Basoga porters had recently been employed by the Administration in conveying the baggage of the Indian contingent to rail head, and large numbers had perished on the way back from Kikuyu. There was hardly a home in South Busoga which was not a house of mourning. But what perhaps struck us most of all was the extreme timidity of the people. On catching sight of us in the road they would dart off into the long grass for hiding, or make their way in a bee-line across the open country until some convenient cover would hide them from our view.

All this was very depressing in its apparently utter hopelessness. But nevertheless there was a good deal to cheer and encourage. The evident warm-heartedness of the people when once their timidity was overcome and their confidence won, the attentive hearing which they gave to our teaching and the ready response made to our appeals, touched us to the heart. And then there was the glorious scenery through which we passed on our way from village to village. How inspiring the sight of the giant trees beneath whose gracious shelter we so often found rest and refreshment! How tender, too, the pearly greys of the distant hills, and how vividly they contrasted with the bright greens and dark browns of the foreground vegetation, wonderful in its wealth of luxuriant growth. Truly Busoga, in its scenery, is an earthly paradise.

A BANANA PLANTATION, BUSOGA

From Menya's we went on to Musitwa's, and from thence to Mutanda's (Wakoli's). The latter place was quite changed since my last visit in 1895. Mutanda himself, however, was much the same—as sottish and brutal-looking as ever, and as much given to strong drink and bhang-smoking. The teacher at work here gave us a sorrowful account of the moral and spiritual condition of the place, and the dead wall of opposition which the chief had built up against all his efforts to touch the hearts and consciences of the people. We did our utmost to cheer and encourage him, and left him in apparently good heart.

From Mutanda's we journed on to Kayanga's, some three hours away. The chief, we found, had left the previous day for Luba's. We had therefore the field to ourselves, and soon gathered round a large audience of men and women, "who gave heed to the things which were spoken." It was deeply touching to see their earnest attention and evident desire to grasp the truth which was unfolded to them.

And so we travelled on from place to place, welcomed by some, repulsed by others, until at length the road divided, one track leading to Luba's and the other to Iganga, where Wilson and Skeens were at work. Here I said good-bye to Martin Hall, who pursued his way to Luba's, while I took the road to the latter place, which I was given to understand was some six hours away.

After a three hours tramp I halted in the midst of a banana plantation delightfully refreshing in the coolness of its shade, boiled my kettle, and made tea. An hour's rest followed, and then I gave the order to march. In five minutes we were out of the banana grove with a European house in full view. "Whose house is that?" I inquired. "Simanyi" (I do not

know), was the answer. Further inquiry, however, revealed the fact that the house was Wilson's, and that I had actually, without knowing it, been taking my refreshment on the Mission premises, and that whilst I had been engaged in making a fire and boiling water in the garden, Wilson had been busily employed in preparing for my entertainment in the house. It was too ridiculous! My sense of humour hardly allowed me to greet seriously my kind host, nor could they contain their amusement when the facts dawned upon them.

Iganga was the chief town or village of the great district ruled over for many years by Miro, a clever Musoga who had been brought up in Uganda. He had recently taken part in the disastrous expedition to Kikuyu already alluded to, and had suffered terribly in health. He had returned home quite broken down, and after much suffering had passed away. The whole country was in consequence in mourning.

Miro had never been favourable to our work, but though not opposing openly he was secretly hostile. Those who dared to come to us for instruction did so at the risk of life and limb. But as some one has said: "Men learn from Christ how to find joy in pain, how to be happy when suffering and dying;" for as Menutius Felix, speaking of the martyrs of his time, could say, "God's soldier is neither forsaken in suffering nor brought to an end by death."

It was a deep joy to meet with those who in such circumstances as these had dared to confess Christ as their God and Saviour. On August 5th I laid hands in Confirmation on twenty-six candidates, three of whom were women. On the following day (Sunday) there gathered round the table of the Lord no fewer than fifty-three communicants, all, as will readily be

believed, deeply in earnest, and prepared to confess their faith in Christ, no matter at what cost.

After addressing a meeting of teachers, and visiting the little churches which were springing up in the neighbourhood, Wilson and I started off on August 9th for a tour through North Busoga.

So far our health had been good, and the daily march not too trying to our strength. But the climate of Busoga is not an invigorating one. It is often close and steamy. A veil of haze, telling of close heat, usually passes over the landscape as the day advances, and all nature seems to be suffering from limpness and lack of energy. What wonder if the human frame should yield to such enervating conditions, and that one should feel the strain and stress of prolonged physical exertion. And so it came to pass that two days after leaving Iganga I went down with a fever, which continued more or less to dog my footsteps for the remainder of my tour in Busoga. Henceforth the daily march became a daily toil, and the nightly rest a nightly tossing to and fro, while dreading the dawning of the day and yet longing for it.

At Mudambado's and Mpindi's we found a good work going forward. At the former place no fewer than one hundred and twenty people came together in the church to listen to our message, while at the latter some one hundred and seventy men and women formed our congregation. On August 17th we reached Tabingwa's, and here we had a very remarkable experience. The chief was away, but permission was accorded to us to hold an open air service for his people. Some three hundred women belonging to the chief, and called by the sacred name of "wife," but alas! knowing nothing of its high and holy ties, came together to listen to the words of the "Bazungu" (white men). A singularly

solemnising and touching sight it was to see them—their eager attention, their intelligent apprehension of point after point, as Mr. Wilson in their own tongue (Lusoga), by the catechetical method, taught them the great fundamental truths of Christianity, was most eloquent of their deep soul need, and deep heart craving. A prayer was taught them, short and pointed in its petition, and then a hymn was sung over and over again, so that many, I doubt not, will never forget it. And then without a moment's warning came a most dramatic close to our service. Moved as by a common impulse, apparently fear, the whole mass rose up, and like hunted deer the women darted hither and thither, seeking the shelter of the houses round about, and in twenty seconds not a soul of our audience was left.

At first we thought that some wild beast had made its appearance, and looked around for some sign of one in our rear. But no! all this abject fear, this wild terror, was due not to a creeping leopard, or a crouching lion, but to a man—or shall I say, to a being in the outward guise of a man. *It was the chief.* Unexpectedly he had returned, and those poor women, many of them victims of his lust and cruelty, dreading his wrath—more terrible to them than the teeth or claws of a wild beast—had sought to escape identification by his searching glance in the dark recesses of their wretched huts.

I do not know that any incident in the whole of my missionary experience has ever stirred and touched me more than the sight of that fleeing mass of womanhood, and I vowed then and there never to cease my efforts to bring to an end such a condition of things, so degrading to woman and so dishonouring to man.

Who were these women, and whence came they? I have said that they were the chief's wives. But were

they so in any true sense of the word? To assert it would be to travesty one of the holiest and most sacred of terms. These women had been acquired in various ways. Some had been purchased at the price of so many head of cattle, sheep, or goats. Some had been taken by force—stolen—kidnapped. Some had been exacted as a fine from some under chief who had offended his overlord. Others, again, were presents to the chief from those of his people who wished to curry favour with him. It is safe to say that hardly one of her own free will was where she was.

And how were they treated? That sudden flight from our service told a tale only too eloquent of oppression, cruelty, and wrong. The stick and the lash were the chief's principal instruments of correction, but not infrequently a poor erring woman would suffer mutilation, or her bosom would be scorched with red-hot iron; death, too, was sometimes the penalty for detected flight. Gradually, however, these wrongs are being righted, and at the moment of writing it is safe to say that such traffic in and treatment of women is largely becoming a thing of the past. One result of our visit was the beginning of a work which has exercised a permanent influence in the whole of Tabingwa's country, and where the Gospel with its silent influence has failed to restrain the cruel chief or hard task-master, the strong arm of the British Government prevails, and liberty slowly but surely is winning its way.

A journey of some four hours brought us to Gabula's, the centre of a large population with great opportunities for Mission work. The evangelist in charge, named Yusufu, had mistaken the road by which we were travelling, and so had failed to meet us. However, Gabula (the chief) came forward to greet us, with

a large number of his followers and a company of musicians. The latter were a weird-looking band, dressed in the most fantastic fashion, decorated with skins and horns, with bells upon their ankles, knees, and wrists. Skipping and jumping in front of their chief, they kept perfect time to the rhythm of their music in their step and gesticulations.

Our formal greeting over, we proceeded to the chief's enclosure, where we had a space assigned to us for our tents, and where, after they had been fetched, we were able to gather the people together for instruction, as they might be led to seek it. At first they were somewhat shy, but on the appearance of Yusufu the evangelist, with whom were a large number of readers, their timidity passed away, and within an hour or two we had so many pleading to be taught that we were obliged to call our boys to our assistance as teachers. As the day wore on little groups of five or six men or lads were to be seen dotted all over the place; the reading sheets in their hands told of their employment, and their bright, happy faces were a sure indication of the spirit within.

For three days this work went forward, the ranks of the readers being continually recruited by fresh seekers after the truth. On Sunday, August 20th, our stay culminated in the bright and happy services in the open air; at which the chief and a number of his under chiefs, with some two hundred of their followers, were present. It was evident that in the not distant future Gabula's would become an important centre of Mission work and influence. All our arrangements were made with this in view, and with the ultimate object of planting there at least two European missionaries for the organisation and supervision of the whole of the work in North Busoga.

And so our stay came to an end. Our tour was over and our progress complete. But still a weary tramp lay before us. Fever was still hanging about one, sapping one's strength and damping one's energies. The journey back to Mengo, however, had to be done, and so, bracing oneself for the effort, the start was made on Monday, August 21st. The moist heat, the blazing sun, the dismal swamps, the hunger and the thirst were forgotten in the thankful realisation of our hopes with regard to the extension of the work of the Church in the long down-trodden country of Busoga. As we journeyed along on our way first to Iganga and then to Luba's, we were continually breaking forth with praise to God for so wonderfully answering our prayers, and so abundantly blessing those who in a spirit of self-sacrifice were labouring so devotedly for the evangelisation of these people, who so manifestly were lying in the Evil One. This journey to Luba's was a triumph of the spirit over the flesh, of mind over matter.

A stay of three or four days at Luba's, where we arrived on the 25th, served to recuperate one's exhausted energies, and on the 28th I embarked in a canoe for Musansa, on the shores of Kyagwe. Thence I made my way to Ngogwe, and so on to Mengo, where I arrived on Friday, September 1st, after an absence of some six weeks, in the course of which we had tramped some four hundred miles, held some fifty services, and addressed some three thousand souls. All the great chiefs of Busoga had been visited, and the way opened for the extension of the work into their various countries and districts. But perhaps the most important result of all was the conviction pressed and driven home to the minds of all the chiefs, both great and small, with whom we came in contact, that henceforth we meant

to have liberty to preach and teach, and that no man or woman who chose to be taught Christianity should suffer for so choosing. A promise had been given by almost every chief that such liberty should not be withheld.

CHAPTER XXXIX

NKOLE

'So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west and His glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard againt him.'—ISAIAH lix. 19.

THE scene now changes from "utmost East to utmost West"; in other words, from Busoga to Nkole.

This latter country had long been in the hearts and minds, not only of the missionaries, but also of the older generation of the Baganda Christians—and this for a very special reason. It had been their refuge and safety in the old days of trouble and distress.

It will be remembered that in 1888 a revolution had broken out in Uganda; Mwanga was driven out, and succeeded by his half-brother Kiwewa. His reign, however, was a very short one. Not being sufficiently amenable to the Mohammedan power which had placed him upon the throne, the Arabs, who constituted the dominant factor in a complex situation, determined to oust him from his position and to put in his place his more pliable half-brother Kalema. The plot had as its ultimate aim the extermination of Christianity and the establishment of a Mohammedan kingdom. Only too well (for a time at least) it succeeded. Kiwewa was driven out and Kalema installed. Walker and Gordon, made prisoners and forcibly ejected from the country, sought refuge at Usambiro at the south of the Lake. But the great mass of the Christians found their way to Nkole, and there receiving a kindly wel-

come from Ntale, the king, settled down for a time at a place called Kabula. There they awaited the evolution of events.

It was whilst in this harbour of refuge that Stanley came upon them in 1889, and gave that remarkable testimony to the reality of their faith already referred to (Chap. V. Book II.). It was from thence that their leader, Nikodemo Sebwato, who afterwards became one of the five Deacons of the Church, maintained that correspondence with the refugees at the south of the Lake, and with Mwanga, which led ultimately to the latter's restoration, the complete defeat of the Mohammedans, the extermination of the Arabs, and the re-establishment of Christianity.

For this kindly help and timely shelter afforded to them in their distress the Baganda Christians had always entertained a feeling of gratitude, and more than once had raised the question in the Church Council as to whether something could not be done for the evangelisation of Nkole. But the difficulties in the way seemed to be insuperable. Old Ntale had a strong prejudice against Europeans, and refused to see them or even to admit them into his country. At length he went the way of all flesh, and was succeeded by his nephew Kahaya, a son of his brother Gumira. This brother had the misfortune in earlier days to lose an eye—hence his inability to succeed to the throne. "The King must be without blemish"—so ran the unwritten law of Nkole, and thus Kahaya assumed the vacant chieftainship.

Now was the opportunity to commence the Christianisation of Nkole—so at least thought Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro (this was in 1898), and at once applied to the Church Council for permission to send two native evangelists. This was accorded, and earnest-minded

men made their way to the old refuge of their people. Kahaya received them kindly, but the "power behind the throne" was too strong for them; the old heathen party, represented by medicine men of the country, put every obstacle in the way of their preaching and teaching, with the result that in a few months' time they returned to Uganda and told the story of their failure.

Then followed a period during which nothing further was done. At length another great chief, the Mugema,[1] came forward and craved permission of the Church Council for two of his own followers to go to Nkole. "They are men of zeal, of courage, and of much sense; may they go?" "Yes!" was the answer. On this occasion, however, they did not go alone. Mr. Clayton, who was working in the neighbouring country of Koki, had long had his eyes fixed upon Nkole, at once embraced the opportunity of seeing for himself what prospects there were for the planting of the Cross, and arranged to accompany the two Baganda evangelists. Kahaya received the party kindly if not cordially, and at once acceded to Clayton's request for permission to preach and teach. As for himself, he declared that he would watch the experiment with a "candid mind," and that if nothing happened—that is, if those who came under instruction did not die or were not smitten with some foul disease—possibly he and his princes and chiefs would also be taught. But they must wait.

With this Clayton was obliged to rest content, and returned to his work in Koki, leaving the evangelists behind him.

Once again the "power behind the throne" asserted

[1] The Mugema has charge of the tombs of the kings, and is so great a chief that he cannot live on the same hill as the king. He must have a hill to himself, and a stream must run between his hill and the king's. Moreover, he has the right to plead standing before the king. Every other chief must plead on his knees.

itself, and one by one the lads who were under instruction fell away, until at length the evangelists, finding their occupation gone, left the country, and making their appearance one morning in May 1899 at the Church Council at Mengo, told the story of *their* failure.

Later in the year Zakaria Kizito, one of the Regents and a member of our Church Council, paid Kahaya a visit. The result was, doubtless, a deepening of the impression made by Clayton and the evangelists whose apparent failure has already been recorded.

Some months passed by, and the time came for me to pay a long-promised visit to Toro. I determined to travel by way of Nkole and see for myself how the "land lay," and if possible to effect an entrance. The completion of my visit to Busoga, as told in the last chapter, afforded the desired opportunity, and as Dr. A. R. Cook was anxious for a medical itineration, I invited him to accompany me.

Before telling the story of our journey, it will perhaps be well to give a brief account of the country in which our hopes were so largely centred at this time.

Nkole lies to the south-west of Uganda, and is bounded on the north by the kingdom of Toro and the province of Bwekula, on the west by the Albert Edward Lake, on the east by the province of Budu and the kingdom of Koki, and on the south by German East Africa. The general elevation of the country is from five to six thousand feet above sea-level. In parts it is mountainous, but its chief physical characteristic is that of low rolling hills, which afford excellent pasture for the great herds of cattle possessed by the king and chiefs.

The population of Nkole is roughly estimated at some 400,000 souls, spread over an area of something like 8000 square miles. This population consists mainly of

two races—the ruling class, the Bahima, and the servile class, the Bairu. The former, the great cattle-keepers of Central Africa, are the aristocracy of Nkole. Tall, light-coloured, with comparatively intellectual features, they remind one in their cast of countenance of the ancient Egyptians. Here is a man the very image, you would say, of a Rameses II. as his likeness has come down to us. Here is another who speaks in every feature of his countenance of high descent from a ruling caste. In Toro, Bunyoro, and Uganda, and indeed in all Central Africa, these people are found, all having the same characteristics as the Banyankole—all herdsmen, and all observing practically the same manners and customs. Their women are to a large extent secluded, and live a life in which physical exertion finds the smallest possible place. The consequence is (as their diet is a milk one) that they are often of enormous size—almost unable to move from obesity.

The Bairu, as the servile class is called, are cultivators of the soil, and are no doubt the original inhabitants of the land. They are poorly clad, mostly in skins or in a very rough kind of bark cloth, and their lot is a hard one—hewers of wood and drawers of water for their Bahima masters. They have the usual negroid cast of countenance, and neither their physical nor intellectual capacity is of a high type. They live in wretchedly poor huts of the beehive shape, and their food is mainly a grain called "bulo" and sweet potatoes. Bananas are to a small extent cultivated, but generally for the purpose of beer-making.

The language of the Banyankole is, broadly speaking, Lunyoro, a Bantu tongue, but differing from the dialects spoken in Toro and Bunyoro in several important

particulars. It is a very widely spoken language—much more widely spoken, indeed, than Luganda. It is the language of the Baziba, the Baruanda, and also the people of Karagwe. It extends as far south as Lake Tanganyika, if not further, and as far north as the Victoria Nile.

Such, very roughly and broadly, is a sketch of the country and people of Nkole—the goal of many hopes, and the subject of much prayer. And thitherward Dr. Cook and I journeyed during the latter part of November and the beginning of December 1899.

Our way lay through Budu, a division of the country almost entirely under Roman Catholic influence. After the defeat of the Bafransa in the war of 1892, Budu had been assigned to them as a sphere of political (not religious) influence. The French political party being co-extensive with the Roman Catholic religion party, Budu naturally became a sphere of religious as well as political influence. All the chiefs appointed from time to time were without exception Roman Catholics—appointed because they were Roman Catholics—no other, in fact, would have been tolerated.

The work of the Anglican Church in these circumstances was carried on with the greatest possible difficulty. It was almost impossible to obtain a piece of land on which to build a church or school; and every sort of pressure was brought to bear upon the peasantry to prevent them from coming under our influence and instruction. But in spite of all this good progress had been made, and a considerable number of heathen were under instruction with a view to baptism at the time of which I am writing.

The scenery of Budu is not unlike that of the Sese Islands, from which it is separated only by a narrow stretch of the Victoria Nyanza, which becomes narrower

still at its northern extremity. The geology of Sese and Budu seems to be almost identical. The rocks, the soil, the swamps, the vegetation and the fruits, all alike tell the tale of a oneness in geological formation.

After crossing the Katonga river you leave behind you, to your great delight, the tall elephant grass which in the greater part of Uganda hides the landscape from your view, and which is such a marked characteristic of the country, and find yourself walking in footpaths winding hither and thither in the midst of short fresh grass. You are reminded of English pastures, but at the same time you realise that the shortness of the grass is due to poverty of soil, and that there is a rocky bed not far below the surface. But you travel onward, rejoicing in the fresh air, which has replaced the heated atmosphere of the long grass area, and gladdened too by the glories of the landscape, no longer hidden, but spread out before you in the ever-varying beauty of sunshine and shade, hill and dale, river and lake.

Thus was it with us (Dr. Cook and I) as we made our way towards Koki, the country lying between us and our goal—Nkole. We could, as Wordsworth says,

> 'With an eye of leisure, look on all
> That we beheld, and lend the listening sense
> To every grateful source of earth and air,
> Pausing at will.'

Yes! and as we paused from time to time it was with uplifted hearts, as well as with gladdened souls, that we looked around and silently suffered the irresistible forces of the beauties of "earth and air" to impress themselves upon our inmost being.

And so we journeyed onward; Dr. Cook at every

camping place doing his utmost for the relief of the sick and suffering; and as the fame of his skill and kindness (*ekisa*, they called it) preceded us, and spread far and wide through the country, large numbers came together for treatment.

Striking our camp on November 22nd at Kyampagi, our last resting-place in Budu, we commenced to climb the hills of Koki on our way to Rakai, where Clayton and Martin Hall were awaiting us some four hours away.

It was a warm welcome which the Koki Christians gave us as we drew near to our destination. Down the hills they came, rushing like a torrent at headlong speed, as they heard of our approach. "Tusanyuse! tusanyuse!" (We rejoice! we rejoice!); "Mwebale okuja" (Thank you for coming), was the greeting which met us at every turn of the road. Zabuloni Kiride and Ibulaimu Asani, two of our Baganda teachers, headed bands of young men who were under their instruction, and who in their enthusiastic welcome could hardly refrain from taking us in their arms. Clayton and Martin Hall brought up the rear, accompanied by the representative of the king, Kamswaga.

It was a busy time which we spent in Koki, interrupted, however, in my case by an attack of fever which laid me aside for two or three days.

Considering that only six months previously I had confirmed fifty-two men and women, the fifty-seven candidates presented to me on this occasion were certainly an indication of the marked progress of the work which was visible on every hand.

We discussed with Clayton our visit to Nkole, and, to our great delight, heard that two earnest Christian men named Andereya and Filipo were anxious to accompany us, and were prepared as missionaries to

give themselves to the work of teaching the Banyankole the truths of Christianity.

With these men in our company, and a young lad—a native of Nkole, who had been a slave in Koki for some years, but who had been freed by his Christian master, and who was himself a Christian, and anxious to return to his own country, if haply he might find his parents yet alive—we started on Tuesday, November 28th, for Lulembo, the capital of Nkole.

The impression made upon us by the scenery through which we passed is best conveyed by quotations from a description which I was able to set down in writing at the time :—

"Shortly after leaving Kamswaga's our journey was one of almost continuous hill-climbing. Then we found ourselves wending our way through a beautiful valley. Then there would be a spell of most delightful journeying on the hill-tops, the path taking us from crest to crest, but now and again dipping down into basins like hollows."

And later :—"Away to our left as we journeyed were vast stretches of country of the most varied character. Below us was a deep valley, clad at the bottom with masses of great forest trees. There, in the middle distance, were hill ranges in alternate shade and sunshine, revealing in clearest detail all their wonderful beauty; and in the far distance, forty or fifty miles away, were the mountains of Karagwe and the rocky escarpment of the Kiziba country in German territory. To our right the view, although not so extensive perhaps, was equally beautiful. Kamswaga's Lake was seen in the far distance glittering like burnished silver in the early morning sunshine, whilst through the valley, some one thousand feet below us, the river Mazinga wound its tortuous course like the

twistings and turnings of a great snake, reminding one of Wordsworth's lines when he says :—

> 'A silvery current flows
> With uncontrolled meanderings.'"

On the eve of St. Andrew's Day we found ourselves one day's march from Lulembo. A heavy storm of rain had just swept over the country, and as the thunder rolled away in the distance, the late afternoon sun shone forth bright and clear. We remembered that before leaving Uganda arrangements had been made for intercessory prayer on behalf of foreign missions at no fewer than two hundred centres. It had also been arranged that special prayer should be offered on behalf of this third attempt to enter Nkole.

Calling our Christian porters and boys together, we spent the last half-hour of the day in joining with our fellow Christians throughout Uganda and the world in praying for the missionary work of the Church of Christ. We specially asked God's blessing on our entrance into Lulembo, and prayed that He would greatly prosper our undertaking, and defeat the opposition which we felt sure we should encounter from the old medicine men of the country. It will be seen later how wonderfully this prayer was answered.

So far we had seen little or nothing of the people of the country. But as we drew near to the capital the lowing of cattle on the hills on the right hand and on the left told of the presence of kraals in considerable numbers. Sometimes we came upon a herdsman standing in the characteristic attitude of the man on guard—leaning on his spear, with one foot resting on the knee-joint of the leg on which he was standing. Occasionally we saw three or four spear-armed men hurriedly driving off their cattle as though in fear.

LAKE MAZINGA, NKOLE

But more frequently it was the skyline which told the tale of watching men and numerous herds.

Our entrance into Lulembo was an event which will linger long in our memories. That the country was stirred we could see. Groups of natives gazed upon us curiously; others were seen making their way in various directions, as though bound on some definite errand. Messengers were running hither and thither; the glint of spears in the glowing sunlight flashed jewel-like against and in contrast with the dark-blue shadows of the fleecy clouds with which the sky was flecked.

We had sent forward our head-man to salute Kahaya the king, and met him half-an-hour from the capital, coming back with the king's messengers, bearing his greetings in return. He told us we were welcome, and would be lodged with his chief steward, or Katikiro. For this, when we saw later what the king's quarters were like, we were profoundly thankful. Mbaguta the Katikiro is a "Progressive," and his house and its surroundings were after the Uganda pattern. The king's enclosure was simply a huge cattle kraal, with filth within and without. Our tents were soon pitched, and at three o'clock a message came from Kahaya to say that he was about to visit us.

He came with a huge following of all sorts and conditions of men: some clad, others nude or very nearly so; some chiefs, other, peasants; some armed—indeed, most of them with a weapon of some sort; some of the servile class, the Bairu, but most of the dominant race; all smeared with rancid butter, which tainted the air for some distance around.

It was, indeed, a weird and striking scene which we gazed upon when king, chiefs, and retainers had all taken their seats. Kahaya was a great, overgrown lad of some eighteen years of age, about six feet two inches

in height, and probably weighing eighteen or nineteen stone. He was dressed in semi-European fashion. Some trader or other had doubtless purchased cattle with the cast-off clothing of some corpulent European. Mbaguta the Katikiro, a keen, intelligent-looking man of some forty years of age, was dressed in Uganda fashion, with "kanzu" and a white cloth thrown over his shoulders. Sitting on their haunches, twenty deep, were several hundred spearmen, their spears being stuck in the ground at their side. At the back of this strange group stood the weirdest-looking and most fantastically decorated human beings that it has ever been my lot to look upon. They were the medicine men or wizards of the country, "the power behind the throne," the force with which we really had to do. Their head-gear was mainly of twisted twine decorated with feathers sticking up,

'Like quills upon a fretful porcupine.'

Tiny bells on arms and legs jingled at every movement. Painted faces and greased bodies completed their "get up."

Sitting down in front of this strange group, Dr. Cook and I commenced our conference with the king and his counsellors. We told them why we had come: that we were the servants of the Most High; that we had a message to deliver to the king as well as to his people; that this message had to do both with this life and the next; that those who received it would become better men and better women—better husbands and wives, better parents and children. Nor was this all; our message had in it not only "the promise of this life, but that which is to come." We showed them the Scriptures in Luganda, and told them how they revealed Christ as our God and Saviour—the Saviour

not only from the penalty but also the power of sin. We told them that death is not the end of all things, but that there is a life beyond the grave. We spoke of the resurrection, and of the many mansions in the Father's house, and so on.

We then reminded them of what Christianity had done for the Baganda, for the Batoro and the Banyoro —facts within their own knowledge—and expressed our belief that what God had done for these people He was able and willing to do for the king and people of Nkole.

We expressed our sorrow that we were unable to stay ourselves and teach them the way of salvation, but we hoped before long to send European missionaries to live amongst them. In the meanwhile we had brought with us two earnest Christian men from the neighbouring country of Koki—Andereya and Filipo. These men were willing to stay behind and teach them all they knew of Jesus Christ and His great redeeming love. Were they willing to receive them and to listen to their instruction? This was the question with which we closed our address.

There was no immediate response made. But a good deal of whispering went on for some little time, and then through Mbaguta the king made his reply. He and his people were glad to see us, he said; they quite agreed that what we had told them was the truth; they had heard of what Christian missionaries had done in Uganda, and they themselves would much like to be taught, but—there was a great difficulty in the way of their receiving the two evangelists whom we had brought with us. There was hunger in the land, and it was as much as they could do to feed their own people. It would be better, the king declared, to wait till food was abundant. Then our evangelists might come, and the European missionaries as well, and so on.

But Andereya and Filipo were not to be denied, and they proceeded at once to argue the point. "Oh," said the former, "we don't mind a little hunger; we often in Koki have little to eat. Give us a few bananas every day and we shall be satisfied." "But there aren't any," said the king. "Well, then," replied Andereya, "give us a few potatoes every day and we will ask for nothing more." "The potatoes came to an end long ago," replied the king. "Well, then," rejoined Andereya, "you have got plenty of milk; give us a drink of milk every morning, and another at night, and we will be content." The king, however, intimated that he was not sure they could even do that. This was more than I could listen to in silence, and therefore broke in. "What," I said, "you, the King of Nkole, not able to give two strangers a drink of milk in the morning and another at night. Why, in Uganda they say that the King of Nkole has 20,000 head of cattle, and if I go back and tell them that the king is unable to give milk to two guests, they will surely say that it was a false report we heard of the country—Kahaya the king is only a very little chief after all."

This seemed at once to make a deep impression, and again a whispered conference took place, after which the king answered he would consider the matter and let us know later what could be done. And so the assembly dispersed, to meet again on the morrow.

The morrow came, and with it at nine o'clock the king and his counsellors, the old wizards, as well as the chiefs and their followers. The crisis had come, and the question as to whether the Gospel was to find entrance into Nkole was to be decided that day. For three hours the discussion was continued, one objection after another being met—often indeed, to be misunderstood, and a fresh discussion to be entered upon.

I do not know whether in the whole course of my missionary experience I have ever had such a sense of spiritual conflict upon me as on that never-to-be-forgotten day. It seemed as though Satan and all his host were set in battle array against us. And I cannot but believe that such was really the case, and that the forces of light and darkness were in actual conflict.

It was intensely interesting to notice how acutely every objection to our occupation of the country as teachers of a new religion was met either by Andereya or Filipo. It was parry and thrust, and thrust and parry. At length the victory was won and an agreement come to. The two evangelists were to remain, and be free to teach and preach as they might choose. The king would give a piece of land on which to build a church, and we on our part agreed to send European missionaries at the earliest possible opportunity.

Thus our conference came to an end and we were free to attend to other matters. Dr. Cook, of course, had his hands full in attending to numerous sick ones who sought his help. Among others brought to him was a man with a huge tumour upon his shoulder. The king had heard of a similar tumour being removed by the doctor in Koki, the patient having been operated upon whilst under chloroform. He was very anxious to see a similar operation. Was it possible, he asked, for the doctor to put this man to sleep and remove the tumour? Yes, was the answer, it can be done quite easily. The king was delighted. The hour was fixed for the operation; the instruments, operating table, antiseptics, &c.—in fact, everything was in order; the king and a great crowd of followers came to see the wonder; the doctor was ready; but alas! the patient was nowhere to be found. It was like the play of *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. The

principal character in the drama was missing. The king sent messengers hither and thither in search of him. Whilst waiting I happened to look across the valley, and there on the opposite hillside I saw the man for whom we were waiting, running at top speed with fifty men at his heels. He turned and twisted in his course like a hare with hounds on his track. It was all in vain. In a few minutes he was caught and brought in in triumph. "Now," said the king to the doctor, "let us see him put to sleep." "No," was the answer; "I can only operate with the consent of the patient, and it is quite evident to me that this man does not wish to be operated upon." And so, to the king's intense disgust and disappointment, the whole thing came to an end.

I may add, however, that on visiting Nkole some four years later in company with Dr. J. H. Cook, the same man came and earnestly besought the doctor to have pity on him and remove the tumour. This was done under chloroform before the wondering eyes of the king and chiefs. The man, to his friends' great delight, made a rapid and complete recovery.

Another incident of our visit even happier in its ending was the discovery of his father by the little slave boy who had travelled with us from Koki. On the occasion of the king and his followers coming to see us, he had recognised his father in the person of the fourth greatest chief in the country, and made himself known to him. There was no great outward demonstration of joy on either side, but the lad expressed to me his deep satisfaction at being "at home."

Home life in Africa, as we English folk understand it, there is none apart from Christianity. But as there is without doubt deep down in every human heart a feeling that where father and mother are, there is

home, so even in darkest Africa one finds, even in densest minds, an instinctive clinging to and turning towards the place of upbringing—a place more loved than others—a place of refuge and of rest. And so it was that this little Nkole slave boy in his heart of hearts was glad to be "at home."

And so the time came for us to pursue our onward journey to Toro. How gladly would we have stayed, in order to deepen the impression already made upon those with whom we had come most in contact! But it was impossible; we were expected in Toro, and must hurry on our way thither. However, we comforted ourselves with the thought of the devotion and earnestness of the two evangelists whom we were leaving behind, and the fact that the little slave boy, the son of one of the great chiefs of the country, was already a Christian. It was not a great force with which to commence the evangelisation of a nation, but we remembered that not infrequently a little fire kindles a great matter, and that it is written, "Not by power nor by might but by my Spirit, saith the Lord!"

On December 4th we started on our onward journey. Our way lay through an almost unknown country. The king, however, had kindly provided us with guides; but even they at times were at fault, and to recover the lost track we were obliged occasionally to enlist the services of men from villages through which we passed. The weather was all that could be desired, the air fresh and invigorating; but the scenery was monotonous and uninteresting, a grey haze obscuring its more interesting features, the rocks and mountains of the country.

As we drew near to Ibanda, which has since gained an evil repute through the murder of Sub-Commissioner

Galt, an incident happened which might well have brought disaster upon us. It was in this wise. Having halted hard by a village for rest and refreshment, we were surprised on continuing our journey to see a woman hastening towards us as though with some strong purpose in view. Quickly she made her way through the ripening corn, and falling down on her knees by the wayside, besought our help. She was, she said, a Musoga, but three or four years ago had been kidnapped by some Mohammedan traders and sold as a slave to a man living in the village which we had just left. He, she added, was in the habit of beating her and otherwise ill-treating her. Might she travel under our protection back to Uganda, and thus be enabled to make her way to her own people? We consented to take charge of her, and she joined the rear of our caravan.

Not long after a man with a spear on his shoulder came running to meet us. As he came abreast of me he halted. "That woman," he said, "is my slave. I paid so many cows for her. I want her back again. Give her to me." We told him that we were bound for Ibanda, and if he came on with us we would hear what he had to say there. To this he agreed, and marched on in front. I noticed, however, that whenever he came to a village he always went into it, and that in coming out again he was always followed by three or four men with spears. Eventually I found that we were being followed by an armed force of some thirty or forty men. Evidently they meant business.

On reaching Ibanda, Dr. Cook and I sat down in the shade of wide-spreading trees and awaited the evolution of events. Not long were we kept in suspense. Within half-an-hour there issued from the gate of the village a

crowd of armed men, in the centre of which was our friend the slave-owner. Sticking their spears in the ground, they squatted in a semicircle in front of us, and the claimant commenced with a torrent of words to plead his case. Of course he spoke in Lunyoro, and not in Luganda. We were therefore only able to catch the drift of his remarks, and at the first pause stopped him and suggested that it would be better to wait until our herdsmen arrived, who knew both languages, and would therefore act as interpreter.

Whilst waiting, the chief of Ibanda, a woman, a sister of old Ntale the king, came out with a large retinue to greet us. We told her of our errand to Nkole, and expressed the hope that she and her people, like Kahaya and his people, would consent to be taught. She replied very cautiously that she would wait to hear what happened to Lulembo, the capital, and that if Kahaya gave heed to the instruction of our evangelists, so would she.

I then mentioned to her the case of the slave woman, and told her that it was her duty to send her and her master to the English officer in charge of the district, who would inquire into the case and settle it. She replied that the parties did not belong to her chieftainship, and she would have nothing to do with the matter.

Much disappointed, but yet feeling determined not to give up the wretched woman to her master, I consulted with Dr. Cook as to our next move. Happily, at this moment one of our guides broke in with the information that the chief of the district concerned was actually in the village of Ibanda. A messenger soon brought him. I then told him that it was his duty to take the matter in hand and send the woman

and her master to the British Resident, to whom I promised to write a letter explaining the circumstances. To my great delight, he readily agreed to this proposal, as did also the woman and her master.

Thus a very difficult position, and possible disaster, was avoided. The woman and her master, followed by the chief and the threatening band of spearmen, marched off apparently satisfied. About three weeks later I received a letter from the Resident, stating that the parties had duly appeared before him, and that he had freed the woman and sent her back to her own country, Busoga. "All's well that ends well."

After leaving Ibanda we entered upon a most interesting part of the road. Nkole was left behind, and Kitakwenda, a county of Toro, was entered. Ruwenzori, with its snow-clad peaks, came into view, and all the varied scenery of that volcanic region was spread out before us in all its wonderful beauty. We were now to come in contact with the outlying work of the Church in Toro. Ecob, who was engaged in an itineration through Kitakwenda, we found encamped at Ntara, where both Apolo Kivebulaya and Sedulaka were at work. These two earnest workers, hearing of our approach, came out to meet us, with a number of readers whom they had gathered round them. It was a great joy to see them, and also to see how the Church in Toro was penetrating into the remoter parts of the country.

We were still some four days' journey from Kabarole, the capital of Toro, and a good deal of hard marching still lay before us. Roads there were none. Footpaths, rough and rugged, were the only means of penetrating the tall elephant grass with which the whole face of the landscape was covered. The volcanic

ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA, RUWENZORI IN THE DISTANCE

nature of the country made travelling very difficult. At one moment you were climbing with infinite toil a steep hillside; the next you were almost tumbling down a deep declivity, at the bottom of which was a rocky river-bed, with a rushing stream which nearly carried you off your feet. And then up you went again into an almost impenetrable thicket of scrub and coarse herbage, and so on, with almost unceasing toil, until at length, as we drew near to the capital, the footpath entered upon a fairly wide and well-kept road.

Our welcome in Toro was a very warm one indeed. The king, with the Katikiro, and a large number of their followers, came out a long distance to meet us. Dr. Cook was greeted with very special expressions of joy. The fame of his skill in surgical and medical science had preceded us, and we found many sick and suffering ones looking forward to his arrival with the keenest expectation of relief.

Roscoe, who had been in charge of the work in Toro, had been invalided to Mengo. Maddox we found hard at work, and everything prospering greatly.

In view of my coming, the teachers from the various out-stations had been called in, and I was able to speak to them about their work. Happily this engagement was kept, and also the confirmation held on December 22nd, before fever laid me aside for the remainder of my visit.

On December 27th I was sufficiently recovered to make a start for Mengo. The weather was fine, and the porters anxious to get back to their homes. The result was that such good progress was made that a fortnight, including a visit to Mitiana, saw us once more back at our work in Mengo, after an absence of exactly two months.

It will be a fitting conclusion to this chapter if I

anticipate events and tell briefly the story of the sequel to our visit to Nkole and this last effort made for its evangelisation.

Anxiously we waited for tidings of the two evangelists, Andereya and Filipo, whom we had left behind in Nkole. After some weeks letters came telling how one and another had placed himself under instruction. Then later came the news that Mbaguta was being taught. Then that the king himself had yielded and joined those who were seeking the truth. Months passed by, and we heard from Clayton of the building of a church and the gathering of an increasingly large congregation. And then came glorious news which filled our hearts with thankfulness and praise. It seems that on a certain day the king, Mbaguta, and several chiefs came to Andereya and said: "Now, after all that you have taught us of Jesus Christ and His salvation, we want to tell you that we do not believe in these charms of ours any longer. Here they are; take them and destroy them if you will." "No," said the evangelists; "if we take them your people will say that we are using them for our own benefit. If you do not believe in them, destroy them before your people. Let them see you do it." Whereupon the king ordered a fire to be made in front of his enclosure, and there in the broad light of the day, and in the face of all his people, he cast his precious charms into the fire and destroyed them. Then the Prime Minister and others did the same. All day long that fire was kept burning, and all day long the people came and cast their charms into it.

Since then the king and his Prime Minister and a large number of others have been baptized, and in October 1903, when I was permitted to revisit Nkole, I laid hands in confirmation on the king and Mbaguta

and some eighty of that old-time savage horde, in the presence of some seven hundred worshippers gathered in a church built by the native Christians themselves. So mightily does the Word of God grow and prevail. The further progress of this God-blessed work in Nkole will be told in a later chapter.

BOOK VI

TRANSITION—EXPANSION—CONSOLIDATION

CHAPTER XL

A NEW CENTURY AND A NEW ERA

'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before.'—PHIL. iii. 13.

THE dawning of a new century was destined in the providence of God to be the dawning of a new era for Uganda.

Great Britain had now been responsible for the administration of Uganda for very nearly seven years, and the Foreign Office had come to the conclusion that certain changes were necessary, both in the department of government and in the relations between Great Britain and the kingdom of Uganda. Sir Gerald Portal's treaty of 1893 was regarded more or less as an antiquated document which needed to be brought up to date. The questions of finance and land tenure must, it was felt, be dealt with as soon as possible. The railway was advancing towards the Lake with rapid strides. With its completion would come into being forces and influences which would test and try not merely the moral stamina of the Baganda—that was more a matter for the Mission—but the powers of administration of the best ordered Government.

How, and by whom, was this work of revision and reorganisation to be taken in hand? The British

Government looked about them and selected for it a man of wide experience of tropical Africa and of undoubted capacity, Sir H. H. Johnston, a born philologist and a trained artist. Upon him was conferred the title of Special Commissioner, and very large and exceptional powers were entrusted to him.

On my arrival in Mengo from my journey through Nkole and Toro, as told in the preceding chapters, I found that Sir Harry Johnston had already arrived; and, more than that, had already produced his plans for dealing with the two great questions of finance and land tenure. These proposals, so far as they affected the Baganda, had stirred the country from one end to the other. Chiefs and people were alike affected by them. These proposals were, roughly, the introduction of a hut and gun tax, and a division of the land between H.M. Government and the Baganda. The latter, he proposed, should be secured in the possession of all the cultivated land of the country, whilst the unoccupied and uncultivated land should be vested in H.M. Government, and dealt with in the interests of the Protectorate as a whole.

To these proposals, so far as the land was concerned, the Baganda offered a most uncompromising opposition, and on my arrival in Mengo poured into my ears the tale of their woes and apprehensions. They were ruined, they declared; their country was being taken from them; and their glory had departed. "Nonsense," I exclaimed; "I am quite sure the Government have no intention of doing you any injustice. All that you need do is to tell Sir Harry exactly where you think his proposals press hardly upon you, and he will, I am sure, do everything in his power to meet your wishes."

Fortunately Sir Harry Johnston was far too large-minded a man to take exception to the discussion of

A CURIOUS ROCK IN THE BUKEDI COUNTRY

these matters by the Mission. Indeed, it was in obedience to his own expressed wish that the chiefs sought our counsel. "Go and consult the missionaries," said Sir Harry; "they are your best friends." And so it came about that immediately on my arrival in Mengo on January 8, 1900, I found myself, as in 1893 on the arrival of Sir Gerald Portal, involved in the discussion of political questions of the most far-reaching character.

There was a good deal in Sir H. Johnston's proposals (to my mind) to recommend them, and I frankly told the chiefs so. Much to their surprise, I pointed out the unsatisfactory nature of the then existing state of things with regard to the land. I reminded them that in theory all the land of the country with the exception of the "Butaka"—*i.e.* the burying-place of each family, and therefore its inheritance—belonged to the king, and that he had power to turn a chief out of office and out of his land at a moment's notice. No land, I pointed out, could be properly developed with such a tenure. What was needed was fixity of tenure, which the British Government were prepared to give. But, it was objected, "we are only to have the cultivated land, and that without a certain amount of 'nsiko' (uncultivated land) is useless to us."

This, I eventually found, was the whole crux of the question. The system of land tillage practised in Uganda makes it necessary that after a certain number of years the land should be allowed to lie fallow for a while. Hence the necessity of having a certain amount of "nsiko" in reserve, on which to form new plantations whilst the exhausted land is recovering itself.

I well remember how in the Church Council, on a certain occasion, it was related that the king (Mwanga) was willing to give a large garden to the Church. The

Council, however, inquired how much "nsiko" would go with it. The answer was none. "Then it is useless," was the reply, and the proffered gift was declined with thanks.

This incident will give some idea how essential the chiefs felt it to be that there should be secured to them not merely all the cultivated land but a considerable area of "nsiko" or uncultivated land. On learning what was the chief difficulty in the way of a settlement, I sought an interview with Sir H. Johnston at Entebbe and laid the case before him. He saw the point, and at once set himself to solve the problem. Many conferences took place between Sir Harry and the chiefs, and Mr. F. J. Jackson, the deputy commissioner on Sir Harry's behalf.

I notice in my diary the following significant entries. January 13th, "Mr. Jackson gave the chiefs to-day the Commissioner's explanation of his proposals"; and again, January 16th, "The chiefs' letter to Mr. Jackson was brought to me, making inquiries as to the effect of the new proposals"; and January 17th, "The Commissioner's proposals still under discussion. The chiefs still dissatisfied."

It was now that Sir Harry brought forward his solution of the "nsiko" problem. It was broadly this. The area of Uganda, said Sir Harry, is, roughly speaking, 19,600 square miles. The Government will take 9000 square miles of waste or uncultivated land; 1500 square miles of forest will be reserved for Government control. To the royal family and chiefs of sazas, or counties, there will be reserved 958 square miles, and to other chiefs and land occupiers will be allotted 8000 miles. The Baganda, in marking out their lands, may select cultivated or uncultivated land, or a certain area of each, as they may choose. The only condition is

that the total area marked out does not exceed 8958 square miles. It was an ingenious proposal, and it solved the problem. No sooner was it proposed as a settlement than the question of the day became the square mile. "What is a 'mailo'?" was the inquiry which met you at every turn. Men greeted you in the road, but no sooner were the greetings over than the inevitable question was launched, "What is a 'mailo'?" Visitors came to call upon you, but they never left without asking the same question, "What is a 'mailo'?"

Nor was an answer an easy matter. The chief difficulty was to get our Baganda friends to distinguish between a square mile and a mile square. But gradually the truth went home, and henceforth the term "mailo" became incorporated with the language, and is understood to-day from one end of Uganda to the other.

The question of the hut tax raised little or no difficulty. The Baganda had from time immemorial paid tribute to the king, amounting in 1900 to probably two rupees per hut. Sir Harry proposed that this tribute should cease, and in its place a three-rupee hut tax should be paid to the British Government as a contribution towards the cost of administration. Then a three-rupee gun tax was proposed, and accepted with very little difficulty. Other matters, such as the administration of justice, the constitution of the Lukiko or National Council, the upkeep of roads, and the salaries of the Regents and chiefs of counties, were discussed at considerable length, and finally were embodied in a treaty, a copy of which reached me on February 10th.

On the 12th I received a letter from Sir Harry Johnston, inviting me and Archdeacon Walker to meet the chiefs at his house at Entebbe for the purpose of

discussing the terms of the treaty, with a view to its signature as a final settlement. On the following day we met at nine o'clock, and with an interval for luncheon, continued our conference until 5.30 P.M., when an agreement was arrived at. The treaty signed a month later, on March 10th, in full Baraza, embodies that settlement.

Its chief provisions were, roughly, as follows :—

The young king Daudi Cwa was recognised as the hereditary Kabaka or king of Uganda, and the succession was vested in the family of Mutesa. On the Kabaka attaining his majority, which would not be until he was eighteen years of age, an income of £1500 a year would be secured to him. During his minority £650 a year would be paid to the master of his household, and £400 a year to each of the other chiefs appointed to govern in his name as Regents. Several new "sazas" or counties were formed, making twenty in all. The chiefs of these, styled Abamasaza, were to receive an annual income of £200 a year. The duties of these Abamasaza were, roughly, the administration of justice each in his own court and in his own saza, the assessment and collection of taxes, the upkeep of the main roads, and "the general supervision of native affairs."

The Lukiko or National Council was constituted as follows. In addition to the Regents, who were respectively to bear the title of Prime Minister, Chief Justice, and Treasurer, each Owesaza or chief of a county was to be *ex officio* a member of the Council. These chiefs of sazas were to be permitted to appoint each a representative, who should act in his absence and speak as well as vote in his name. The chief and his representative were not, however, to appear in the Council together. In addition to these *ex-officio*

members, the Kabaka was empowered to nominate three "notables" from each county, who should be members of the Council during his pleasure. The Kabaka was further to be permitted to appoint to the Council six other men of consequence in the country.

To this Lukiko or National Council very considerable powers were entrusted. "The functions of the Council will be," says Section 12 of the treaty, "to discuss all matters concerning the native administration of Uganda, and to forward to the Kabaka resolutions which may be voted by a majority regarding measures to be adopted by the said administration." And further, the Lukiko or a Committee of it was constituted a court of appeal, so that any litigant dissatisfied with the decision of the Owesaza (or chief of county) might claim a revision of the judgment.

In my opinion this agreement, from the point of view of the Baganda, was a wise one. It did much and secured much for them. It gave them fixity of tenure of their lands. It secured to them a large measure of self-government. It allowed to them the administration of justice in their own courts according to native law. It gave them timber rights, and rights over the fruits of their forests, and mineral rights in their lands. It also brought to an end the very unsatisfactory arrangement, included in Sir Gerald Portal's treaty of 1893, of two Katikiros. Henceforth there was to be but one, with the title of Prime Minister.

One other great fact was apparent upon the face of this document—the treaty of 1900—and that was that it rang the death-knell of the feudal system in Uganda. Whether that would turn out to be a blessing or a misfortune time alone could tell. Military service was still to be rendered in case of need at the call of the king, but labour could only be exacted when the

penalty of disobedience was an eviction from a tenancy at will. A landed proprietorship having been created, such a penalty was no longer possible. Wages and rent, it was clear, must henceforth find place in the economic system of Uganda. Until chief and people recognised what these things meant, a certain amount of confusion was inevitable. Years, it was clear, must elapse before this new order of things could be thoroughly established. In the meanwhile the outward aspect of things in the country would certainly suffer. Houses and fences would fall into disrepair; gardens would be neglected. Little or no cultivation would be done. Men everywhere would do as little as possible for the improvement of property until they knew what their own share was likely to be.

Very wisely Sir Harry Johnston had left the division of the lands among the claimants in the hands of the National Council. Had he attempted to deal with these matters he would have involved himself and his officers in an endless controversy, which, however settled, would have given dissatisfaction. Even the National Council, with all its knowledge of men and native law and custom, found the task a most difficult one. For instance, a man settled in the east of Uganda had his "butaka" or family inheritance in the west. Naturally he wished his share of land to be in close proximity to his "butaka." The man in occupation had to be turned out, and he in his turn sought his portion of land near *his* "butaka," which might possibly be in the north of Uganda. The occupant of these had to be turned out, and so on. Thus the game of "general post" went on merrily until the whole population was in movement. Streams of men, women, and children going east with all their household goods, cattle, sheep, goats, and fowls, met similar

streams going west. Evicted tenants from the north were able to greet their friends in a similar condition from the south. And so the game was played until every one was sorted and settled down in his own place.

It was a curious condition of affairs, and in any other than native hands must have led to disaster. As it was, all that was needed was time for things to right themselves, and patience in dealing with each difficulty as it arose. Thus was a peaceful revolution of a far-reaching character effected, and the burning question of the land settled.

So far we have dwelt upon the right of self-government conceded to the Baganda and the break-up of the feudal system as the result of the land legislation initiated by the Special Commissioner. Let us now briefly glance at one other important measure introduced into the treaty of March 10, 1900. I refer to the hut tax. There are many objections to be urged against the imposition of a tax of this kind in Uganda. Its immediate result, from some points of view, was without question an evil one. It led almost at once to overcrowding, to insanitary conditions, and to a certain amount of immorality. It tended not only to a higher death rate, but also to a lower marriage and ultimately to a lower birth rate. Young men hesitated to take upon themselves the responsibility of marriage when they knew that the building of a hut meant what in that day was regarded as a heavy tax.

But although having much of evil in it, it had this great merit—it stirred to action and electrified into life the whole nation. Men knew that by a certain date the requisite rupees must be forthcoming on the visit of the tax collector. They set to work immediately to raise the needed amounts. Men from the more distant parts of the country poured into such

centres of population as Mengo and Entebbe seeking work, the reward of which would be rupees. Thus it came about that the element of wages was introduced into the life of the Baganda, and another revolution—an economic one—was effected.

The economic effects of such an instrument as the treaty of March 10th were fairly easy to foresee. What moral results were likely to ensue, beyond these to which I have already referred as connected with the imposition of the hut tax, was a much more difficult question to determine. It was clear that feudal ties would be broken and feudal restraints relaxed. Men and women, nay even children, would be cast more and more upon their own resources. How would this affect them? Would they rise to a sense of their responsibilities? Would freedom from restraint lead to licence, and licence to lawlessness? These were questions which for several years past we had been carefully considering. We know that changes must inevitably come in the social life of the people, but in what way the new era would be inaugurated we had no conception. The railway, it seemed to us, would be the most likely means. With it would come a flood of outside influences which would test and try the moral stamina of the Baganda. Of this we felt convinced. But the railway was still very far from completion. It had not yet begun to climb the Mau escarpment. Five years or more must certainly elapse before it reached the Lake, and even then it would take some further time to influence to any appreciable degree the life of the Baganda.

The sudden break-up of the feudal system in 1900 without doubt took us by surprise, but found us not altogether unprepared. We had consistently and for some years adopted the means we felt most likely to be

effectual in preparing men and women to resist the flood of temptation which so-called civilisation would surely bring with it. It appeared to us that the well-taught Christian would be the strong Christian. We therefore expected from all our candidates for baptism not merely the ability to read the Scripture in their own tongue—that was a *sine quâ non*—but also an intelligent knowledge of the books of the Gospel, tested by thorough examination. Candidates for confirmation were further taught, and a fulness of knowledge expected from them which was not looked for in their earlier preparation for baptism.

Education, too, as distinct from special preparation for baptism and confirmation, had been pressed forward with all the means at our disposal; so that whereas in 1895 hardly a hundred children were receiving secular education at our hands, in 1900, 12,000 were under instruction.

Training in industrial work, too, we also considered to be a means to the great end in view, viz. the equipment of the whole man for the battle of life. The commencement of this work has already been referred to in Book IV. Chap. III. Since its initiation a considerable development had taken place. At the beginning of the new century Martin Hall thus described the Industrial Mission and its work :—

"The hill of Nviri Bulange is situated about three-quarters of a mile to the west of Namirembe Hill, and is crowned with the well-constructed buildings of the Industrial Mission. At the north end of the levelled summit stands the house of the superintendent of the industrial work, Mr. K. Borup, to whose untiring industry and mechanical skill much of the success is due. On either side of the open space runs

a long building containing the various workshops, dormitories, and classrooms of the apprentices. On the left, as you face Mr. Borup's house, is a building containing two carpenter's shops, from which some excellent work has been turned out, the results of which may be seen throughout the Bishop's new house; the door and window frames, as well as the panelled doors and shutters and not a little of the furniture, having been made by the apprentices at Bulange. All the woodwork in the beautiful new hospital is also their handiwork. There is also a printing-office in the building, containing four hand-presses, a cutting-machine, and a machine for sewing books with wire. Here a good deal of printing is done for the Government—*e.g.*, the whole of the new National Constitution, regimental orders, return forms, &c., is the work of the Bulange boys, who make excellent compositors. At the present time they are engaged in printing a native commentary on S. Matthew's Gospel and a first reading-book in Lutoro—a second edition. In the past they have printed reports of the Diocesan Conference, and two editions of the Church Canticles pointed for singing, and much other useful literature."

The reader will gather from this extract that the Industrial Mission was doing good service in the direction of aiding in the great work of fitting the Baganda for the demands which would be made upon them as they came in contact with the outside world, and that in the organisation of the growing Church provision had been made for physical as well as spiritual and intellectual culture; and all this with the supreme end in view of enabling the Christians to meet that flood of temptation which, sooner or later, we were convinced must come upon them.

No sooner was the treaty of March 10th signed than chiefs and people alike commenced in downright earnest to do their part in fulfilling its obligations. The former were concerned principally in marking out their land claims. The latter (the peasantry) found their occupation in seeking to raise the three rupees for their hut tax. It does not sound a large sum—four shillings. But it must be remembered that in 1900 there were comparatively few rupees in the country. Tens of thousands of people had never seen a rupee in their life. Cowrie shells, of course, they were familiar with, and these for a time were accepted by the Government at the rate of eight hundred to a rupee. But even the raising of two thousand four hundred shells was a great task for very many of the people. How hardly they were put to it could be seen in the devices adopted for "raising the wind." All kinds of weird things were brought for sale—curios which for years had not seen the light of day—shields, spears, and charms connected with the Lubare worship. Resort was even had to an old custom, and parents pawned their children for a year or two. Every Mission station was thronged with men seeking work. Nothing came amiss; even the cultivation of land—the last thing a man will do, as it is women's work—was not despised and turned away from.

An offer made by the Special Commissioner to remit the hut tax in exchange for certain wild animals brought in to Entebbe alive "caught on" at once. A young elephant secured the remission of the tax on one thousand huts—equal to £200. Hunters went out immediately into the wilds, and many a cow was killed for the calf which died sooner or later on the road. A young zebra was worth the tax on thirty huts, a "hippo" that on a hundred; whilst a wild pig only

secured remission of the tax on a solitary dwelling-place. It was not long before the Commissioner was obliged to cry "Hold! enough," and the taxpayer had to resort to more prosaic methods of getting the needed rupees.

The effect upon our work of this widespread disturbance of the country—the game of "general post," and this sudden start up into life and activity of those who for so long had been accustomed to "take things easy"—was for a time very marked. Congregations were scattered, classes broken up, and for about three months the routine work of the Church practically ceased. Then came a period of resettlement. New congregations took the place of the old ones which had been scattered to the four winds. Fresh classes were formed as new candidates for baptism or confirmation came forward. Thus gradually the work resumed its normal aspect and settled down on very much the same lines as before.

But the statistics for the year showed how serious had been the immediate effect upon our work of the inauguration of the new order of things. Although, taking several years together, this was a period of growth, there was a considerable falling off for the year in the number of those baptized compared with the previous year. In 1899, 4796 souls had been admitted into the visible Church. The number for 1900 was 4304—a diminution of nearly 500. The falling off in the number of children under instruction was even more marked. In the former year 11,359 were in our schools. In the latter year the number sank to 7682. The finances of the Church also felt the effect of the new Government measures, although not to such an extent as we feared. The offertories fell from Rs. 5076 to Rs. 4724. In the book depart-

ment, however, the effect was much more serious. For a time sales almost ceased, and no man would part with his money. The hut tax was the first consideration, and until that had been got together all else must give way. But besides this very reasonable desire to make the home secure, the break-up of classes for instruction lessened the need for books, and consequently the demand.

But all these results of the new legislation we felt were but temporary, and that in a few months time things would right themselves. Nor were we disappointed. Even before the year 1900 had run its course there commenced an era of progress in the Church such as it had never yet seen, and at the close of 1901 the lost ground had been more than made up. The baptisms sprang up from 4304 to 5536. The children in our schools increased from 7682 to 12,363, and the native contribution to the work of the Church rose from Rs. 4724 to Rs. 5406. But perhaps the most significant and cheering advance was in the number of teachers and evangelists engaged in the work. The number at the close of 1900 was 2026, but a year later the number stood at 2408.

The book sales, too, took a sudden leap forward, and more than resumed their former average. In 1899 the total number of books sold was 60,338. The cowrie shells received in exchange numbered 7,358,000, or as many as 368 men could carry at 70 lbs. each. These shells realised £1026. In 1900 the sales fell to £784; but in 1901, when the affairs of the country were more settled, books and stationery, &c. to the amount of £1100 were disposed of.

The sale of books I have always regarded as a good indication of the attitude of the people towards the work of the Church. Large sales spoke of interest if

not of enthusiasm. On the other hand, small sales were eloquent of lack of interest if not of indifference. Large sales of the Mateka, or first reading-book, told of heathen seeking instruction ; a ready sale of the Bishop's Catechism was an indication that candidates for Confirmation were coming forward ; and so on. It was encouraging, therefore, to notice how almost every kind of book was in increasing demand. This meant, as the event proved, that a general revival in every department of the work was in progress, and that we should very soon see it in crowded classes and in Baptism and Confirmation services.

The resettlement of the country consequent upon the new land tenure brought with it a considerable amount of work both for the Church Council and all the missionaries in charge of districts. Included in Sir Harry Johnston's powers was authority to deal with the land claims of the Church. She had for years been in possession of a certain amount of landed property. As need arose she had from time to time applied to the king for a site here or there, for a Mission station, or for other necessities of the work of the Church. These, having been granted, were held not by the Church Missionary Society but by the Mengo Church Council. Sir Harry Johnston, instead of holding an inquiry into the validity of our title to this or that *piece* of land, took the simpler method of allotting to each Mission a certain area of land which might be held in various parts of the Protectorate. "If," said he, "your land claims are in excess of that amount, you must cut them down. If they happen to be less, you may add to them the amount of square miles by which they fall short." This proposal was readily accepted by the Missions, and on the conclusion of the treaty we commenced at once to mark out the number

of square miles allotted to us, including, of course, all the estates of which we were then in possession. This, as I have said, threw a considerable amount of work and a large measure of responsibility both upon the Church Council and the missionaries in charge of districts. But upon no one did it fall more heavily than upon Millar, who acted as correspondent on behalf of the Church and generally conducted the business of the registration of our claims. This work was not completed until well on in the year 1901.

Happily at this time of stress of work and of great possibilities, as shown by the figures which I have quoted, there was a notable increase in the strength of the missionary staff. Willis, Weatherhead junior, Fraser, Davies, Kemp, and Phillips arrived in December 1900. They had been preceded by four ladies new to the work, the Misses A. E. Allen, A. B. Glass, R. Hurditch, and A. H. Robinson, who reached Mengo on March 31st. Of the men, Willis was located in Nkole to take up the work so auspiciously begun, as told in Book V. Chap. XXXIX. Weatherhead was assigned to Nakanyonyi, Fraser to Mengo, Davies to Busoga, and Kemp to Nasa. Of the ladies, Miss Allen was located at Gayaza and Miss Robinson in Mengo, while Miss Hurditch it was decided should go to Toro and share there the work amongst women with Miss Pike, who was being transferred from Gayaza. This location of ladies in the far-away country of Toro was an extension of women's work which in the providence of God was to be attended with most happy results.

On Trinity Sunday, June 10th, Yosiya Kizito, Yoweri Wamala, and Aloni Muyinda were ordained to the Diaconate, whilst Samwili Kamwakabi and Edwadi Bakayana, together with Fisher and Casson, were admitted to Deacons Orders. The native ministry was

now assuming large proportions. It numbered twenty-seven priests and deacons, and was doing good service in ministering to the increasing thousands who were yearly being gathered into the fold of Christ.

The effect of this welcome accession to our strength, timely and helpful as it was, was sadly marred by the distressing illness of several members of the Mission. Archdeacon Walker went down with black-water fever, and was invalided home in June. From the same cause Weatherhead followed in December. Dr. A. R. Cook, who in March had married Miss Timpson, was a few weeks later laid aside with a lengthened attack of typhoid fever. Mrs. Lloyd also was terribly ill—nigh unto death—but happily was raised up again. But in August the heaviest blow of all fell in the death of Martin Hall by drowning at the south of the Lake.

In the meanwhile calls were coming to me from various parts of the field. Singo and the islands were especially insistent. At Mitiana and in the island of Busi beautiful new churches had been built and were awaiting dedication. To such calls there could be but one answer, and with as little delay as possible I responded. The church at Mitiana was dedicated on Easter Sunday, and that at Busi on the following Sunday. Then came visits to Nakanyonyi in June, Bulemezi in July, Busoga in August, and in October a long journey through Budu to Koki and back, and finally on December 3rd I started on my fourth visit to that interesting sphere of labour Toro.

Among the notable events of the year was the completion of the new hospital, and its opening by Sir Harry Johnston on May 31st. It was a fine building some 120 feet long, and at its widest part 60 feet across. It had been built by the Baganda themselves, under the supervision of Mr. Borup. In it there

was accommodation for fifty beds—twenty-five for men, and a similar number for women. There was also an operating room, with many conveniences for the surgical work of the doctors.

How much such a building was needed will be gathered from the fact stated in the report that no fewer than 511 sick ones were treated within its wards during the year 1900, and that some 233 operations, some of them of a most severe character, were performed, whilst the attendance of the outdoor patients numbered 33,983.

The spiritual work carried on among these sick ones was of a very striking character. Dr. J. H. Cook speaks in one of his letters of the "joy" of it, and his brother, Dr. A. R. Cook, writing at the same time of the results, says :—

"One interesting fact, not of course confined to hospital patients, may be taken as absolutely true, the change in the face of those who are learning about Christ. I have seen this over and over again, and on asking others, they have told me the same thing. Their faces seem positively plastic under the moulding of the Holy Spirit. The dull, unintelligent look that so many of the quite ignorant wear on first coming into the wards changes in as short a period as two or three weeks into a far more intelligent and brighter 'facies' to use a medical term. We doctors speak of the 'facies Hippocratici' and the 'facies' of this or that disease, but thank God this is a 'facies' of life, everlasting life, and not of death or disease."

Here is an answer, if any were needed, to any one who questions from a missionary standpoint the "worthwhileness" of medical missions. They are a spiritual force doing a Christ-like work. Of their

necessity, as of their scope, there can be no doubt. As Whittier says :—

'The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of your common need,
To render less is thine.
The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With patience, trust, and hope;
The sufferings of a sin-sick world
Shall give thee ample scope.'

CHAPTER XLI

PROGRESS

'There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still,
The blue of Heaven is larger than the cloud.'

E. B. Browning.

The year 1901 opened mournfully, with clouds and dark shadows. The telegraph, which had recently reached Mengo and had been carried on to Entebbe, brought us in the closing days of January the sad and solemn tidings of the death of Queen Victoria. The sympathy of the Baganda with us in our sorrow was very real, and showed itself in many touching ways. Not only did they attend in large numbers the memorial services in the Cathedral and at Entebbe, but many of the principal chiefs called upon us specially to condole with us. "Queenie," as they had long been accustomed to call Her Majesty, was to them the very personification not only of power but also of wisdom and goodness. "Sorrow has indeed come to you, my friend," was the salutation which greeted you for many a day as Baganda friends met you in the way.

The echoes of the booming minute-guns had hardly died away when I found myself once more on the road. Ndeje and Ngogwe were in turn visited within the space of a week. At the former place 342 candidates were confirmed, and at the latter 99. Then came Confirmations at Busi, Jungo, Gayaza, and finally

Mengo. At the service at the latter place no fewer than 407 candidates received the laying on of hands. Altogether the first three months of 1901 saw no fewer than 1253 men and women added to the communicants roll—a notable increase for which one was profoundly thankful, as a token that the stream of the Church's life was deepening as well as widening.

With this increase in the inner circle of the Church there was given, happily, an enlarged scope for work. The province of Bwekula, on the western border of Singo, had for some time been in our minds as a field which with as little delay as possible should be occupied. Tegart, who in 1899 was in charge of the Singo work, gathered together a band of young men and led them forth, planting one here and another there. The experiment was a hazardous one, as the whole of Bwekula was under the control of Roman Catholic chiefs, intolerant to a degree. Persecution and hindrance there was certain to be for some time to come. However, these young Baganda evangelists went forth full of zeal and hope—their very hopefulness a sure augury of success. A pessimistic missionary is foredoomed to failure. The optimist, on the other hand, has reached his goal before he starts in the race. Hope is born of faith, and honours that God who has said, "Them that honour Me I will honour." Rarely if ever in my missionary experience have I known a missionary who doubted of success achieve it. Nor have I ever seen a missionary disappointed who tackled his work in the spirit of one to whom the prospect was as bright as the promises of God could make it. Sooner or later his testimony is that of those who in the early days came back to the Master who had sent them forth with the confession, "Even the devils are subject unto us in Thy name."

Nor were we disappointed in Bwekula. Although at the beginning of the work there was but one solitary reader in the whole of the province, before eighteen months had passed by some 1500 were under instruction. Happily, in January 1901 we were able to send Lewin, who had just returned from furlough, to take charge of this highly promising work. The following is the testimony to what had already been accomplished :—

"Only some eighteen months ago the darkness was deep and great; now—and it rejoices me to say it—some 1500 persons are under daily instruction in the little villages dotted from the Katonga river in the south to the Albert Lake in the north. I am sure this speaks much for the teachers sent amongst them, who, in the midst of bitter persecution—for when we first came every chief in the district was against us—have been able, by the good hand of our God upon them, to do so much. The devotion of some of them has been most marked. One living not far from the Albert Lake, where the people are of the poorest type, came and told me almost with tears that their little church had fallen down, and while saying that he was sleeping in a wretched hut exposed to rain and wild beasts (for it is a noted place for lions and leopards), yet added, 'Although it is a real hardship living out here with such dirty people, poor housing, and no bananas, yet let them only first build a new house for God and I will gladly put up with my personal discomforts.' Another, on receiving Rs.3 and 600 shells, gave Rs.3 to his parents, keeping only the 600 shells to go towards his clothing. Such, taking them as a whole, has been their spirit, and it is owing to them that the results are what they are."

Since this was written there has been further progress "all along the line." The temporary church at

Kikoma (the central station), built to accommodate two hundred and fifty worshippers, has been replaced by a substantial structure capable of seating seven hundred. Mikaeri Bagenda, a native pastor of much force of character, is in charge, and at the time of writing (October 1907) more than a thousand souls have actually been brought into the Church, of whom more than four hundred have their names on the communicants roll. Some hundred and fifty teachers and evangelists are at work in various parts of the provinces, and large numbers of children gather day by day in the schools. So true is it that

'The fountain of God is full of the *rainstorms* of Blessing.'

Another direction in which further scope was given to our work at this particular juncture was eastward in what is known as the Bakedi country, *i.e.* the country of the "wild" or "naked people." Simei Kakungulu, the chief of Bugerere on the west bank of the Nile near to its junction with Lake Kioga, had brought occasionally some Bakedi to work for him at his place near Mengo. There we had come in contact with them, and in consequence longed for the day when we might be able to do something for their evangelisation.

The first missionary to pay them a visit was Blackledge. Early in 1899 he made his way from Nakanyonyi to Bugerere, and thence crossing the Nile, found himself in the midst of this wild people. He tells of a gathering of some five hundred of them, and how in answer to his appeals several of their chiefs got up and in the presence of their followers stated their willingness to receive Christian teachers. They had heard what the Gospel had done for the Baganda, and wished a like blessing.

In January 1900 Buckley paid these same people a visit, and spent some two or three weeks among them. Crossing Lake Kioga in canoes, he made his way to the headquarters of Simei Kakungulu, who had recently been made the overlord of the Bukedi country.

Simei Kakungulu is one of the most remarkable men whom I have ever met in Central Africa. He is one of nature's gentlemen, but one whose natural refinement of character has been beautified by many Christian graces. A gallant soldier, a splendid organiser, and a far-seeing politician, he has imbued almost every Government officer or European traveller with whom he has come in contact with the highest opinions of his uprightness of conduct, capacity for administration, and staunch loyalty to the British Government. In 1893 Simei held the high office of Kimbugwe in King Mwanga's household. He found, however, that the tradition of the office obliged him more or less to take up and maintain an attitude of hostility towards the Katikiro. The result was that the two chief men in the kingdom were continually "fratching," to use a north-country expression. This hostile feeling communicated itself somewhat to their followers. So much was this the case at one time that it was with difficulty that they were prevented from coming to blows.

I have now in my possession a letter from Simei, written in 1893, announcing his resignation of his office, and telling me that his action was due entirely to his strong conviction that as a Christian man it was impossible for him to live a life of continual contention with a fellow Christian. He gave up high office and large emoluments entirely from conscientious motives, and retiring to Bugerere, lived a life of comparative obscurity. From that he was called, as I

have already stated, by the Government to the overlordship of Bukedi. There Buckley found him on the occasion of his visit at the beginning of 1900. Simei heartily welcomed his visitor. Men were set to work, and in a few days a rude church was run up, in which on the Sunday following some two hundred and fifty people came together for worship.

In November 1900 Crabtree, who had been engaged in linguistic work at Gayaza, started with his wife for a holiday, proposing to travel in the same direction as the previous visitors to the Bukedi country. He eventually made his way to Masaba in the district of Mount Elgon, and established himself at a place called Nabumale among the Bagishu, a large tribe, said to be almost as numerous as the Baganda, but cut up into a number of small clans, each clan independent of the other, and only those associating who were immediately contiguous.

So attractive did Crabtree find the opening, and so great the opportunity for work, that he wrote and asked my permission to remain. This was readily accorded. His belongings at Gayaza were sent for—a house was built—the people called together and told of the object of our mission. Some agreed at once to come under instruction. A place of meeting—a school or church, call it which you will—was run up, and extension to Bukedi became an accomplished fact: an interesting and almost unique ending to a holiday trip.

The Bagishu, among whom Crabtree and his wife thus found themselves settled at the beginning of 1901, are Bakedi in the sense of their being "wild and naked people." But it is a question whether they ought not properly to be regarded as people of Kavirondo. However that may be, the broad fact remains that at

ONE OF THE SHOULDERS OF MT. ELGON, "NKOKO NJERU"

Masaba we have to do with a people as primitive, as ignorant, and as superstitious as perhaps any people in Africa.

Their language is an archaic form of Bantu, and has in it many words closely allied to both Luganda and Lunyoro. This fact lends a certain amount of probability to a belief current among the Baganda that they as well as the Bunyoro came originally from Masaba.

Hardly any of the clans into which the tribe is divided live in the plains ; they are hill-dwellers, mainly for the sake of security. Some few are dwellers in caves for the same reason. On the spurs of Mount Elgon they find their chief safety, cultivating in the valleys but living on the heights.

They are a wild, undisciplined people, mostly nude, much given to strong drink of their own manufacture, living mainly on sweet potatoes and a small grain called " bulo," and implicit believers in witchcraft and the power of evil spirits, whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices and offerings of various kinds.

Whilst the Church was thus utilising the forces of her deepening stream of life in extension both east and west, she was at the same time engaged in the task of establishing herself more firmly at the centre of her activities. The true processes in Church work should always be carried on simultaneously. There must ever be fulness of life and power at the heart, or there will be weakness at the extremities. And therefore it was that at this period of extension the utmost efforts were directed to the supremely important task of training teachers, evangelists, and candidates for ordination. The result was that while at the close of 1900 we had eighty-nine such men under instruction, a year later the number had risen to one

hundred and eighty-nine. The schools at Mengo showed a similar increase, and also the classes for Bible study. This study, as I have pointed out in an earlier part of this work, was influencing the life and the thoughts of the people to a remarkable degree. Scripture names were almost always given at baptism. A chief would call his place by a name suggested by Scripture. Their letters were full of Scripture phrases. How far Scripture had at this time permeated the life of the Baganda will perhaps be best shown by the following incident which happened at a meeting of the National Council. The Katikiro himself tells the story.[1]

"I am writing you an account of a strange thing that has taken place in our Council, referring to Mohammedans. Mbogo, a son of Suna (the king who preceded Mutesa), the head of the Mohammedans, came before the Council accusing an Islamite, Mabizi, of calling himself by the name of God and claiming that he had seen a vision from heaven in which he was told that his name was now to be Allah Sudi Delaki, and he received four other names besides. Mbogo claimed that the man was lying. So the Council asked him, 'Are these things so?' and he replied that they were. He said also that for a long time he had had visions, and that his relations confirmed this, and believed in them all. 'On March 1st this year,' he said, 'I saw a vision, and Allah! (God!) said to me: "You shall be called 'Allah Sudi Delaki' and 'Messenger' and 'Apostle' and 'Highest' and 'Prophet';" and, my friends, I did not know whether these names were good or bad. Now, if you in this Council tell me that the people must not call me so, I will obey you.' After hearing all the witnesses, we asked the Mohammedans what their opinion was of the man, and they replied

[1] "Uganda Notes."

that he ought to be put to death for blaspheming God. But the Christians in the Council said: 'It is not good to kill him, because the words are not against man but God. Let God fight for Himself. He will defend His Holy Name.' And they fetched a Bible and referred to Acts v. 34–40, and xii. 21–24, and said, 'God will Himself pass sentence on him.' He left the Council in great joy, saying he had overcome his accusers; but as soon as he reached the threshold of his house he was taken very ill, fell down suddenly, and blood rushed from his nose in a stream, and he died almost immediately. When they heard this everybody was greatly astonished, and said God was truly present and His name had been glorified, and must not be trifled with, for He is Lord of Heaven and earth, and all feared Him greatly."

What a graphic story! How touching in its simplicity! The accuser, Mbogo, the son of Suna—the accused, a false prophet—the charge, blasphemy—the Bible sent for—the passages quoted—God's judgment upon Herod because he gave not Him the glory—Gamaliel's advice to the Sanhedrin, "If this thing be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found fighters against God." And then the climax—the man dismissed, his sudden and awful end; and finally the conclusion, "And all men feared the Lord greatly."

It would be difficult to describe in plainer terms than this story tells the influence which the Word of God has exercised on the hearts and minds of the people of Uganda, or the wonderful change which in a few short years has come over the land. Only fifteen years before Mwanga had plotted in that Council the destruction of the infant Church, and now that very Council—composed now, of course, of Christian men—

before coming to a conclusion on a question of importance, asks the solemn question, "What say the Scriptures?" and gives its decision in accordance with their teaching.

And on another matter bearing very intimately upon the Church's life the study of the Word of God had considerable influence. I refer to the question of a new cathedral. To some minds this may not appear to bear very closely upon the life of the Church, and yet in truth it does. What the Church is at the capital, that more or less the churches are throughout the country. The order of service in the cathedral is very closely, very scrupulously followed in the country districts, and thus a shabby, tumble-down church with a slovenly service at Mengo really meant similar structures and similar services elsewhere. On the other hand, a well-built and well-ordered cathedral would influence church building, and therefore to a certain extent Church life, throughout Uganda.

It must be confessed that in 1901 our cathedral was getting very dilapidated. It had now been standing some years; but the materials of which it was built were of a very flimsy kind—timber, reeds and grass. Decay began to set in even before it was finished. There was a great deal to admire in such a building. The great forest of poles supporting the roof was a striking feature in its construction. The vistas down the aisles, and the lights glinting on a pole here and another there, were very beautiful. The mellow, yellow reeds, tied together with a dark-brown fibre in long horizontal lines and quaint tracery, were distinctly picturesque. It was all so entirely native; you could not imagine such a building anywhere else than in Africa. Had it been a permanent structure, one would have said, "Let it stand; we want nothing

better or more suitable." But the life of such a building is hardly more than six or seven years, and continual renewal or rebuilding is a sore tax upon limited native resources. It was felt that the time had come for building a really permanent cathedral. But of what material? That was the "rub." Stone is a minus quantity in Mengo. The wattle and daub structure was unsubstantial; reeds and timber even more so. Brick, it was clear, was the only alternative. But what about the cost of such a building? How was it to be paid for? How were funds to be raised?

I have said that the study of the Scriptures had had a considerable influence on this question. It was in this wise. A meeting of the chief and more prominent Christians was called by the Katikiro to consider the matter. As a matter of course a passage of Scripture was read, viz. 1 Chron. xxix. The whole meeting was struck with David's question and its response: "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? Then the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's work, offered willingly." And so it was determined it should be in Uganda; every man should give according to his means. The cost of the building was first estimated, and then the amount to be given by each chief was mutually agreed upon. The Regents gave Rs.500 each, equal to £33, 6s. 8d., and the lesser chiefs in proportion to their means, and so on. But this was not all. No sooner was the plan of the building decided upon than the whole body of the Christian men, women, and children set to work to do their part towards the accomplishment of this great undertaking.

It was an inspiring sight to see long strings of men going to the swamps every day to dig clay, and then

to see them wending their way up the steep hillside of Namirembe, heavy loads of clay upon their heads. Heading the procession was often the Katikiro himself (now Sir Apolo Kagwa, K.C.M.G.), carrying a heavier load than any of the others. Even boys of seven or eight years of age did their share, and carried their little burdens of clay for the brick-makers.

Then the women were fired with the prevailing enthusiasm, and went out into the forests and gathered wood for the burning of the bricks. Princesses and wives of chiefs, as well as peasant women, vied with one another in their eager desire to help forward the work of building for the worship of God a house that should be "exceeding magnifical."

The plan as set out by Mr. Borup, who superintended the whole work from first to last, was cruciform. The entire length was to be 210 feet. It was to be lighted by seventy windows. Eighteen round brick columns with octagonal bases were to support the roof, which was to be surmounted by three spires. The seating capacity was to be about 4000.

At length on June 18th the foundation-stone of the new cathedral was laid by the young king Daudi Cwa. The stone was a great block which for some time had served to mark the last resting-place of George Pilkington. It weighed nearly half a ton. A marble cross had been sent out from England, so the huge block was free to be consecrated to another service. The little king, assisted by Borup, lowered it into its place, repeating as he did so the solemn words, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

And so the great enterprise was launched, a work which was to take some two years to complete. But its doing was to be a great help and blessing to the

doers. It was to call out perseverance and patience. It was to give new ideas as to labour ; it was to deepen love, to strengthen faith, and to impart lessons of humility and self-abasement, as well also as self-sacrifice and self-denial. And so the prayers of more than one engaged in the work came to be not only that it might be brought to a successful conclusion, but that it might be worthy of Him for whose worship and glory it was being done.

> 'Forgive the weakness and the pride,
> If marred thereby our gift may be,
> For love at least has sanctified
> The altar that we raise to Thee.'

CHAPTER XLII

THE UGANDA RAILWAY

'The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like the foot-prints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.'

LONGFELLOW.

As we have already seen, the dawning of the new century was for Uganda the dawning of an era of change. The old order of things was passing away. The legislation of 1900 was responsible for much—the break-up of the feudal system and the introduction of rent and wages. In 1901 three other silent but irresistible forces commenced to work in the same direction, changing almost imperceptibly, but very really, the lives of thousands. I refer to the electric telegraph, steam communication across the Lake, and the Uganda Railway. To the coming of the electric telegraph I have already alluded. Steam communication across the Lake was established by the launching of the *William Mackinnon* in November 1900, and her arrival at Entebbe early in the following year. On December 20, 1901, the first locomotive of the Uganda Railway reached Kisumu, the terminus on the Victoria Nyanza.

These three forces were in truth but one. Each was incomplete without the other for all practical purposes. Each was the complement of the other, and therefore in considering them, effects may be dealt with as one; the Uganda Railway was the embodiment of all.

This railway, commenced in 1896, was the logical conclusion of the decision of the British Government to become responsible for the administration of Uganda. It was a political as well as a commercial necessity. To secure our position as the protecting power in Uganda, a railway was absolutely indispensable. We have seen already how invaluable in hurrying up troops at the time of the Sudanese mutiny in 1897 was the small section (not more than one-sixth) then completed. It is safe to say that had it not been for that one hundred miles of railway Uganda would have been for a time at any rate lost to us.

But the railway was not only a political, it was also a financial necessity. Uganda would never pay the cost of administration unless the products of her fertile soil could be brought cheaply into the markets of the world. Her development and that of the interior of British East Africa depended absolutely, from a commercial standpoint, upon the construction of a railway. The cheers which greeted the announcement of the Government in the House of Commons in 1896 that the building of the railway had been sanctioned, was the expression of a general recognition of this twofold necessity.

The railway as it is to-day, completed and in running order, is a remarkable achievement, a triumph of engineering skill over difficulties of no ordinary kind. The scarcity of water, the little labour available, the lack of material—indeed, of almost everything needful for such an undertaking—were some of the obstacles to be overcome. Then there was the fight with the unhealthy climate of the coast districts, the necessity of importing not merely labourers from India by the thousand, but also food for their maintenance; added to these difficulties, there were those connected with

the configuration of the country. To carry a railway over swamps, across ravines, overcoming almost every kind of physical obstacle, to an elevation of nearly 7000 feet, and then to plunge with it into a valley (the great Rift Valley) 1500 feet below you, only to find that you had in front of you an escarpment (that of Mau) up which you were bound to climb with your railway till you found yourself in the clouds 8500 feet above sea-level, and to take it down to a lake shore nearly 5000 feet below you, was an undertaking which might well daunt the boldest and most skilful of engineers. But it was faced with the calm, quiet, dogged determination of those in whose vocabulary the word "impossible" finds no place—a spirit which has made English engineers famous throughout the world.

To the ordinary traveller a journey by this railway is an experience not easily forgotten, but to one who, like myself, has toiled in the old days along the caravan road to Uganda it is of peculiar interest. One sees here and there the old camping places and other well remembered spots—the narrow footpath disappearing into the bush, or emerging from a thicket, the grateful shade of which one was loth to exchange for the blaze and glare of the open plain. Yonder is the great Mbuyu tree where one rested when the kettle was being boiled and refreshment made ready. There are the water-holes of Taro, which one inspected so anxiously in view of the journey across the dreaded plains. And now over the plains themselves one is being whirled at thirty miles an hour, instead of creeping along weary and footsore as in the old days. And there is Maungu, the hill on the top of which you might find water, but possibly not, and then you had to journey on another twenty miles. It was there that

scores of Basoga died in '92, not finding water and being too exhausted to travel further. I saw their bones littering the way. But now, in response to a telegram sent on ahead, you find afternoon tea awaiting you.

The tourist, of course, has his attention drawn to other scenes and his mind is filled with other thoughts. Upon him perhaps the greatest impression is made by the strange intermingling, so to speak, of the past with the present, the meeting of primitive man with the latest products of the twentieth century. The train has reached a roadside station and the panting engine is replenishing its stores of wood and water, and looking on with stolid wonder is a party of El Moran, young Masai warriors with spear and shields, and their finely modelled limbs shining in the sunlight like burnished bronze. Or the stationmaster is trying to make a huge Mkamba warrior, whose only clothing is a few coils of brass wire round his arms and a mantle of goat-skin, understand that he has no business on the platform. It is all very strange and very wonderful, this contrast of Africa as it was a hundred years ago with the incoming tide of twentieth century civilisation.

And then there is the indescribable charm of the scenery of tropical Africa, the rolling plains like the Athi, the volcanic peaks like Longonot, the glittering lake like Naivasha, the dense, dark forests, like those on Mau, all alike entrancing with their own peculiar beauty. But what perhaps has a very special fascination for such travellers as we have in mind, is the wild animal life which, even as the train is rushing along, he sees on every hand. Yonder are hartebeests, and away in the distance are battalions of wildebeests or zebra. There in the foreground, almost within a stone's-throw, are hundreds of that most beautiful of antelopes, the

Thomsonii or the Grantii; and there against the skyline, with the fleecy clouds as a background, is a flock of ostriches gliding along with that indescribable grace which is so characteristic of them.

Oh! it is a wild life, a free life, and a healthy life, of which all these things speak, and to one who is fresh from the home-land, with all the restraints and hollownesses and artificialities of twentieth century society, it appeals with a very special power and a peculiar fascination; and this in spite of such atrocities (from an æsthetic point of view) as the tin town of Nairobi (the administrative capital of British East Africa) and those corrugated excrescences on the landscape, commonly called bungalows, in which our settlers are settling themselves.

But what, it may be asked, has the railway done, and what is it doing? One thing it has most certainly done. It has killed that cruel system of porterage which has so long existed between the coast and the Lake, and which has been responsible for so much human suffering and for the loss of countless lives.

It has done this not only in British East Africa, as it was certain to do, but also, strange to say, in German East Africa. The caravan road between Usukuma and Sadaani or Bagamoyo is dead. Those thousands of Wanyamwezi, who in the old days used to find their way to the coast, in order to bring loads up country, no longer do so. They are now engaged in other occupations—the cultivation of produce, &c. The Germans at the south of the Lake find that they can get their goods and send their produce more cheaply by the Uganda railway than by caravan. And so, by the operation of natural laws, human porterage on the main roads between the coast and the Lake, both in British and German East Africa, has passed away

Then again the Uganda railway has put an end to the lingering life of the slave traffic. In the old days a tusk of ivory meant a slave to carry it to the coast. Now, however, ivory is brought down country by rail. It is cheaper, and therefore pays better. And so once again, through the construction of the Uganda railway and the operation of economic laws, is humanity the gainer.

But perhaps the most remarkable result of the construction of the railway has been the way in which the whole of the Lake region of Central Africa has been aroused from its age-long slumber, and electrified into life and action. This has been brought about mainly through a value being given to certain native products which previous to the completion of this railway were valueless, or very nearly so. For instance, goat-skins were practically of no value, but no sooner was Entebbe connected by steam with the coast than they became at once a marketable commodity, fetching something like one rupee apiece. It was the same with hides. Nkole, Toro, Bunyoro, and Bukedi, all alike contributed their quota, swelling to large dimensions the number of skins and hides exported from Uganda. Roads formerly hardly traversed, except by a few, became a scene of busy traffic, thronged with men bearing upon their heads huge burdens of skins, all alike bound for the market.

It was the same with regard to chillies. Previously valueless, at once they became a source of wealth to the Basoga, and large quantities found their way to Jinja for shipment to the coast.

To the *William Mackinnon*, plying between Entebbe and Kisumu, were added in 1903 two very much larger steamers, the *Winifred* and the *Sybil*, each 175 feet long, with considerable cargo and passenger

accommodation. In 1907 a larger steamer still, the *Clement Hill*, was launched, and later a capacious cargo boat was put upon the Lake. Altogether, in connection with the railway at the time of writing, a fleet of some six steamers is afloat upon the Victoria Nyanza.

The reader who has followed one's description of canoe voyaging upon the Lake will readily enter into one's feelings on finding oneself on board one of these beautiful steamers, with their bath-rooms and dining saloons, their electric light and electric fans, and luxurious fittings. It is all too luxurious, you think, for a simple missionary on a missionary journey, and you are almost dumbfounded when you hear some "globe-trotter" or other complaining of the quality of the food or the brand of the champagne. "Ah! my friend," you say to yourself, "you should have been here ten years ago, and have made the passage in a canoe, then you would know how to appreciate the present, and to thank God, not only for the food, but also for the fact that you are voyaging in safety, and that that storm which is brewing over yonder is not likely to sink the ship in which you are sailing."

But to pass on, these steamers call not only at ports in the British sphere, but also at such ports as Bukoba, Mwanza, and Shirati, in German territory. The consequence is, that just as the produce of Uganda is finding its way to the market, so is the produce of the German sphere. From regions round about Tanganyika on to Tabora, and away westward to the Congo State, the whole population has been aroused, and just as in Uganda, streams of men are making their way to the nearest port on the Lake shore with their produce—bees-wax, hides, goat-skins, cotton, and rubber.

One result of all this has been that the standard of living has risen in Uganda; very few of the men, and

an ever decreasing number of the women, are now clad in bark-cloth. The Kanzu, a long white linen garment, has, in the case of the men, taken the place of the beautiful terra cotta coloured material which for so long has been the national dress. One regrets it intensely for æsthetic reasons, but for hygienic reasons one is glad. Kerosene oil, for which I have paid as much as £5 a tin, can now be purchased for Rs.5½; the consequence is, that lamp oil has become almost a necessity for all save the very poorest. Plates and dishes, cups and saucers, pots and pans, and enamelled ware of all kinds, find ready buyers. Lamps, watches, clocks, and even bicycles are being purchased to no inconsiderable extent by natives where enterprise in cultivating cotton and other produce has been rewarded with success.

A not altogether unexpected result of the building of the railway has been the appearance of that element in social life not inappropriately termed "undesirable." East Africa has had more of this element introduced into it than Uganda, but still we have not been entirely without it. A very senior Government official who knew Uganda in the old days, in conversation with myself, summed up the position somewhat in the following way:—

"You remember," said he, "how years ago when a European arrived in Uganda we all used to turn out to greet him and made much of him. His coming was the sensation of the hour. Now, however, Europeans come and go altogether unnoticed. Occasionally, however," he added, "we get a telegram stating, 'So and so will arrive at Entebbe by the next steamer—*arrest him!!*'"

The "undesirable" to whom such a telegram most probably had reference, was no doubt a man whose

business in life is to prey upon his fellow-creatures. He has lost his character. He has no credit, and most likely no funds. On the other hand, he has plenty of swagger, no end of assurance, and a tongue as glib as you please. He is a "bounder." In nine cases out of ten he has come from South Africa. What is to be done with him in a country like Uganda? To let him loose among the people is simply impossible. He would rob and swindle them right and left. His prestige as a European would give him such opportunities as his soul longs for. Cattle, sheep, and goats he would accumulate in large numbers in next to no time. You have no machinery, no police force to deal with characters of this kind. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to forbid his entrance into the country. The necessity of this, one is glad to think, the authorities at the coast are keenly alive to.

Of course one pities such men with all one's heart. You must pity any man who falls so far as these men have fallen. But you must not allow your pity to blind you to the evil which they do, or to hinder you in dealing justly with them.

But more to be pitied than these men are the "wastrels" of life—poor, weak, feeble things many of them, not really bent on doing evil or preying upon their fellow-creatures, but unfortunate—"down on their luck." Many such find their way over to Uganda. They look upon it as a sort of "Tom Tiddler's ground," where you have nothing to do but to pick up gold and silver.

I know of no sadder cases to deal with than some of these—broken in health, not unfrequently from dissipation, with no means, ill-clad, with hardly bread to eat, and often battling with fever. They had some resources once, possibly when they landed at the coast a year or

two ago ; but what they had has disappeared, at Nairobi or elsewhere. And now they hear that Uganda is being opened up, and that there is money to be made out of rubber, or cotton, or coffee, or fibre. God help them ! If there is money in these things they are not the men to make it. No man of business who looks for efficient service would think of employing such men. Or if they get employment, they very soon lose it through incapacity. They have no *vis vitæ*. What is to be done with such men ? They should be got out of the country with all possible speed. To remain is simply to die.

From what has been said with regard to the awakening of the tribes owing to the coming of the railway, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the whole enterprise is likely to be a great financial success. It has been a costly undertaking, much more costly than was at first anticipated, no less a sum than £5,500,000 having been spent from first to last. But nevertheless the prospect of a large yearly balance on the right side of the account grows daily brighter, the receipts are going forward by leaps and bounds. The monthly traffic returns both for goods and passengers show a large increase as compared with corresponding months of the preceding year. Were the Uganda railway to be turned into a limited liability company (which is not likely to be the case) the shares would find eager purchasers, even at a premium, so fully have the financial anticipations of the projectors been realised.

But this financial success, whilst no doubt gratifying to those who had predicted it, is to my mind the least important result attained by the great undertaking. The relief of suffering, the amelioration of the hard lot of multitudes of souls, and their enlistment in the great army of workers whose faculties, physical and

mental, are being employed in the God-given task of subduing the earth, is a much greater achievement; for it is one bound up with the eternal purpose of God concerning that complete redemption of the human race, when all that is wrong shall be set right, when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, and when He will wipe away all tears from all eyes."

CHAPTER XLIII

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

'And they blew a trumpet, and all the people said, God save the King.'—I. Kings i. 39.

One of the most interesting events of the year 1902 was the visit of the Katikiro to England for the purpose of attending the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey. The visit was an official one, at the invitation of the King. Ham Mukasa accompanied our old friend Apolo, as secretary; and Millar by Government arrangement was attached to the party in order that both might derive the fullest possible benefit from their visit to England, through his ability to explain to them fully, in their own tongue, the meaning of all they saw and heard.

I had preceded them by some months, and had the pleasure of being present at the C.M.S. House in Salisbury Square when they were welcomed by the Committee on June 17th.

It was in many respects a touching scene. There were present there—not many, but still some—like Mr. Eugene Stock, who had taken part in the planning of that great venture of faith, the Uganda Mission, five-and-twenty years previously. And there standing before them was the Prime Minister of Uganda—a guest of the King, a man of commanding ability and force of character, an earnest Christian who was not ashamed of his Master, and who, as the mouthpiece of

some five-and-thirty thousand baptized Christians, was able in earnest tones, and with simple eloquence, to thank the Society for what it had done for him and his people.

One can well understand the thankfulness and praise to which expression was given when the Committee knelt in prayer to commend to God's gracious care His two servants from far off Uganda. The whole thing was an object lesson of faith and its fruits.

During his stay in England the Katikiro was able to visit many of our great centres of industry and population, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham. He afterwards, on his return to Uganda, gave an account of his impressions. He was addressing the Council and told of the wonders he had seen. The great steamship *Oceanic* at Liverpool was to him a marvel beyond description.

"It was so vast that he got quite tired in travelling about it. The crowds in the street were like ants for multitude. The houses were very wonderful. You pressed a button, and lo! the electric light shone out. You pressed another thing in the bath-room, and wonder of wonders, hot or cold water came as you wanted it. Then at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Carlisle the King's prize cattle were as big as hippos, and the Shetland ponies as small as goats."

But the interest of the visit culminated in the last two days, when the Katikiro and Ham Mukasa were received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and when on the day following his Majesty was crowned. Ham Mukasa, in his interesting book, "Uganda's Katikiro in England," thus describes the coronation ceremony:—

"The Queen then entered; they brought her in, in great state. Her train was carried by eight pages,

four on each side, and they sang a hymn to welcome her, and all the men and women cheered and clapped their hands and bent down their heads to greet her, as is the way to greet Kings. When she reached her chair she sat down, right in the centre, the King's chair being beside her. After this there entered the lords of great honour; the Earl Marshal also came, and then after a short interval the King, between two Bishops, one on his right—that of Canterbury, and one on his left—that of York, and the King between them, and they all walked very slowly indeed. The King's train was carried by eight pages, four on each side.

"When he reached the centre we all who were in the building cheered very much, and they played on all the instruments, the singers sang, the flutes were blown, they played the violins and beat all the drums and clapped the cymbals, and the people clapped their hands and the whole building boiled over and resounded and vibrated; and he who had but one eye would have liked two, and he who had two would have liked four that he might see better than he could with two, though of course you cannot add any part to the body that you have not got.

"When the King had sat in his chair he first prayed to God to give him strength in this great ceremony of taking possession of his country. After he had again sat down the work of the Bishops began, and the Archbishop of Canterbury prayed; after he had prayed he read the questions, asking the King if he would rule aright, and the King replied as is the custom, and they brought a book for him to swear on, and the Archbishop made him swear, as all kings swear, and they brought him a pen to sign his name, and he did all these things. He then left the chair in which he

had been sitting and went to that in which he was to be crowned and anointed with oil. This throne had a magnificent back to it, and ornaments of gold like doves.

"After they had sung a hymn he sat down and they anointed him, and the Archbishop prayed a short prayer; they then brought the crown on a silken cushion and the Archbishop took it in his hands and lifted it up, and asked, saying, 'This is the man whom we wish to crown as king of this realm; if any man has anything to say against it let him speak,'" and when no one spoke he put the crown on the King's head. When he did this it was a wonderful sight, for each of the peers took his coronet in his hands and lifted it up, and when the crown rested on the head of the King they all put on their coronets and cheered with a loud voice, and the electric lights were turned up all over the building and flashed out, and the organ and violins and flutes and bugles and drums all sounded, and the singers sang, and it was a marvellous thing; and one's hair stood on end on account of the exceeding great glory!"

And so the visit of the Katikiro and his friend to England came to an end, and they returned to their own country. They were not in the least spoilt by all the attention shown to them, but greatly benefited by their varied experience; and this very largely owing to the pains taken by Millar to explain the meaning and use of everything which they saw not only in England but during their travels.

The reception accorded to them on their return to Mengo was of the most enthusiastic description. Thousands came out on the road to meet them and rent the air with their congratulations. "The women," says Ham Mukasa, "wept for joy." The little king sat

in his palace gate, and from time to time sent pages fleet of foot running at full speed with his greetings to the returning travellers. They would come and, falling down at the feet of the Katikiro, would gasp out, "Kabaka antumye okukulaba" ("The king has sent me to see you"). "Kabaka atya?" ("How is the king?"). "Gyali" ("He is well"). "Ng'enze" ("I am going"). "Omundabira" ("Greet him for me") was the rejoinder; then at full speed the messengers return to their master. Then the Katikiro in his turn sent his men (speedy runners all of them) to salute the king in like manner, and so with snow-white garments floating in the air these messengers continued running to and fro, until at length the Katikiro was in the king's presence, and going down on his knees took him in his arms.

Then came greetings from every side, the soldiers saluting and the drums beating. The next day at 8 o'clock in the morning there was a thanksgiving service in the new Cathedral, which was now approaching completion. Thus a journey to which all Uganda had looked forward to with dread and apprehension was brought to a successful and happy conclusion.

My own return to Uganda later in the year was signalised by a great disaster. The new hospital, which had only been in existence some eighteen months, was struck by lightning on the night of my arrival at Entebbe, and completely destroyed (November 29th). Happily there was no loss of life, but besides the loss of the building some hundreds of pounds worth of instruments and fittings were destroyed.

My host at Entebbe was Col. J. Hayes Sadler, the new Commissioner. He at once despatched a telegram of sympathy to Dr. Cook, and placed at his disposal four hundred men to be employed in the erection of a

temporary hospital for the accommodation of the most pressing cases.

It was a great satisfaction to me to find in the new Commissioner one who (an accomplished linguist) had already set himself to study the language, and also as far as possible to enter into the difficulties of the Baganda with a view to helping them to a solution of many of their political and social problems.

So far Uganda had suffered for want of a consistent and continuous policy. In the course of ten short years no fewer than ten different men had held the office either of Commissioner, Administrator, or Acting Commissioner. Lugard, Williams, Portal, Macdonald, Colville, Jackson, Berkeley, Ternan, G. Wilson, and Johnston had in turn held the reins of office. One man believed in personal rule, another, like Mr. G. Wilson, did his utmost to develop government through the Lukiko or National Council. Allowed to run free at one moment, and then at another, without rhyme or reason, called to heel or led in a leash, may be a tolerable method of training puppies; but in dealing with an intelligent people like the Baganda there could be but one result—perplexity, disappointment, and distrust.

It was therefore with no little pleasure that the Baganda saw Colonel Hayes Sadler studying their language, and in a very short while conversing with their chiefs on matters which touched most nearly their best interests, and generally carrying on the work of administration as though he had come to stay.

One of the most urgent matters with which the new Commissioner found himself obliged to deal with was the "sleeping sickness," which was now assuming alarming proportions. This terrible disease had gradually been creeping eastward, from the basin of

the Congo, where for a number of years it had been more or less endemic. The first to identify it on its appearance in Uganda was Dr. A. R. Cook, in the year 1901. At once the alarm was raised, and serious investigations were immediately entered upon as to its nature and origin—all of course with the object of taking preventive measures, and, if possible, of discovering a cure. Hitherto it had been regarded as an absolutely incurable disease. These investigations have passed through three stages.

The first stage, so far as Uganda is concerned, was with reference to the discovery of a micro-organism called *Filaria perstans*, found in the blood of nearly every sleeping sickness patient. It was assumed, perhaps somewhat precipitately, that this minute creature, belonging to the animal kingdom, was the cause of the disease. Further investigation, however, showed conclusively that such was not the case. In the meanwhile a Commission organised by the Royal Society in conjunction with H.M. Government had arrived upon the scene of action. Laboratories were built at Entebbe, and further research was at once entered upon. Dr. Castellani, a member of the Commission, entertained strong suspicion with regard to another micro-organism belonging to the vegetable kingdom, and called in honour of the discoverer, "streptococcus Castellanii."

It was while studying the life history and peculiarities of this interesting stranger that Dr. Castellani's attention was drawn to another organism of a worm-like shape—one end bluntly conical, and the other, the *flagellum*, very finely tapering. It was a *trypanosoma* of very active habits, a creature like the *Filaria perstans* belonging to the animal kingdom.

Later investigation has proved that this creature is

undoubtedly the cause of the disease popularly known as "sleeping sickness." The symptoms of the disease are many, and comparatively easy to be recognised. The skin becomes dry and irritable, and patients are continually scratching themselves. The glands of the neck become swollen. A period of nervous excitement often supervenes, followed by consequent exhaustion. The final stage appears to be one of great drowsiness, a symptom which gives the name to the disease.

Early in 1903 Colonel Bruce, R.A.M.C., who had been lent to the Uganda Administration by the War Office for special service, arrived upon the scene, and by as brilliant a piece of inductive research as the annals of science can show, discovered the means by which this disease is conveyed. He found upon inquiry that the sleeping sickness areas were more or less contiguous to water—the Lake shore, the islands, river banks, and so forth. He found upon further investigation that a species of tsetse-fly called *Glossina palpalis* flourished in these very regions. The significance of a map prepared under his direction was apparent at the first glance. Red discs showed the presence of sleeping sickness, blue ones that of the tsetse-fly—the latter, of course, even more extensively marked; but it was found that the line of the one was almost invariably followed by the line of the other, the terrible red disc.

Specimens of *Glossina palpalis* were obtained from the sleeping sickness areas, dissected, and examined under the microscope. The *trypanosoma* found in the sleeping sickness patients was discovered in the tsetse-fly. The conclusion was obvious, but not absolutely established. But fresh data were forthcoming. Monkeys kept at the laboratories were fed upon by the tsetse-fly, and in due course developed sleeping sick-

ness. Their history was the same in almost every case—fever after a certain lapse of time, the temperature chart showing invariably the same variations and peculiarities. Thus was this most important fact established, viz. the conveyance of sleeping sickness infection by means of the tsetse fly.

Further research has demonstrated with tolerable completeness and accuracy the course of the disease. It has been found that a person bitten by an infected fly may not show any signs of having been infected for one, two, or even three years. But sooner or later there comes a time when the glands swell, the skin becomes dry, the fever manifest; later the *trypanosoma* passes from the blood, in which hitherto it has lived and reproduced itself, into the cerebro-spinal fluid, and so into the brain. The problem which medical science is at present setting itself to solve is whether this living micro-organism can be destroyed before this passage takes place. Arsenic has been largely used, but so far without effect. The latest experiment to be tried is that with *Atoxyl*, a preparation of arsenic. Some remarkable cases of *apparent* cure have resulted, but so far they have not stood the test of time, and there is a growing feeling among scientists that a remedy will have to be sought elsewhere.

In the meanwhile the ravages wrought by this fell disease have been appalling. The islands have been almost depopulated. Kome, which at one time was said to have a population of 10,000, has hardly 500 souls left. The fishermen on the Lake shores have become practically an extinct race. South Busoga has suffered even more than Uganda. Nanyumba's country has been more than decimated; while Wakoli's, formerly the very garden of Busoga, is now a howling wilderness.

A sad and solemn experience is it indeed to travel through the infected areas. Gardens fallen out of cultivation and overgrown with weeds, houses in ruins, deserted churches, all alike tell the same tale of sorrow, sickness, and death. The frenzied ravings of the sick ones, the death-wail of the mourners, the uncanny croaking of birds of prey—the vulture and the carrion crow wheeling hither and thither in the sunny atmosphere above, which seems to mock the sadness and sorrow below—the night howl of the hyena prowling in search of the dead—all deepens the impression that the Angel of Death is in very truth hovering over the land, so that (to use a memorable phrase), "You can almost hear the fluttering of his wings."

One of the most important measures adopted by the new Commissioner (Colonel Hayes Sadler) was to enlist the co-operation of the chiefs in the diffusion of information as one of the best means of preventing the spread of the disease. But the facts were long in winning their way. You might tell the people in minutest detail the facts of the tsetse-fly theory, in the hope that they might avoid the infected areas, but even as you told them your hearers would regard you with a pitying smile. "Why, all the world knows," they would tell you, "that it was by contact you got the disease, and if you only touched a sleeping-sickness patient you must get it yourself." However, the truth has now slowly penetrated the mental retina, and there is a much more intelligent apprehension of the real state of the case. Another measure adopted by the Commissioner was to lay upon the chiefs the responsibility of seeing that sleeping-sickness patients were not allowed to wander about the country as they pleased; the dangers, of course, being that other fly

areas might become infected. It became the duty of the chief to house such unhappy homeless wanderers, and if possible return them to their own people.

The latest measure adopted has been the removal of the whole population of the infected areas—the destruction of all the deserted houses, in order to prevent the return of their former occupants—and the formation of camps in healthy districts for those found to be actually suffering from the disease. These camps are in charge of Government doctors, of whose kindly sympathy with their patients, their untiring efforts for their welfare, and their skilful treatment of their charges it is impossible to speak too highly. It is hoped that by these drastic measures the spread of the disease may be checked, and the infected areas in time become healthy again.

The bearing of all this terrible sickness and distress upon our work has been very close and intimate, and its effects disastrous in the extreme. On some of the islands work has ceased altogether; congregations have been broken up and churches fallen into ruin. On other islands, such as Sese and Bukasa, the work has been continued, but under great difficulties and with largely diminished congregations and classes.

The sombre tones of the deep, dark gloom which now for seven years has been hanging over Uganda has, however, been relieved from time to time by bright gleams of light. The noble heroism of many of our Christian teachers and evangelists who have continued at their work (at the risk of their lives, and who in some cases have fallen victims to the disease) can never be forgotten. As Carlyle says, "It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the

way of doing that, the dullest day drudge kindles into a hero." Thus it has been in Uganda. It was so in the early days—the days of Mwanga's persecutions. It is so to-day in this hour of sore trial, sickness, suffering, and death. The martyr spirit is not dead in Uganda, as the following incident testifies.

"Some few months ago I was officiating in the Cathedral at Mengo. The great congregation had dispersed, and a large body of the communicants remained. Slowly the service proceeded, the profound silence broken only by the solemn words of administration. The last communicants had returned to their places, and I was about to close the service, when from the extreme end of the building—a corner of the south aisle, in which she had been sitting by herself—a woman advanced slowly up the nave. I waited wonderingly. As she took her place, kneeling alone at the rail, Harry Wright Duta, who was assisting me, whispered in my ear, 'It is Rakeri.' 'Rakeri!' In a moment her story flashed through my mind, and with heart uplifted in praise to God, and with a voice ill controlled through the emotion that welled within, I administered to her the emblems of the dying love of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Slowly and with dragging footsteps she returned to her place, and with the Gloria in Excelsis and the Benediction the service came to an end.

"Now who was Rakeri (Rachel)? She was a woman connected with the congregation at Ngogwe, near the shores of the Great Lake. Some time previously it had been told at a meeting of Christians how that on a certain island sleeping sickness had broken out, and that the people were dying in large numbers without any one to teach them the way to salvation. This so touched the heart of Rakeri, who was present, that she volunteered to go and teach the

women and children. She was warned. She was told of the peril. It would be at the risk of her life. Infection meant death. There was no cure. Nothing could turn her from her purpose. 'I know all this,' she said. 'Those people are dying and know nothing of Christ, the Saviour of the world; I know and love Him, and must go and tell them of Him.' She went, and after a while came back and told how she had been enabled to lead one and another to the feet of the Saviour ere they passed into the unseen world.

"She returned to her post. A few more months passed by, and then came the news that she was ill. She was brought back and carried up to the hospital at Mengo, where Dr. Cook, having examined her, pronounced the fatal verdict 'sleeping sickness.' She lived for some months in the hospital under the doctor's care, and during the whole of that time, as long as she could move about, she was as a ministering angel to the sick ones in the women's ward. She would go from bed to bed, reading with this one and praying with that one, soothing all in their pain as far as she was able, and ever seeking with loving words and tender pleading to lead them to the feet of the Saviour. And all the while she was a dying woman.

"It was during this time of comparative strength that Rakeri came to the communion service in the Cathedral (which is quite close to the hospital), as I have already told. She sat in that distant corner all alone, because she knew that people would shrink away from her as they would shrink from contact with death itself.

"I saw her once again. It was the last day of her life. She was lying on her bed in the women's ward. The fatal slumber was upon her. 'The Bishop has come to see you,' said the doctor. Her eyelids fluttered for a moment as though she understood, and then she

fell back into slumber once more. I could but whisper in her ear the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—and so she passed to her rest and her reward."

Where in the whole history of the Christian Church is there to be found a nobler instance of self-sacrificing love? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHAPTER XLIV

FROM UTMOST EAST TO UTMOST WEST

'Watchman, what of the night ?
The night clouds break away ;
On the far mountains streaks of light
Foretell the spring of day.'

E. H. Bickersteth.

The year 1903 opened sadly. Two of our workers were taken from us by death—Mrs. Bond, with startling suddenness, and H. Farthing, from black-water fever. The former was on her way to Toro with her husband, Dr. Bond, and died only two days journey from Mengo. The latter, who had been working very happily in Bunyoro, died at Hoima. Such workers could ill be spared at such a time of rapid development in our work. However, we could but bow in humble submission before Him who can never err, and thank Him for the wonderful health which the Mission as a whole had hitherto enjoyed.

The year so sadly entered upon was perhaps, of all the years of my service in Uganda, the busiest. Travelling was its main feature. Eight months out of the twelve I spent in my tent. It was truly a case of "in journeyings often." Ngogwe, Mitiana, Nakanyonyi, and Ndeje were in turn visited, and an aggregate of 774 candidates confirmed. Fever, however, dogged my footsteps as I went on from one place to another ; and although it was a time of great joy on account of the large ingathering of souls visible on every hand,

it was also a time of great physical weakness and trial.

But notwithstanding all this three great journeys were accomplished in the course of the year. The first was to Toro, for which I started in company with Dr. Bond on March 3rd, travelling by way of Bunyoro. It was a weary journey from first to last. The heat at times was intense and very trying. How one dreaded the endless succession of hills—the steamy plains—the stifling atmosphere in the long grass! And how one longed for some sign of the camping place—a banana plantation or some thatched rest-house by the road-side! Then the restless night—the silence broken now and again by the whining howl of the hyena or the bark of the wild fox; and how one longed for the day and yet dreaded it! And then the cold, cheerless camp in the early morning—in the darkness before dawn, when one tried to swallow some breakfast without any appetite for it; how one dreaded that, too! and yet it was a part of the daily programme and had to be gone through.

In Bunyoro my mule, which hitherto I had been riding, fell lame, and I was obliged to take to a hammock. In this I was carried into Kabarole, the capital of Toro, on March 21st. On the 25th, 269 candidates were confirmed, and six days later 132 more, making a total of 401—a wonderful token of the progress of the work. On April 1st I started on the return journey to Mengo, still feeling terribly weak and unable to walk more than a few yards. However, as the days passed by I gradually grew better, and on reaching Mengo on the 14th, had regained a fair measure of health and strength.

The next two months were occupied in a series of local engagements—confirmation services, a ladies con-

ference, and on June 7th (Trinity Sunday) an ordination service, when seven natives and three Europeans were ordained. The way was now clear for a long-contemplated journey to Mount Elgon, where Crabtree and his devoted wife were at work. On June 9th I started with Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Cook on an expedition which involved at least 500 miles of travel.

Our programme included visits to all our stations in Busoga, and that at Kisalizi near Mruli in the north of the kingdom of Uganda. By this time one's health was re-established, and the daily journey, instead of being a toil, was a very real pleasure. Busoga was familiar ground, but on reaching the great river swamp —the Mpologoma—new country full of interest was entered upon.

The passage of the Mpologoma was no light task. Our caravan consisted of some fifty men and boys, seven head of cattle, two mules, half-a-dozen sheep and goats, and some forty loads. "Dug-out" canoes were the only method of transport. The ferry-men—if it be not an Irishism to say so—were women, and they worked with a will. In rather less than three hours everything was upon the further shore. Writing at the time, I thus describe this great swamp, which is really a backwater of the Nile overgrown with papyrus :—

"A narrow channel some half-dozen yards wide, opening out at intervals into stretches of open water fifty or sixty yards wide, was the main feature of the Mpologoma at our point of passage. Dense masses of papyrus lined this channel on either side, and seemed to be almost limitless in their vast extent. Lilies of white and azure blue dotted the water on every hand. The climbing convolvuli, twining themselves in and about the stems of the papyrus, gave a fairy-like aspect

to the whole scene. But what perhaps was more striking and impressive than anything else in this weird voyage was the presence of a floating population on this waste of waters. Here and there the papyrus had been cut down and laced together until something like a floating platform had been made. Sticks from the shore had been laid upon this, and then earth beaten into the consistency of mud had been spread until a surface impervious to fire had been formed. Upon the floating platform huts had been built, which at the time of our visit were inhabited by some of the people employed in paddling our canoes, and who apparently eked out a precarious living by fishing. One's heart went out in pity and sympathy towards them. Their life in such circumstances must of necessity be one of extreme hardship if not of actual peril. The opening up of the country will no doubt mitigate in time their hard lot, and a few years will probably see this race of lake-dwellers in happier circumstances, some of them by the grace of God rejoicing in the knowledge of Christ as their God and Saviour." The onward journey was through Budaka, where Chadwick and Buckley had been working until the break-down of the former through fever, then on to Nabowa, where we got our first view of Mount Elgon, the goal of our journey. The atmosphere was somewhat hazy, but at the same time so free from clouds that the whole range was visible from end to end. The highest point, 15,000 feet above sea-level, was in full view, and free from the snow with which at certain seasons of the year it is not infrequently clad. Elgon is a noble mass, majestic in outline and solemn in the significance of its isolation, as guardian-like it seems to watch over the low-lying lands of Kavirondo and Bukedi. Clouds commenced to gather and cling to the summit, soon to hide it from

A FLOATING HOUSE ON THE MPOLOGOMA—"A BACKWATER OF THE NILE"

view as we left the crest of the hill of Nabowa and continued our journey to Masaba.

As we drew near to our destination it was clear that the news of our coming had preceded us. Groups of natives almost entirely nude crowned every ant-hill. Outside every cluster of huts by the wayside men, women, and children were gathered to see us pass by. "Mirembe, mirembe" (Peace, peace) was the salutation which greeted us from time to time as we went along. At length as we were descending a hill not far from Masaba an incident happened which was somewhat disturbing for the moment. A wild-looking man, evidently in a most excited condition, rushed down from a village not far from the road, and mounting an ant-hill, proceeded to curse me and my fellow-travellers with wild cries, evidently of abuse and vituperation, at the same time flinging stones and sticks and clods of earth at us.

This extraordinary outburst caused great excitement among all on the hillside, who were able to see and hear what was going on, and from all sides men came running towards us holding out their hands and shouting, "Mirembe, mirembe." I took in the situation in a moment. The man who was so vigorously cursing us was a madman. The people, alarmed at his violence, were rushing together to assure us of their friendliness, and to beg us to take no notice of the actions of an irresponsible lunatic. I responded with loud shouts of "Mirembe, mirembe," which were echoed and re-echoed on every side, and so we passed on our way, and at noon arrived at our destination, Masaba.

In a previous chapter I have alluded to the planting of this mission among the wild Bagishu at the close of the year 1899. For nearly four years the Crabtrees had now been at work, and the result was visible on

every hand. Tender care of the sick had won the hearts of the people, and the little church crowded on Sunday, and the classes gathering day by day during the week, were an earnest of an ingathering by-and-by. Crabtree had done a notable linguistic work. The first reading-book, a hymn-book, prayer-book, a book of Bible stories of some one hundred pages, all most beautifully printed, told of unsparing effort both intellectual and physical. Two Gospels had been translated, and would soon be published. All this was, indeed, good news. It told us that after years of intense desire and earnest prayer the language of the Bantu-speaking Kavirondo people had been reduced to writing, and that the Word of God was in the way of being placed in their hands.

An ascent of a shoulder of Mount Elgon called Nkoko Njeru (the "White Fowl"), the summit of which was 8500 feet above sea-level, concluded our visit to Masaba, and on July 1st we made our way to Mbale, some eight miles away, where Kakungulu, the great Uganda chief, whom I have more than once mentioned, had settled himself. It was a great surprise to find what a wonderful impression he had made upon the wild waste on which he and his people had settled some three or four years before. He had indeed made "the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Broad roads, well-built houses, cultivated gardens, neat and trim fences, all told of unsparing effort and brave perseverance in the face of immense difficulties. A church had been built, and regular services were being carried on by Andereya Batulabude, a native pastor from Uganda. As we looked around upon this remarkable colony of Baganda, with its population of something like a thousand souls, we could not but speculate as to its possible influence

upon the tribes around. A silent influence there could not but be: for as Owen Meredith has said—

> 'No life can be pure in its purpose and strong
> In its strife and all life not be
> Purer and stronger thereby.'

And most of these Baganda were Christians; and what influence can equal that of the true Christian? "Ye are the light of the world—ye are the salt of the earth," said the Master Himself. Here, thought we to ourselves as we looked upon these Baganda, is an instrument ready to hand for the evangelisation of the peoples around. Why should they not be the evangelists to win these souls for Christ? Alas! upon inquiry we found that little or nothing had been done towards reaching them. Whether it was that being "at grips," so to speak, with the forces of nature, battling with the wilderness for means of subsistence, they had little time or energy left for evangelistic work, one cannot say; the fact, however, was clear that nothing had been done. However, we called the principal Christians together and set the matter before them, and it was cheering to see the immediate response to our appeal. The fact was, they needed a leader to suggest and inspire as well as control. He apparently was lacking. We promised, however, on our return to Uganda to send them one.

On July 3rd, in order to get some much-needed rest for Dr. and Mrs. Cook, who had been incessantly at work among the sick, we visited one of the numerous waterfalls to be found on Mount Elgon. The day was bright and sunny and we hoped to see everything under its most lovely aspect. Our anticipations were more than fulfilled. Waters sparkling with dazzling brightness as they rushed down the mountain-side,

and trees glittering with brightest sunlight, contrasted vividly with the purple of the deep shadows of ravines, wild and rugged, up which we wound our way, led by one of Kakungulu's men as guide.

The hill-dwellers, whose huts were clustered here and there on the steep mountain-side, were very shy and suspicious of us. What were we doing climbing the mountain? What could our object be? Could it be aught else than war? That we were going to see a waterfall would be the very last thing that would occur to them. Our guide, however, was able now and again to catch sight of a native in hiding on the farther side of a ravine, and tried by loud shouts to reassure him as to our peaceful intentions, inviting him and his friends to come over to us. But it was all in vain. At length the thunder of the falls of which we were in search broke upon our ears and told us that we had almost reached our destination. Gradually the subdued murmur of running waters was added to the medley of sounds which filled our ears, and then the full glory of the scene burst upon our view.

Down from the edge of a mighty crag some four hundred feet or more above us there leapt into space a volume of water which as it fell quivered and broke into fan-like masses of spray, upon which the prismatic colours seemed to dance in the ever-varying play of their splendour.

'Oh, it was an unimaginable sight.'

Earth, air, sky, and water seemed to combine in fashioning a scene almost indescribable in its mysterious charm and fairy-like beauty.

Sketch-book and camera were soon brought to bear upon what was before us; but, alas! how inadequate

WATERFALL ON MOUNT ELGON

were they to convey even a faint idea of a scene so full of exquisite grace.

Mutterings of distant thunder warned us that a storm was brewing. Hastily packing up our luncheon basket, we made the best of our way down the rugged mountain-side. As we reached our mules the tempest, which for a while had been raging not far away, burst upon us in all its fury, and

'Loud and long the thunder rolled,'

while floods of rain very soon drenched us to the skin. However, half-an-hour's rapid riding brought us to our tents. Hardly had we changed into dry clothing when a young lad was carried into our camp apparently lifeless. He had just been struck by lightning on the very road over which we had so lately passed. An examination by the doctor soon showed that

'The strife was o'er—the pangs of Nature closed.'

From Mbale we went on our way, re-crossing the Mpologoma to Busoga. After spending a quiet Sunday at Iganga we took the road to Kamuli, where Allen Wilson and Davies were at work. Greatly cheered by the evident tokens of the progress visible on every hand—sixty-seven men and women offering themselves for Confirmation, one hundred and six communicants on the Sunday gathering around the Table of the Lord—we continued on Monday, July 20th, our journey to the Nile. The ferry was only two and a half hours from Kamuli, so that we were on the river-bank early in the day. Two miserably small and cranky canoes were all that were available for the transport of some fifty men, together with loads, sheep, goats, mules, and cattle. The whole day was occupied with the work

of transport, and when night came several of the cows were still on the east bank.

From the Nile we went on our way through Bulondonganyi to the Sezibwa river. The journey was in many respects a sad one. Large gardens, once the scene of busy life, we found almost deserted. Houses were falling down, fences were in ruins, weeds and wild undergrowth were choking the life out of the banana-trees. The cause of this widespread ruin was not, as we supposed at first, the sleeping sickness, but a tiny fly called "embwa" (dog). Its venomous bite causes exquisite pain, and ultimately sores of the most serious character, often dangerous to life, and certainly destructive to health and vigour. Our brief experience of this pest led us to wonder how any one able to leave a district so infested could possibly remain to endure such torments as are inflicted by this tiny creature.

The Sezibwa river we found well bridged, and its passage only occupied something like a quarter of an hour; but the Lwajali, which to our dismay had overflowed its banks, was more than a mile wide, and the only means of crossing were by two dug-out canoes, both with large holes in their bottoms. In my diary I find the following account of the way in which the problem of crossing the river in these circumstances was solved :—

"Our native guides decided that out of these two useless vessels (the dug-outs) one whole canoe might be made. With great energy and resourcefulness they set to work, and brought a native forge down to the water's edge, where one of the canoes was already lying. Iron spikes were made red-hot, and with them holes were bored in the sound wood, round the great hole in the bottom of the canoe. Then a large piece of wood was cut out of the other boat, and holes bored

with the red hot spikes round the edge. The patch thus prepared was sewn with fibre to the bottom of the canoe to be restored. The holes and cavities were then caulked and plugged, and the boat was ready for service."

Whilst waiting for the repair of the canoe we were witnesses of a very remarkable incident. A native, who knew well the river bed and had exceptionally good lungs, offered to carry any porter across on his shoulders who would pay him thirty cowrie shells (one penny). The offer was accepted. The porter mounted and was carried for a short distance through comparatively shallow water until the main stream of the river was reached. Deeper and deeper went the man with his load until he was completely submerged. The porter was well above the flood, but the man carrying him had disappeared completely from view. In this way the two went forward, the one beneath the surface of the water and the other riding upon his shoulders. As the river bed shelved upward on the further side, the man who was carrying his fellow came into view and received his thirty cowrie shells. It was a wonderful exhibition of strength and endurance. Later he carried several loads over for ten shells each, walking beneath the surface of the water, but holding the load upon his hands high above his head, which was of course invisible.

Embarking in the renovated canoe, we made our way very slowly through the shallow water until we came to the main stream, where our progress was much more rapid. Ultimately we landed upon an ant-hill in the middle of a waste of waters, while our canoe went back for the mules and loads. Anxiously we watched load upon load being put into the canoe, whilst every vacant place was filled by porters de-

sirous of crossing. With difficulty the overladen boat was pushed off, and as she got into the deep water an incautious movement on the part of one of the porters brought about the catastrophe for which we were all looking, and over she went. Happily the cargo consisted mainly of tent loads, and not boxes of provisions or wearing apparel. They were all recovered, and the men managed to scramble back to the bank, none the worse for their involuntary bath.

On our mules reaching us we determined to ride through the half mile of water which lay between us and dry land. This we did without difficulty, and by five o'clock we were all comfortably encamped on the crest of the hill on which we had been gazing for many hours with longing eyes.

A five days journey still lay between us and Kisalizi. The rains had apparently been heavy, and we found so much water in the swamp and roads that going was anything but easy. However, we won our way through, and on arriving at our destination received a very warm welcome from the Christians who came out in large numbers on the road to greet us. We were delighted with what we saw of the work. The schools were flourishing, the classes thronged, the teachers in earnest, and the scholars eager. On Sunday no fewer than 960 souls came together for the worship of God. Of these 106 were Communicants. Fifty-seven men and women were presented to me for Confirmation. Dr. and Mrs. Cook had their hands full in ministering to the sick, who came in large numbers for treatment.

Having spent five days in this happy work we started on August 3rd for Mengo, travelling by way of Luwero and Ndeje. At each of these latter places there was a full programme of work. At the former eighty-one candidates were confirmed, at the latter one hundred

and fifty-seven. This practically brought our tour to a conclusion, and on August 11th, after nine weeks absence, we found ourselves once more at Mengo.

A busy six weeks in and around the capital followed the conclusion of this highly successful journey. Then came preparations for a visit to Nkole, in the far west. Dr. J. H. Cook, who was anxious for a medical itineration, was my travelling companion in this, the third great journey of the year.

Having in a previous chapter described a similar journey to Nkole and Toro, it will be unnecessary to do more now than to touch briefly upon the main incidents of an expedition which was an almost unqualified success from first to last. Leaving Mengo on September 22nd, and travelling by way of Kasaka and Kajuna, we arrived in Koki on October 7th, and received a very warm welcome from the king, chiefs, and people alike. At the stations through which we passed on our way I had been enabled to confirm 193 candidates, and the doctor had prescribed for large numbers of sick and impotent folk. In Koki we were both for the several days of our stay as busy as we could well be.

Only by one untoward incident was our visit marred. It was in this wise. On Saturday the 10th I had just concluded a Confirmation service in the church, and being anxious to make an inquiry of Miss Robinson, who was assisting Dr. Cook in the dispensary hard by, I made my way thither. It was a wattle and daub building thatched with grass in which I found them at work. In one of the two large rooms into which the building, somewhat old and decayed, was divided, were a number of sick people awaiting treatment. In the other the doctor was at work with his drugs and instruments. Hardly had I entered into conversation

with Miss Robinson than I noticed that the poles and beams supporting the roof were in motion. "The house is coming down," I shouted, and flung myself upon the ground. It was one's only chance. Escape through the doorway was impossible. That was blocked by people trying to escape from the next room. To remain standing was simply to be crushed to the earth and to death with a broken spine. But lying upon the ground there was some hope that as the timbers came down they might shield one in some way or another from suffocation by the heavy thatch above. It was but a moment, and one was down, and all was darkness and silence. Then after a while, how long it is impossible to say, one was conscious that efforts were being made to rescue us. Voices were heard and gleams of light became visible, and then a lifting of the timbers. Dark hands soon laid hold upon me, and I was dragged out into the light of day, my arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets in the process. In a moment or two one was able to take in one's surroundings, and to realise that a great peril had been escaped absolutely without injury.

But how about Miss Robinson and Dr. Cook? They were still, I found, beneath the ruins of the house at which a hundred men were at work. A few anxious minutes passed by, and then first Miss Robinson and then Dr. Cook were dragged out from among the debris —the former uninjured, and as calm and cool as though nothing had happened, the latter with a somewhat severe bruise upon his shoulder caused by a falling beam. It was a marvellous escape from serious injury, if not from death. One poor fellow I was sorry to hear was suffering from a fractured skull, but before leaving Koki we were glad to learn that he was doing well.

What had brought about this catastrophe? It was in this way. When I left the church at the conclusion of the Confirmation service, I was followed by the greater part of the male members of the congregation, and as I entered the dispensary large numbers crowded on to the baraza, in order to get the shelter of the verandah from the heavy rain which was falling. The pressure of this great crowd was too much for the stability of the old and decayed house in which the doctor was at work, and over it went.

A five days journey brought us to Mbarara, the capital of Nkole, where on Sunday, October 18th, I had the great joy of confirming the king and the Prime Minister (Katikiro), as well as seventy-eight other candidates. What a contrast was that day with the one of four years before, when we sat in front of our tents surrounded by a horde of savages with their wizards and witch doctors, and strove to gain an entrance into the country for the Gospel of Christ! What could we but exclaim, "What hath God wrought," as we realised the wonderful change which had come to pass in so short a time.

On October 21st we took the road to Toro, where we arrived some eight days later in company with Dr. Bond and Maddox, who had come out as far as Esungu to meet us. A busy five days followed, and then once more we were on the road, bound for Mengo, where with the good hand of our God upon us we arrived on November 17th, having accomplished a journey of well-nigh five hundred miles in something like eight weeks; in the course of which I had held nine Confirmation services, and confirmed no fewer than 751 candidates. This was the third great journey of the year brought to a happy and successful conclusion.

In looking back over these weeks and months of

travel in which some 1500 miles were covered, one was filled with gratitude and thankfulness to God for all His many mercies and loving kindnesses. *Preserved* from sickness, dangers, by the way, road, swamp, and river; *permitted* to see wonders of grace in souls brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel of Christ; *privileged* to have a part and share in the carrying out of God's gracious purposes of love—for all this and much, very much more, one could but humbly thank and praise Him who

'Such wondrous things had done.'

CHAPTER XLV

POSSIBILITIES AND OPPORTUNITIES

'All our natural endowments, all our personal histories, all our contrasted circumstances, are so many opportunities for peculiar work.'—Bishop Westcott.

In looking back over the past history of the Church in Uganda, we notice that certain periods stand out beyond others, marked with very special features of significant interest. At one time extension is the special characteristic, at another consolidation. At another it may be declension, at another evangelistic zeal, and so on. The period upon which we have now entered is distinguished by a great advance in educational work. I have already alluded to the efforts made in 1898 to place our educational work on a better footing by enlisting the help and sympathy of chiefs and parents alike in the education of their dependents and children. The success of our efforts was most marked; for whereas in 1898 the children under instruction were only to be numbered by a few hundreds, at the close of 1903 no fewer than 22,000 were being gathered day by day into our primary schools. At the time of writing this number has grown to nearly 32,000.

But so far little or nothing had been done for the children of the upper classes, who in many respects were worse off than the children of the peasantry. They were rarely brought up by their parents. They were in consequence neglected, out of hand and

allowed to run almost wild. We felt strongly that if the ruling classes in the country were to exercise in the days to come an influence for good upon their people, and have a sense of responsibility towards them, it was absolutely essential that something should be done, and that speedily, for the education of these neglected children on the soundest possible lines.

It appeared to Mr. Hattersley, who was in charge of the primary school in Namirembe, that if anything effectual was to be done in the way of moulding their characters and fashioning their lives, with a view to their bearing bravely the responsibilities and discharging faithfully the duties of their chieftainships, it could only be in a boarding-school, where we could have them in our own hands, so to speak, during the greater part of the year. With his usual resourcefulness he devised a plan by which such a school should be self-supporting. It was to be on the "House" system, say twenty boys in a house under a house-master (native). The houses were to be built by the parents themselves, each of whom should have a right to nominate one pupil in perpetuity. But besides the cost of building the house, which was thus divided among the parents of the boys, each parent or guardian became responsible for the maintenance of the boy nominated. The scheme "caught on" at once. First one house and then another was built, until now, at the time of writing, there are one hundred and forty boys in the school, each of whom is either a chief who is a minor, or the son of a chief. The school is known as the "Mengo High School."

It will easily be realised what an influence for good such a school is likely to have upon the future of the country. God-fearing men, well taught, with a sense of responsibility towards their dependents, will we trust

take the places which were only too frequently occupied, in the days gone by, by ignorant, unscrupulous, and vicious ruffians. A unifying influence too will also, we believe, be brought to bear upon the diverse elements of which the Uganda Protectorate is very largely made up. At the present moment we have in the school young chiefs from Busoga and Uganda, as well as members of the royal families of Toro, Nkole, and Bunyoro. These young lads, living together, taught together, sharing the same joys and sorrows, bearing the same punishments, joining in the same games; in fact, living a common life, imbibing the same ideals, and serving the same Lord and Master, cannot but be knit together in a common bond of friendship and good will. Racial antipathies and jealousies will be forgotten, and a godly rivalry in whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, will take their place. And so it will come about that the divisions which hamper and hinder the development of the Protectorate will, to a large extent, disappear, and union with all its beneficent results will take their place.

It was with very much the same idea in our minds, coupled with a conviction that university education must sooner or later find place in any well-devised scheme for the intellectual training of the Baganda, that early in 1903 we planned a school for "Intermediate education." A. G. Fraser, who was the prime mover in the scheme, was obliged on account of his wife's health to return home. It was taken up, however, by H. W. Weatherhead, who worked at it with unbounded enthusiasm. A site was secured about eight miles from Mengo, on the hill of Budo, intimately bound up with the history of the kingdom of Uganda. For many generations the kings of Uganda have, on

the summit of the hill, gone through a ceremony equivalent to Coronation. The king through his regents having granted the site, the school has been named "King's School." It has been founded on the principle of self-support, the annual fees amounting to about £7. The school buildings already completed consist of three blocks—a fine school-room 50 feet by 30 feet, with class-rooms on each side, and three dormitories on the cubicle system. To complete the scheme we have to build a technical school, a gymnasium, a chapel, and a sanatorium, besides another dormitory. Our aim, as in the Mengo High School, which is intended as a feeder to "King's School," is not only to bridge over the gap between primary and university education, but by the discipline of work and games in a boarding-school so to build up character as to enable the Baganda to take their proper place in the administrative, commercial, and industrial life of their own country.

It will be noticed, doubtless, that whilst describing the educational advantages and facilities provided for boys, nothing has been said about any provision for the girls. They had not, however, been forgotten. It would be worse than a mistake to neglect them. As a well-known writer has said, "Men will always be what women make them. If, therefore, you would have men great and virtuous, impress upon the minds of women what greatness and virtue are."

Since 1895, when the first party of lady workers arrived in the country, womanly influence had been brought to bear upon the children, and especially the young girls of Uganda. Many had learnt those lessons which only women can teach. The degraded womanhood of Central Africa could not but be the better, and therefore the children the better for those years

of devoted service which had been so ungrudgingly rendered since that day in October 1895, when Miss Furley and her five fellow-workers arrived in Mengo. That band of six single ladies had grown into one of twenty at the close of 1903, whilst at the time of writing the single and married ladies working in the Mission number fifty-two. The work of this strong force has had to do largely with the education of the girls, with whom we are in contact at all our Mission centres, and many native women teachers have been trained for this same branch of work.

In the primary schools at the close of 1903 no fewer than 7800 girls were under instruction, a number which has increased so rapidly that it stands at the present moment at 14,300. As in the case of the boys, however, it was felt that a special effort should be made to reach the girls of the upper class, and a boarding-school on the same self-supporting lines as the Mengo school was started for their benefit. It has attained a large measure of success under the fostering care of Miss A. L. Allen, and those who from time to time have been associated with her. Similar schools are being planned for the capitals of Toro and Bunyoro. Our object in all this is not, as Ruskin says, "to turn the woman into a dictionary," for we believe with him that "it is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events or celebrated persons," but it is deeply necessary that she should make virtue lovely to children, and by her life and bearing draw men to high and holy and heavenly things.

Whilst all the educational work was being planned and brought into being, the silent process of extension into the regions beyond were still working. The latest move was into the Nile Valley, upon which we had long

had our eyes fixed. Lloyd at Hoima had come in contact with a number of natives of the Acholi country, who for a while were sojourning there. A young chief named Ojigi had become greatly interested in our teaching, and strongly urged a visit to his country on the further side of the Nile. He declared that the Acholi people would welcome teachers and readily place themselves under instruction. Lloyd responded at once and undertook a lengthened tour through the country, visiting in turn a number of the principal chiefs. He was deeply impressed both with the vastness of the need and the greatness of the opportunity, and begged me to go and see for myself how the land lay.

Early in 1904 the way seemed clear for a two months absence from Mengo, and having first obtained the sanction of the Commissioner, Colonel Hayes Sadler, to whose kind sympathy and help the Mission owes so much, I started on March 8th, in company with Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Cook, for the Acholi country. Space would fail me were I to attempt to tell in detail the story of this most interesting journey. I can only roughly sketch its main features.

It was not the best time of the year for travelling; the rains were upon us, and we had literally each day "to dodge" them. Sometimes we were caught, but more often than not we escaped the drenching which continually threatened us. Eight days brought us to Hoima and another two days to Masindi, where we had a Saturday to Monday rest. Then on we went again towards the Nile, until a smart attack of fever obliged me to rest for a couple of days. The passage of the great river was successfully accomplished, and on March 29th we arrived at Ojigi's village, where we received a very warm welcome both from the chief and his people.

A VILLAGE IN THE ACHOLI COUNTRY, NILE VALLEY

We were now in the midst of strange and unfamiliar sights and sounds. An unclothed people, speaking a Nilotic dialect, was about us on every hand. The men, and especially the young men, were generally besmeared with grease. Those who had any pretensions to "smartness" were coloured with white and red clay, and through the underlip was suspended a long crystal, in some cases four and six inches long. The "smarter" the individual the longer the crystal. The hair too of the "smart" young man was done up into fantastic shapes, into which were interwoven feathers and other adornments. Among the women too was a "smart set," with whom grease, beads, and wire played a considerable part, but clothes were distinctly a minus quantity. The married women carried their babies on their backs suspended in a most ingenious fashion, and shielded from the heat of the sun by a capacious gourd.

The village was a collection of circular houses built of mud, with granaries in the midst, and surrounded in most cases by a "boma" of thorns and euphorbia. A characteristic feature of the Acholi village was the place of assembly. A roughly built shed without side walls, filled with hewn and unhewn timber seats, constituted the parliament house of the village elders. Here justice was administered, the gossip of the country side retailed, cattle bought and sold, marriages arranged, raids planned, and last but not least, beer drunk. Another peculiar feature of the Acholi village was the bachelor's house. It was generally raised some six or eight feet above the ground, and was entered by a door hardly larger than would enable a slim young man to creep through. In this building the unmarried youths of the village were required to sleep, whilst the ground around was strewn with fine dust, or sand, in order to

detect the footprints of any youth so bold as to leave it during the night.

We spent the best part of a week, including Easter Day, at Ojigi's. It was a lovely spot where we were encamped, a very paradise of beauty. A wonderful panorama was spread out before us. Westward the Bulega mountains, a hundred miles or more away, were clearly visible. Northward the hills around Nimule were in full view, whilst in the middle distance, wood, rock, and river alternating in sunshine and shadow, enchanted us with their ever varying beauty of colour, of glowing and at times subdued light. The air was fresh and invigorating, the nights cool and restful. The crowds which daily thronged our camp added a human interest to our stay, which never flagged from first to last.

From what we had seen of the disposition of the people, their friendliness, their earnest desire to be taught, coupled with their evident degradation, one felt that an opportunity was offered to us which ought not to be neglected. But Ojigi's was hardly central enough for a Mission station. We therefore journeyed on to Patigo, some forty miles away, where to the great delight of the chief, Bon Acholi, we decided to settle. It was a position of strategic importance, if considered in relation to the tribes north and east. It was healthy and fairly populated.

While at Patigo the rainy season in all its fury burst upon us. Never shall I forget the frightful storms which daily assailed us. The floods of rain which poured through our tents, the crashing thunder, the blazing lightning, the tornado-like wind which threatened every moment to carry our tents away, were beyond anything I had ever experienced even in the Tropics. Sometimes one was aroused in the middle of the night

by the distant mutterings of thunder—one knew only too well what it meant, a storm within half an hour or so. There was nothing for it but to rise and dress, and prepare oneself for the worst. Everything likely to be damaged was packed away, blankets rolled up, boys called to stand by the tent poles, pegs beaten into the ground, and then sitting on one's bedstead one awaited the onset. Sometimes it came gradually, but not infrequently the storm would burst upon us suddenly in all its fury. The tents would be lashed as by a hundred whips, the poles would sway and bend, and every moment one expected to see everything swept away in the raging elements. Torrents of rain were falling, and the pitchy darkness of the tent was illumined from time to time by the glare of blazing lightning, whilst one was nearly deafened by the crashing of thunder compared with which the explosion of a hundred-ton gun was as nothing.

It was generally with a sigh of relief that one noted signs of the storm passing away, first a lessened strain on the tent poles, then a less persistent beating of the rain, the lightning less vivid, and the thunder rolling away into the distance. The boys would then be dismissed, the blankets unrolled, and one would seek to forget in the oblivion of sleep the peril through which one had so lately passed.

We stayed longer at Patigo than we intended, owing to an attack of fever (spirillum) from which Mrs. Cook suffered, and which, recurring at regular intervals during the remainder of our tour, was the source of no little anxiety to us from time to time. However, on April 13th we arrived at the village of a great chief named Owin, some thirty miles away in a north-easterly direction. Acholiland is peculiarly a cattle-rearing country of rolling hills with rich pasturage.

But at Owin's the Borassus palm made its appearance, indicating a different geological formation. The herbage was shorter than we had seen elsewhere, and goats in consequence seemed much more numerous than cattle.

We were now in the neighbourhood of Sir Samuel Baker's settlement of years ago, and paid a visit to its ruins, which were full of the deepest interest. Although exposed to years of tropical rain and sunshine, yet the walls of the various houses and offices, which were once full of busy life, showed few signs of that disintegration which seems to be the ultimate fate of all uncovered buildings in Central Africa. But what was even of greater interest than the sight of these ruins, was the impression which we gathered had been left upon the minds of these savage tribes by Sir Samuel and Lady Baker in their intercourse with them. One felt proud of one's fellow country people as one listened to the tale of their goodness and kindness, and regretted that the modern traveller in Central Africa seems to think more of heads and antlers than of hearts and souls. It was with no little pride that a chief near Wadelai brought out from its many wrappings a photograph of Sir Samuel and his wife, which the latter, unforgetful of years long passed away, had recently sent him. A more eloquent testimony to the kindly relationship existing between Sir Samuel and Lady Baker and the savage tribes of Acholiland than the production of this photograph could hardly be imagined.

From Owin's we journeyed back to Bon Acholi's, and then went on our way to Wadelai, where after some delay in crossing the Aswa, which was in flood, we arrived on April 26th. It had now been settled that Kitching, who for several years had been working in Toro, was to be associated with Lloyd in opening the new station at Patigo. He had been sent for, and was expected in a

PATIGO, IN THE NILE VALLEY

week or two. In the meanwhile Lloyd arranged to await his arrival on the hills some ten or twelve miles away, where it was decidedly more healthy than Wadelai.

On April 30th we went on our way towards Bunyoro, re-crossing the Nile at Fajao, near the Murchison Falls, with the grandeur of which we were very much impressed. Masindi and Hoima were reached in due course, and on May 10th we found ourselves once more at Mengo, after an absence of ten weeks, during which we had covered something like six hundred and fifty miles, while Dr. Cook had treated over four thousand sick folk. Thus was the expedition, which had been planned with the object of opening up the Nile Valley, brought to a happy and successful conclusion.

An event was now at hand to which we had long looked forward with the greatest expectation and interest—the consecration of the new Cathedral. It was a remarkable structure built of brick, the foundations of burnt, the superstructure of sun-dried bricks. It was cruciform in shape, with chancel, nave, and two aisles. The roof, constructed of heavy hewn timbers, was supported by a double row of round brick columns with octagonal bases. The pointed arches of the windows and doors harmonised with the pointed arches which connected the columns together. Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole building was the interior decoration of the roof, which was of the most beautiful reed work to be seen in the country. The yellow reeds were first washed and then polished, after which they were cut to the required length, and then laid side by side were tied with a dark-coloured fibre in long parallel lines, and here and there with varied designs. The whole effect was very striking, and being entirely native, was the more interesting.

It would be difficult to describe the singularly beautiful effect of the combination of brick and reed work, more especially when the sun, streaming in through the windows on to the red brick floor, threw up into the yellow-reeded roof a flood of golden sunshine. To witness a service of Holy Baptism at such a moment, as I have often done, was to see a vision which could never fade from heart or memory. The whole building was suffused with a light and an atmosphere which seemed to be more of heaven than of earth.

June 21st was the day fixed for the ceremony of consecration. It dawned bright and clear, and ere the sun's rays had touched the golden vane of the cathedral spire, crowds of men and women were climbing the hill of Namirembe in order to secure their places. It mattered not that an hour or two must elapse before the doors were opened, and then another hour or two before the service commenced. Their places they felt would be secure, and time was of no consequence to them. By seven o'clock the hum of voices had deepened into a roar which could be heard half a mile away. At nine o'clock all were in their places, some 4500 inside the building and some 6000 outside. A little later the king arrived with the Katikiro and the great saza chiefs. Then came the Commissioner and Mrs. Hayes Sadler and suite. A procession was formed, and to the strains of "God Save the King," I had the privilege of conducting His Majesty's representative to his seat in the chancel, with the Kabaka on his left and Mrs. Hayes Sadler at his right hand. Returning to the vestry, the procession of clergy, nearly fifty in number (native and European), made its way through the dense throng of men and women who filled the body of the church.

GRANARIES IN A NATIVE VILLAGE, NILE VALLEY

It was a thrilling moment when, in the presence of that vast throng, one stood up to pronounce the solemn words of consecration, with these evident tokens of God's blessing upon our work on every hand—the beautiful cathedral in which we were met; the vast congregation which filled it, and its precincts; that body of clergy, native and European; those evangelists and teachers gathered from every part of the diocese. And then how the rolling and reverberating tones of the responses stirred one's soul to its very depths! And the Amens, how they reminded one of what we are told of the Christians of the primitive age—that their Amens were like the roll of distant thunder.

In due time came the offertory, which was to be given to the building fund. This fund was in native hands entirely. Not a single halfpenny of English money had been used in rearing that beautiful fabric in which we were assembled; and only one European, Mr. Borup, who was in charge of our Industrial Mission, had had anything to do with its construction. He had superintended the work from the very beginning, and it is safe to say that without his supervision the result we saw on that 21st of June had been impossible.

But the offertory—how full of interest the scene was! Scores of men, provided beforehand with large bags, went slowly in and out among the white-robed throng of men, and the mass of women in their beautiful terra-cotta-coloured bark-cloth dress. In a short while the bags were full of cowrie shells (value one thousand to a rupee, 1s. 4d.) and brought to me as I stood at the Holy Table. They were quickly refilled and again brought to me. This went on for some time, until it was clear that all in the church had given in their offering. Then the sidesman went outside to gather the offerings of the six thousand sitting patiently in

the sunshine. In the meantime other gifts were being brought to me in the chancel—fowls (laid down at the foot of the Communion Table), sugar-cane, bananas; then two goats were with difficulty led forward, which, after I had received, I asked might be taken outside and tethered to a tree. Then it was whispered to me that a number of cattle, whose lowing was plainly audible, were in the churchyard. "What was to be done with them?" "Oh! don't bring them in," I whispered hurriedly, with, I confess, a certain amount of trepidation; "let them remain outside." Still the work of collecting went on, until the Communion Table could bear no more. Then a cloth was spread on the floor in front of the table, on which a huge pile of shells was quickly reared. Gradually it became apparent that all had given in their gifts, and half-filled bags told that the collector's work was over. The total amount of the collection was 1613 rupees (including 90,000 cowrie shells), 36 cows and bullocks, 23 goats, 31 fowls, and 154 eggs, besides bananas, sugar-cane, and Indian corn—a total value of over £150. With praise, prayer, and the benediction this memorable service was brought to a conclusion.

'So then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That Glorious Name.'

Latin Hymn (sixth century).

Among our honoured guests at this most interesting time were Mr. and Mrs. Victor Buxton. The former was the first member of the Committee of the Church

Missionary Society—that Society to which Uganda owes so much—to visit the country. He had been with us for some little time, taking part in a conference of missionaries which, on June 15 and two following days, had discussed, but I am sorry to add with very little practical result, the old, threadbare question of a constitution for the Church. On June 25th I started with him and Mrs. Buxton on their way to Jinja, where on July 2nd they embarked on the *Sybil*, one of the Lake steamers, *en route* for England. I then went on with Willis through Busoga to Masaba, and from thence with Purvis we travelled through Kavirondo, visiting Mumia's on the way. The object of our journey was to find a suitable site for a Mission station. We had been feeling for some time past that the time had come for reopening that work in Kavirondo which, through scarcity of food and other causes, had been reluctantly closed some twelve years before. From Mumia's we went on to Maragole, and there we decided to settle. Willis, who had worked first in Nkole and later at Entebbe, volunteered to open the work. The site was a very beautiful one, in a healthy situation, in the midst of a numerous population, and in close contact both with the Bantu and the Nilotic speaking Kavirondo peoples.

CHAPTER XLVI

FINAL SCENES

'Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.'
BROWNING.

THE extension into the Nile Valley and the country of Kavirondo, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, brings to a close, so far as this retrospect is concerned, the story of the development of the work of the Church of Uganda in the regions beyond. It only remains for me, therefore, to indicate the chief features of interior progress which characterised the remainder of the period covered by this narrative, mentioning, it may be, in passing, various incidents of interest as they occurred, and then as shortly as possible to summarise what has been presented to the reader in perhaps too detailed a fashion.

Various public functions marked the close of the year 1904 and the beginning of 1905. The relations between the Mission and the Uganda Administration were of the most cordial character. From His Majesty's representative, the Commissioner, down to the most recently appointed assistant collector, nothing but the utmost courtesy, kindness, and sympathy had for a long while past been experienced by the Mission. It was therefore not merely a duty but a pleasure to invite Government participation in such functions as the consecration of the new Cathedral, as mentioned in the preceding chapters, the opening of the new Hospital on November 28, 1904, and the inaugura-

tion of the Mengo High School on January 25, 1905. At each of these two latter functions the Government was represented by the acting Commissioner, Mr. George Wilson. Of course the young king (Daudi Cwa), with the Katikiro (now Sir Apolo Kagwa, K.C.M.G.), was present; and, wonderful to relate, old Mbogo, the brother of Mutesa and head of the Mohammedan Baganda, as well as Mugwanya, the head of the Roman Catholic party in Uganda, were also present with a number of their followers. It was a very great pleasure to welcome these two men to our midst. That they should come and thus show their sympathy with us in our work—Mbogo at the High School actually made a speech commending the work to his fellow countrymen—was indeed a remarkable testimony to the charity which filled their hearts, and also to the wonderful change which had come over the political and religious life of the country since the days dwelt upon in the earlier part of this retrospect, when each party stood armed to the teeth, ready at a moment's notice to fly at each other's throats. One could not but thank God for the clearing up of past misunderstandings, and pray earnestly that nothing in the time to come should be allowed to disturb a relationship so much in harmony with the spirit of true Christianity.

On Monday, May 22, 1905, a remarkable incident happened which must not go unrecorded. It was nothing less than the finding of the bones of the young lads who had died for their faith some twenty years before. The discovery was in this wise. The Bishop of Zanzibar, Dr. Hine, was paying me a visit, and had seen a good deal of our work, and had preached on the Sunday to a large congregation on the duties of citizenship (it was Empire Day). In the course of his sermon he remarked on the wonderful change which had come

over the country since the days when Mwanga, with fire and sword, had attempted to stamp out Christianity. This suggested to my mind the possibility of our visiting Busega, as the place of martyrdom was called. The Katikiro undertook to provide a guide who had been an eye-witness of the scenes with which the early days of Christianity in Uganda will for ever be associated.

It was early in the morning when we started, and having met our guide at the foot of Namirembe Hill, we pursued our way to Natete, the site of our old Mission station. We crossed the swamp at the foot of the hill (happily it was bridged), and then up the opposite hillside we went, until we caught sight of the bright green surface of the great swamp Mayanja. Making our way through banana groves, and winding in and out among gardens of sweet potatoes and Indian corn, we found ourselves ere long within a few yards of the dismal swamp. Our guide halted, and pointing to the long grass where two or three stunted wild date palms were showing their feathery tops, exclaimed, "There they died—there they were put to death."

We looked upon the sacred spot with deep interest, but there was nothing to tell of the tragedy enacted so long ago. The same sunshine gilded with its rays the tops of the papyrus and rushes growing in such profusion on every hand; the same breezes as long ago swept the surface of the long grass, and made that gentle rustle in the banana leaves which must sound so sweet to the ear of every Muganda, for it has grown sweet to us who are but strangers in the land; the same birds wheeled hither and thither in the sunny atmosphere, save that then, doubtless, the vulture and the kite hovered not far away, waiting for that feast which in those days was seldom long denied them.

We had been told that not long ago some fragments yet remained of the wooden frame in which the martyrs were burned to death, and our guide, we could see, was searching for them in the jungle. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and hearing the word "egumba," *i.e.* a bone, we hurried to the spot. He held in his hand a bone which was plainly human, and half hidden in the grass were others—a skull, a thigh-bone, then another skull, and so on. The Bishop of Zanzibar, who is a doctor of medicine as well as of divinity, was easily able to identify them as human remains, and apparently those of the youths sixteen or eighteen years of age. They were the bones, our Mohammedan guide confidently assured us, of Lugalama, Kakumba, and Seruwanga.

The reality of those awful scenes of bloodshed twenty years before burst upon us with an intensity of realism hard to describe as we stood there by the margin of that swamp with the remains of that martyr band before us. We thought of the tyrant Mwanga, the dissolute chief, the Arab power, the heathen darkness brooding over the land, the faint glimmer of light just visible on the horizon; the solitary missionaries, the daily teaching, the sowing of the seed, the ear and then the blade just peeping up above the surface of the rocky soil; the young lads just coming out into the light, new-born babes in Christ, but who nevertheless, by that supernatural power which will never fail the true witness, were enabled to be "faithful unto death," and so to win the crown of life.

> 'They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
> Through peril, toil, and pain;
> O God, to us may grace be given
> To follow in their train.'

And then one could not but contrast the present

with the past, the scene of yesterday—the noble cathedral on Namirembe Hill, the Christian king and chiefs, the vast congregation, the solemn prayers, the songs of praise—with that scene of twenty years before when these young lads, with nothing but the vision of faith to sustain them, "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

And so with hearts filled with gratitude, and praise to God for the sustaining grace vouchsafed to that martyr band, we made our preparations for laying those whitened bones in their last resting-place. A trench was dug with a hoe which we borrowed from a neighbouring hut. This was lined with sweetly scented grass. Reverently we gathered the precious remains together, and solemnly laid them to rest, while with bared heads and uplifted hearts we stood, thanking and praising God for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear, but specially for those young Christian lads who in His love and by His grace had been enabled to be faithful, in the midst of darkness and distress, even unto death.

"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord," were the words which closed one of the most solemn and touching scenes in which it has ever been my lot to take part.

For some time past we had been realising that a large number of our Christian people in and around the capital were living beneath their privileges; many of them, who had been baptized years ago, had not offered themselves for confirmation, and not a few communicants were very lax in their attendance at the Lord's Table. Besides which there were many unbaptized men and women who had for years been most regular in their attendance at church, had been hearers of the Word, and yet had not made up their

minds to be Christians. We therefore decided to hold a series of special mission services in the cathedral with the object, if possible, of bringing these latter to a decision, and of enabling the lukewarm Christians to realise how far below their privileges they were living.

Special preparation was made by weeks of prayer, and when on Sunday, March 4, 1906, the vast crowds came together to listen to the message of the Gospel, it was with a spirit of expectation and of hope. For eight days these services continued with ever-increasing interest on the part of those who attended them. On the first day some 3500 men and women came together at the morning service, and some 1200 at the afternoon. On the last day the figures for the same services were 5800 and 2000 respectively. During the eight days of the mission there was an aggregate attendance of over 60,000 souls.

But what of the spiritual results? They were very much what we had been hoping and praying for. Drunkards signed the pledge in large numbers. Heathen enrolled themselves to such an extent as candidates for baptism that for a while it was difficult to arrange for their instruction, whilst the candidates for Confirmation were so numerous that we were obliged to invade the cathedral and hold our classes there, no fewer than thirteen such classes finding accommodation within its precincts. Some people may perhaps be shocked at such use being made of a consecrated building, but in my opinion no worthier purpose could be served by our beautiful new cathedral than to afford shelter from sunshine and storm for those who were being taught, some the way of salvation, and others the way to a higher, a purer, and a holier life.

This large ingathering of souls through the special mission services at the capital was an indication of a similar ingathering which was going on more or less through the whole country. We were now at high-water mark in our work. For the five years ending September 30, 1907, no fewer than 36,000 souls were baptized into the Church in Uganda. In other words, for the last five years in succession an average of more than 7000 souls each year had been baptized into that "name which is above every name, and to which every knee shall bow." The number of Confirmation candidates, too, had also largely increased. Of this I had remarkable proof in the course of a journey through the Lunyoro-speaking countries of Nkole, Toro, and Bunyoro, in the autumn of 1907.

Previous to starting on this journey, a meeting of Church representatives was held in the latter days of June, and a step forward taken in the organisation of the diocese. It was agreed that a Synod should assemble yearly, and that the laws regulating its powers and providing for its coming together should be embodied in the constitution known as the Amateka ge Kanisa (*i.e.* the laws of the Church), agreed to in the year 1899, and in accordance with the provisions of which the work of the Church had ever since been carried on. It was a matter of regret to me that the missionary body was still reluctant to come under the terms of the constitution; but at the time of writing I am happy in the knowledge that this reluctance has passed away, and that there is good hope that at the first opportunity provision will be made in the constitution for a legal participation of all European workers in the councils of the Church.

The conference over, on July 2nd I started on my long journey through the Lunyoro-speaking countries

of Nkole, Toro, and Bunyoro, referred to above. It was a cheering and heart-stirring experience from first to last. Within a few hours of leaving the capital I was met on the road by crowds of young native Christians, some with drums and flutes, some with flags and banners, some, especially the school children, with bunches of flowers tied to the ends of long reeds which they carried in procession. Sometimes one was greeted with the singing of hymns; at other times by the beating of drums and the clapping of hands; but more frequently by the "Kuba ndulu," which consists of shrill cries rendered intermittent by the hand beating the lips. For several weeks this kind of reception was almost a daily experience.

My first Confirmation service was at Buwere, some fifty miles away. Then on I went through Budu, confirming on the way, and receiving that daily welcome which was so marked a feature of this my latest journey.

It is said not infrequently that on account of the exceptional circumstances in which a bishop in a diocese like Uganda sees the work he is hardly able to acquire a fair impression of its actual condition. It is no doubt true that a bishop in the visitation of his diocese will generally see the work at its best. Crowds will come to greet him; congregations will be large; schools will be in inspection order; gatherings of evangelists and teachers, communicants and candidates for Confirmation and Baptism, will convey an impression of the work different from its everyday aspect. But the impression is none the less a true one. The bishop does not run away with the idea that there are always these crowded churches and schools, these demonstrations of joy, these gatherings of teachers and communicants. He knows full well that these circum-

stances are exceptional, and after years of experience he knows how to gauge their full value. Of course, if he were entirely dependent on visitations for his knowledge of the condition of the work he might be misled by what he saw on such occasions. But he has a thousand and one other sources of information—correspondence, personal contact with clergy and workers of all ranks, and so on. And so it comes about that no one is really so qualified as the bishop (supposing him to be a man of ordinary common-sense) to express an opinion on the actual condition of the work of his diocese.

From Budu I journeyed to Koki, and thence on to Nkole. The king unfortunately was in Uganda, but Mbaguta, the Prime Minister, and all the Christian chiefs were most warm in their greetings. The atmosphere of the whole place was vastly different to that in which Dr. A. R. Cook and I were nearly (metaphorically speaking) stifled on the occasion of our visit in 1899. Then the atmosphere was purely heathen; gross darkness covered the land—a darkness that might be felt. Now, however, all was changed. Instead of being greeted by medicine men with their incantations, one was welcomed with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Men and women were evidently making melody in their hearts to the Lord. Teaching was going on all around. The school was prospering; and (greatest change of all) the women had been given a large measure of freedom, and had now come out of their seclusion. Many indeed, half hidden in veils and under umbrellas, managed to walk a mile or two on the road to meet me. It was a weird sight to see them, their faces half hidden in veils, one eye only being visible, and each with a huge black umbrella sheltering her from the gaze of the common people.

It was, however, a welcome proof that the old order was changing and giving place to the new.

An eight days journey brought me once again to Toro, where I was a witness of one of the most remarkable demonstrations of feeling of which the history of the Church in Uganda has any record. Some three thousand men and women and children came out on the road to welcome us. There was the king in his State dress, with his guard of honour, the Prime Minister on horseback, and crowds of minor chiefs, all in their holiday attire, and all apparently bubbling over with joyous excitement. The air was rent with cries of welcome. The running to and fro was incessant. The hand-shaking, the crowding and the crushing, were almost overwhelming. This wonderful reception was not, however, a personal greeting. There were, no doubt, many present who were glad to see me and welcome me as an old friend. But, wonderful to relate, it was rather a demonstration of joy at the news which had recently reached them, that the whole Bible was to be translated into their beloved mother-tongue. So far they had only got the New Testament in the vernacular. They had, however, the whole Bible in Luganda, a language which many Batoro understood fairly well. But to use a foreign tongue for spiritual instruction is to employ an ineffectual instrument. And this the people of Toro had been feeling strongly for some time past, and they pleaded earnestly that Maddox, who had made a very close and earnest study of Lunyoro, which is the vernacular of Toro, might be allowed to translate the Old Testament as he had already translated and given to the people the New Testament, in their own tongue.

In November 1906 the king had called a meeting of chiefs and leading Christians, at which a petition was

drawn up and presented to me, setting forth in touching terms their earnest desire for the whole Bible in their own beloved mother-tongue. Its opening sentences ran thus :—

"We, the Christians of the Banyoro community, have written to you this letter praying for the Holy Book, the Bible, in our own Lunyoro language. The reason of our praying for that book is that you have already been good to us, for you have given to us the New Testament, a hymn-book, a reading-book, and the Prayer-book. These books have helped us very much, because the people reading these books, even in their own homes, thoroughly understand the meaning of them. But even we who first began to read in Luganda, when we obtained these four books in our own Lunyoro language, were much more pleased than with the Luganda books. Again, even to us who know Luganda, there are many words we cannot understand, especially when we read them in our own homes, and there are very many in this country who do not know Luganda."

The receipt of this petition opened up a very wide question. It had been the hope of many workers in the Mission that Luganda might in course of time displace Lunyoro and minor languages. At one time some of us seemed to see signs that this was actually coming to pass. The advantage of having one great language with one literature was manifest, and was not a policy to be lightly laid aside. However, natural forces were at work and soon made themselves apparent. A strong national feeling had for some time past been seething beneath the surface both in Toro and Bunyoro. This had strengthened the demand for Lunyoro as opposed to Luganda. It was a feeling very natural, and in some of its aspects even laudable.

A BAKONJU VILLAGE, TORO.

Moreover it was one which I felt it quite impossible to oppose without serious risk to the prospects of our work. I therefore strongly urged upon the governing body of the Mission in Uganda that the prayer of the petition should be granted, and that Maddox should be asked to undertake the great work of translating the Old Testament into Lunyoro. The discussion was long and exhaustive. At length to my great joy my proposal was carried, and a few days later I had the still greater joy of communicating the result to the Church in Toro. The demonstration of king, chiefs, and people which I have described above was the expression of their delight and gratitude.

In every department of the work marked progress was apparent. Under the auspices of Dr. Bond the hospital and dispensary were reaching and relieving large numbers of the suffering sick. The schools were crowded. Classes for Baptism and Confirmation were in full swing, the instruction of women by Miss Pike and Miss Baugh Allen in lace-making and weaving was being attempted, and industrial work under Maddox's supervision had attained such success, that I found a beautiful new brick church, more like a small cathedral than an ordinary church, awaiting consecration.

This ceremony took place on August 1st, and was the occasion of immense crowds coming together. The Sub-Commissioner was present in full uniform, and of course the king and his chiefs in official dress. The service was a very joyful, and yet to many of us a very solemn one. The manifold blessing of God upon the work, while it filled our hearts with thanksgiving and praise, also humbled us as we thought of our shortcomings and failures, and how undeserving we were of the use which He had made of us. The offertory was a wonderful token of liberality on the part of the

congregation. It amounted to nearly £40, made up of cowrie shells, cattle, sheep, goats, fowls, and produce of various kinds, as well as rupees and pice.

The supreme moment came at the service on Sunday, August 4th, when two natives of Toro, Andereya Sere and Yosiya Kamuhigi, were solemnly set apart as Deacons for the work of the ministry. At the same time no fewer than 619 Communicants gathered around the Table of the Lord. To crown all, before I left Toro I was able to confirm some 401 candidates.

After leaving Kabarole I visited both Butiti and Bugoma, where Confirmations were held, and then took the direct road to Hoima, where I arrived on August 16th. The work in Bunyoro had suffered considerably from political disturbance earlier in the year, a disturbance which had been quelled by the energetic action of the Acting Commissioner, Mr. G. Wilson; but I found the classes in full swing, a large new church being built, and a school-room in course of construction. After holding a Confirmation service and attending a meeting of the Bunyoro Church Council, at which various matters affecting the administration of the Church funds came under discussion, I took the road to Mengo, where I arrived on August 31st.

Exactly two months had elapsed since I left the capital, in the course of which I had travelled some five hundred miles, and had been kept from first to last in perfect health. Koki, Nkole, Toro, and Bunyoro had in turn been visited. One had been permitted to consecrate a beautiful new church to confirm no fewer than 1166 men and women, and above all in the ordination of two Deacons, to lay the foundation of the native ministry in Toro. *Laus Deo.*

CHAPTER XLVII

SUMMARY (1890–1908)

'We turn and look upon the valley of the past years. There below are the spots stained by our evil and our fear. But as we look a glow of sunlight breaks upon the past, and in the sunshine is a soft rain falling from heaven. It washes away the stain, and from the purity of the upper sky a voice seems to descend and enter our sobered hearts—" My child, go forward, abiding in faith, hope, and love, for lo ! I am with you always ! "'

STOPFORD BROOKE.

My story of busy life in Uganda and Equatorial Africa has in its details now drawn to a close. It only remains for me to sum up, as briefly as possible, what has gone before, and to indicate as shortly as I can the main features of those wonderful changes which, in the comparatively short period of my Episcopate, have come over those countries in which for eighteen years of happy blessed service my lot has been cast.

Eighteen years ago the political future of East Africa and Uganda was still hanging in the balance. The British East Africa Company was staggering under a burden greater than it could bear, Germany had recently enunciated the doctrine of the " Hinterland " and was casting envious eyes upon Uganda, whilst the fate of Zanzibar was still uncertain.

France, too, was not without longings for a Central African Empire. Two missionaries and a solitary representative of the British East Africa Company were the sole Englishmen in Uganda. Now, however, Zanzibar and East Africa are both British Protectorates, the latter ruled by a Governor and a Legis-

lative Council, assisted by a large and capable staff of officers. The kingdom of Uganda has her own native ruler (Kabaka), who has, with the chiefs, treaty relations with Great Britain, by which her independence under British protection is secured. A resident Governor, assisted by Sub-Commissioners and Collectors, not only supervises the administration of Uganda, but also that of the protected countries of Toro, Bunyoro, Nkole, Busoga, and other territories included within the boundaries of the Protectorate.

Eighteen years ago slavery with all its attendant horrors still flourished, not only in Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mombasa (and that in spite of treaties and decrees), but also in the far interior, where no such legal enactments were possible. Now, however, not only has the status of slavery been abolished in the Protectorates of Zanzibar and East Africa, where the Sultan still holds a nominal sovereignty, but also in Uganda, by the will and free choice of enlightened Christian chiefs.

In 1890 that most savage and bloodthirsty of tribes, the Masai, dominated the greater part of East Africa from Kavirondo to the coast. Now, however, Masai youths who in the old days would as El. Moran be on the war-path seeking for an opportunity of "blooding" their spears, are to be found as table and house boys in the homes of English settlers (and very good house boys they make). Others are being employed as policemen and soldiers (askaris), and at least one is under training with a view to ordination as a Christian minister.

The journey from the coast to Uganda, which in 1890 took me nearly six months, can now be done in as many days. Instead of the long sinuous line of porters winding in and out of the jungle, crawling along at the rate of between two and three miles an hour, we have the

luxuriously fitted railway train doing its thirty miles an hour. Instead of the canoe creeping along the Lake shore or from island to island in its passage across the great Lake, occupying some two or three weeks of precious time, we have now such steamers as the *Clement Hill*, the *Sybil*, and the *Winifred*, with their saloons and cabins fitted with electric light and electric fans, and doing the passage in as many days as it formerly occupied weeks.

Formerly Central Africa was asleep. The railway has awakened her. The electric telegraph has brought the life of the far west and the far east in contact with her own. What is happening in the bazaars of Lahore or Calcutta is known the next day in the bazaars at Kampala. Reuter keeps the official life at Entebbe in closest contact with that at Downing Street or St. Stephen's. The varying fortunes of a political contest like that of Mr. Winston Churchill is followed as closely in Mengo as in Manchester.

In the old days we sometimes waited eight or nine months for a mail, and were hungry indeed for news from the home-land. Now a weekly mail is the established order of things, and should it be delayed on account of a "wash out" on the line, the complaints are both loud and deep. Eighteen years ago roads in Uganda were non-existent, except in and around the capital. Footpaths there were in plenty, but for the traffic of to-day they would be absolutely useless. Now, however, broad roads intersect the country in every direction. A motor car belonging to the Governor now runs between Kampala and Entebbe, and before long it is evident that motor traffic will be one of the principal means of locomotion between Uganda and such outlying countries as Bunyoro and Toro.

Then, again, the outward aspect of the everyday life of the Baganda differs vastly from that of eighteen years ago. Then there was nothing but the beehive-shaped hut to be seen. Even the king's house was of the traditional type. Now, however, the chief who has not a brick house with a corrugated iron roof is regarded as altogether behind the times. American and Japanese "rickshas" are now the order of the day for any self-respecting great chief. Some ride bicycles, others mules and horses. Most of the great chiefs have their type-writers, and secretaries who conduct their correspondence for them. The dress, too, both of chiefs and people, is indicative of that higher standard of living to which the Baganda have now attained.

The forces which have operated in producing these remarkable features in the present day life in Uganda have been many and various. I have alluded to them more than once in the course of my story. I need therefore now only touch upon them very briefly, ere I pass on to sum up the progress of that missionary work which I hold to have been the greatest of all the influences which have combined to make Uganda what she is to-day.

First of all, the civilising influence of the more advanced life of the Arab traders of the early days must not be lost sight of in reckoning up the forces which in one way or another have wrought upon the national life of the Baganda, which as I have already suggested had been anciently to a certain extent moulded and fashioned by an earlier Egyptian influence. Nor can that weight of testimony as to the possibility of a higher life given by such travellers as Speke, Grant, and above all Stanley, be left out of consideration. Then we have to remember the part played by the pioneers of the Imperial British East Africa Company,

RUWENZORI FROM THE SEMLIKI VALLEY

represented by Lugard and Williams, and also by that influence exerted by men like Macdonald, whose name will always be held by the Baganda in grateful remembrance.

But perhaps the greatest of all these moulding political forces, to which from time to time in the course of my story I have alluded, has been that of the British administration, established at the coming of Sir Gerald Portal in 1893. The power of that moulding force has been very largely what it has been through the wise and judicious way in which from the very beginning it has recognised and striven to work in harmony with those stronger moral and spiritual forces exerted by the Christian Missions, which by strenuous labour had for well nigh sixteen years been preparing the way for that unifying and consolidating influence commonly known as "Pax Britannica." Under its aegis, law and order have been established, and economic forces, being allowed fair play, are gradually doing their work, and the Baganda are surely, and not slowly, working out their own future.

And so I pass on my way to a brief summary of that remarkable missionary work which has been the main topic of the eighteen years retrospect which is the subject of this work, and for which I claim a first place in the list of those forces which, in the providence of God, have had a share in the making of the Uganda of to-day.

In 1890, when first I arrived in the country, the number of baptized Christians was probably two hundred. Now this little band has grown into a great host of 62,867. Of these more than 36,000 have been baptized within the last five years. In other words, for the last five years in succession over 7000 souls each year have been baptized into the Church of Christ

in Uganda. But it may be said numbers are not everything. How is it with the Church as to her spiritual life? What about the Communicants? On January 20, 1891, they numbered 70. In 1897 they had increased to 2655, the proportion of Communicants to the baptized members of the Church being about one in four. On September 30, 1907, however, the proportion was about one in three, the total being no less than 18,078.

If it be true, as true it is, that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper we "proclaim" the Lord's death "till He come," how profoundly thankful, as Christians, should we be for this army of the Lord which He has raised up in this age-long heathen land of Uganda, to testify to the glorious fact of His having "given His life a ransom for many." Who that took part in that wonderful service of Holy Communion in the new Cathedral on Namirembe Hill on Christmas Day, 1902, when no fewer than 1049 Communicants gathered around the Table of the Lord, can ever forget the thrill of emotion which surged through heart and brain as with silent footfall the dusky white-robed throng, in apparently endless succession, partook of the elements of Christ's body broken and His blood shed? Surely the song of the angelic host had for all of us on that glad Christmas morning a fuller and deeper meaning.

'Glory to God in the highest.'

The increase in the ministry of the Church has been co-extensive with the increase in her membership. As I have explained elsewhere, I include in the term "ministry" all formally enrolled workers for God, whether men or women, lay or clerical. In 1891 it was my happy privilege to be permitted to set apart

six lay evangelists for such work as they might lawfully do as laymen. This was practically the foundation of the native ministry as we find it in Uganda to-day. In 1893 the first deacons were ordained, and three years later (May 31, 1896), the first native priests. In 1897 the native lay teachers and evangelists numbered 685 and the native clergy 10. To-day the former number 2036 and the latter 32.

The influence of such a body of workers on the life of the country cannot but be deep and far reaching. Nor has the advance been only in numbers. The educational standard of all Church workers from the clergy downwards has risen immensely during recent years. At most of the out-stations a training work is being systematically carried on, whilst at the Central Station on Namirembe no fewer than four missionaries devote the whole of their time to this most important part of the work. Half yearly examinations are held for those who are qualifying, men and women alike, for the authorisation of the Church for the work of teaching and preaching. The result has been a great stimulus to study, and a very real advance in the standard attained. One further point is to be noted with regard to this native ministry, and that is, that it is maintained entirely from native sources. Not a single halfpenny of English money is used in the support of either clergy, lay readers, or teachers.

From the worker one passes by a natural transition of thought to the building in which the work is done. In 1890 there was but one grass thatched church in Uganda, that at Mengo. In 1897 there were some 321 places of worship scattered throughout the country. In these churches there was sitting accommodation for 49,751 persons, with an average Sunday morning attendance of 25,300 worshippers. In the latest avail-

able statistics the figures under the same headings stand as follows: Places of worship, 1070; sitting accommodation, 126,851; with an average Sunday morning attendance of 52,471.

It must not be imagined that these thousand churches scattered throughout the land are substantial stone or even brick buildings. The brick or stone church is being gradually evolved out of the reed or wattle and daub structure, which is so easily built and as easily repaired. Ten years ago every church in the country was built of timber and reeds with a grass thatch. To-day we rejoice in the completion of the brick cathedral on Namirembe, and the up-rearing of similar brick structures; of smaller dimensions, however, in Toro, Nkole, Hoima, Gayaza, and other places; whilst large and substantial churches built of wattle and daub, with heavy timber frame-work, are replacing the less substantial reed church in the more out of the way parts of the country.

There is one fact to be carefully and thankfully borne in mind in relation to these thousand churches in Uganda, and that is that they have been built and are being repaired by the natives themselves, and from their own resources.

> 'The little church on yonder hill
> That seems to touch the skies,
> Gives birth to mingled feelings
> As oft it meets mine eyes.'

It tells eloquently of the new era which has dawned upon that land of old time cruelty and oppression. It speaks of the self-sacrifice, the trial, difficulty, endurance of sorrow, sickness, and even death which has been a marked characteristic of the work of planting the Gospel of Christ in that land once so remote from Christian civilisation. It speaks too of the simple

faith and child-like trust of those who, from day to day and from Sabbath to Sabbath, gather together for the worship of Him whom not having seen they love, and in whom though now they see Him not, yet rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It proclaims, too, and that in trumpet tones, the glorious truth which I desire above all others to bring home to the mind of the reader, and that is, that the Cross of Christ has not lost its ancient power, and that it is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

And so it comes to pass that as we journey through the land and see these churches dotting the landscape and crowning this hill and that, our hearts are filled with thankfulness and praise to Him who has so wonderfully blessed the feeble efforts of His missionary servants.

Then another influence which has had its share in the making of Uganda has been the work of the Medical Mission both in dispensary and hospital as well as in the wide field of medical itineration. Just as Western civilisation has been influenced and indeed permeated by that care for the sick and suffering which is of the very essence of Christian truth, so the barbarism of Central Africa is learning through medical missionary work something of that divine pity which will ever be manifested by the true followers of the Great Physician towards those who, in the mysterious providence of God, are called upon to suffer.

In 1890 no regular medical work was possible; but, as has already been pointed out, at irregular intervals until 1897 something was done by Drs. Baxter, Rattray, and Gaskoin Wright to meet the vast needs of suffering humanity in Uganda. In this latter year the Medical

Mission at Mengo as we know it to-day had its beginning, founded by Dr. A. R. Cook. The statistics for that year show 141 patients treated in the hospital, with its 12 beds; while the dispensary had its 16,053 attendances. Ten years later for the two hospitals, the one at Mengo and the other in Toro under Dr. Bond, the figures stand under the same headings as follows: Beds, 158; in-patients, 2136; attendances at dispensaries, 127,594. Medical staff: doctors, 3; nurses, (European), 8. What these figures mean, in the alleviation of sickness and suffering, can only be realised by those who have actually come into contact with the work, and seen for themselves the crowds of sick, lame, halt, and impotent folk crowding in daily for treatment. But besides the actual alleviation of suffering, the new view of life, having in it the element of pity for the helpless and suffering ones of humanity, has come as a revelation to multitudes in Central Africa, and as I have already suggested has had its share in shaping and moulding the present national life of Uganda.

But next to the purely spiritual power exerted by the preaching of the Gospel, perhaps the greatest force which in recent years has influenced and impressed the life of the Baganda has been that of education—education in its widest and deepest meaning. The industrial training which has been an essential part of our educational system since the days of Mackay, has been the means of influencing large numbers of the Baganda and of fitting them to take their proper share in the material development of their own country. The result has been that carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, printers, and other mechanics have been so trained that they in their turn are training others, and so the work goes forward, with the consequence that the people are now becoming possessed of better houses,

houses in every way more suited to the higher standard of living which is becoming general throughout the country. This industrial work under Borup's supervision attained such large dimensions that it was felt necessary sometime ago to hand it over to a company of sympathising friends, in whose hands the cultivation of cotton has prospered to such an extent that it promises to become one of the staple products of the country.

With regard to what is popularly known as education, that is instruction (at the very least) in the three R's., I may say that practically all our candidates for Baptism, men and women alike, have from the very beginning been taught the art of reading. In the early days our staff of missionaries was so small and the number of those seeking Baptism was so great, that all we could do was to teach those who were thus passing into the Kingdom the fundamentals of Christianity. But during more recent years the education of the children has been taken seriously in hand and systematically pursued. The result is that whereas in 1897 only some seven hundred children were under instruction, at the present moment no fewer than thirty-two thousand boys and girls are to be found in our primary schools. It is safe to say that during the last decade at least a quarter of a million of persons, men, women, and children, have been taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is proved conclusively by the statistics of our book sales. For instance, I find that during the last three years no fewer than 109,362 copies of the first reading-book in Luganda have been sold, together with 23,000 portions of scripture, including Bibles and Testaments, and 34,000 other books of various kinds, making altogether a total of 166,000. During the same period no fewer than

610,280 sheets of writing-paper, together with 49,916 note and exercise books have been disposed of to the people, by sale, whilst 47,730 pencils and penholders have by the same means found their way into the hands of those who were learning or had learnt the art of writing. These facts speak for themselves, and are an eloquent testimony of the widespread character of our educational work. This work is now superintended by a Board of Education consisting of the Prime Minister (Katikiro), the Kago, the senior native clergy and missionaries, and presided over by the Bishop.

I need hardly add that all our educational work has a religious basis, and that our aim is so to build up character that the rising generation of the Baganda shall not be simply "smart" or clever, but that they shall be God-fearing men and women, who realise their responsibilities in life and possess an equipment fitted to fulfil them. With this end in view we have placed the Bible in the very forefront of our work, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the influence which it has had upon the life of the people. It comes out in their conversation, in their letters, and even in the National Council (Lukiko) its power is felt. It is recorded that on a certain occasion of difficulty (I have already alluded to it) the resemblance of the case in question to an incident in the Book of Acts was recognised by several members of the Council. A Bible was sent for and read. The decision arrived at was in accordance with its teaching.

The greater part of our educational work is carried on in the vernacular, for the simple reason that we have no wish to denationalise the Baganda. We have no desire to turn them into black Englishmen (if such a thing were possible), but rather to strengthen their own national characteristics, and thus to fit and equip

them for taking their proper part in the administrative, commercial, and industrial life of their own country. This teaching in the vernacular has involved us in a great translational work in which the names of Pilkington, Crabtree, Rowling, and Maddox find prominent place. Besides the Bible, we have in our list of books in Luganda, the Prayer Book, a hymn-book, the Oxford helps to the study of the Bible, Commentaries on all the Gospels, Norris' "Commentary on the Prayer Book," "Pilgrim's Progress," Robertson's "Church History," Æsop's Fables, a Life of Mohammed, a Geography, an Arithmetic, Grammars, Vocabularies, and sundry works calculated to help generally in our scheme of education in the vernacular.

These then are the forces which have operated during recent years in fashioning the life of the Baganda as we see it to-day, and which have wrought those changes which to those who are able to look back upon the days that are gone, days of gross cruelty and darkness, seem so wonderful. I say not that the life of the Baganda is all that we wish to see. It is far otherwise. We see much to deplore and to sorrow over in their ingrained sensuality, their untruthfulness, their failure to realise, as we think they might do, their higher duties and responsibilities. But at the same time, when we think of the hole of the pit from which they have been digged, when we remember what they were, the centuries of gross heathenism and barbarism which are behind them, and above all, when we bear in mind the force, the fearful power of hereditary tendency, we are lost in wonder and amazement at the marvellous change which has passed over their lives, a change as from darkness to light, one that can only be compared, in its greatness and glory, to a change as from death unto

life, a change that can only have been wrought by supernatural power, the power of the spirit of the eternal God.

And so my story of eighteen years of busy life in Uganda and Equatorial Africa comes to an end. But ere I lay down my pen I cannot but add one word more, a word of thankful acknowledgment of that gracious goodness and love which has permitted me to see such things as those of which this story tells, which has suffered me to bear some part in that great work which God, through His witnessing servants, is doing for the redemption of Africa, and which He has done in the hearts of the people of Uganda ; which has watched over and kept me in perils innumerable in twenty-two thousand miles of wandering in Equatorial Africa.

The story which I have told has been one in the main of missionary life and work. It has, therefore, been one of contrasts. Dark shadows deepening to profoundest gloom characterise the scene at one moment. At another the lights flash out with the most vivid intensity, revealing details and features with pre-Raphaelite distinctness and precision. Sorrows and sufferings, trials and difficulties have been almost the daily lot of those who, in the Providence of God, have been called to the work of the Church in Central Africa. But they regret it not. As Augustine says, " The household of the true God has a consolation of its own, founded in the things which cannot be shaken or pass away." Yes ! the very sorrows and trials of the Church have ever been her chiefest blessings, and pre-eminently have they been so in Uganda. They have been a stimulus to action, and an assurance of the hidden working of Him who is the Life and Head of the Church.

However dark at times may have been the scene, however profound the gloom, one characteristic of the Church's work in Uganda has never been hidden, one feature has never been obscure to those with eyes to see and ears to hear, and that is the glorious fact which I trust I have made clear and plain in the course of this work, the fact of the *Presence* of the Divine Lord and Master Himself, the great Head of the Church, guiding, controlling, blessing, and over-ruling everything, even the devices of wicked men, to His own glory in the salvation of immortal souls. He has indeed been to His Church in Uganda and East Africa the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. He has abundantly fulfilled His own promise :

> 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

APPENDIX

STATISTICS OF THE UGANDA MISSION

Stations.	Native Christian Lay Teachers.			Native Christians.			Native Communicants.	Baptisms during the Year.			Schools.	Scholars.				Native Contributions.
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Baptized.	Catechumens.	Total.		Adults.	Children.	Total.		Boys.	Girls.	Seminarists.	Total.	
1887																
	...	...	...	200	100	300	50	2	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	...
1897																R. C.
	479	42	521	12,089	2368	14,457	3343	2757	802	3559	9	245	228	269	742	4,841.00
1907																
UGANDA PROVINCE:																
Kyadondo: Mengo and environs . .	48	30	78	14,460	172	14,632	4154	329	249	578	4	749	334	50	1133	5388.21
Makerere . .	28	12	40	2568	42	2610	508	102	28	130	3	230	219	...	449	269.97
Gayaza . . .	90	8	98	5190	159	5349	1356	191	144	335	2	1045	1146	...	2191	275.03
Busiro: Entebbe .	9	...	9	1257	25	1282	300	37	47	84	1	40	48	2	90	276.72
Jungo . . .	65	8	73	2436	96	2532	1254	153	112	265	2	951	971	...	1922	336.46
Nsangi . . .	17	1	18	1331	64	1395	402	114	81	195	1	522	526	...	1048	216.31
Bira	29	3	32	2121	60	2181	314	121	39	160	2	429	434	...	863	108.40
Kyagwe: Mukono	42	12	54	2068	86	2154	541	100	91	191	4	748	599	2	1349	464.50
Ngogwe . . .	23	8	31	1116	63	1179	250	105	79	184	2	700	556	5	1261	146.34
Nakanyonyi .	18	2	20	2183	87	2270	529	108	91	199	1	566	469	6	1041	219.87

Bugerere: Bale .	14	3	17	574	15	589	138	20	23	43	1	360	259	...	619	107.98
Bulemezi: Ndeje .	304	32	336	7060	160	7220	1734	506	323	829	7	1115	1285	5	2405	1668.75
Luwero . . .	86	5	91	1968	91	2059	600	198	46	244	3	529	398	7	934	111.09
Buruli: Damba .	48	2	50	820	9	829	192	21	3	24	4	1086	933	2	2021	304.11
Singo: Mitiana .	35	1	36	1898	80	1978	545	157	115	272	1	616	725	...	1341	652.22
Kinakulya . .	24	1	25	1103	49	1152	229	131	79	210	1	362	364	...	726	198.81
Buwekula: Kikoma	166	2	168	1118	112	1230	297	142	42	184	8	914	514	...	1428	246.56
Gomba: Kasaka .	36	4	40	1508	61	1569	366	87	46	133	2	320	153	...	473	699.10
Butambala: Bweya	14	2	16	448	22	470	135	41	15	56	1	149	170	...	319	31.08
Mawokota: Buwere	18	3	21	703	13	716	105	85	60	145	1	123	165	...	288	59.66
Budu: Kikise . .	97	24	121	847	82	929	263	58	48	106	2	422	350	...	772	413.20
Kakunyu . .	91	37	128	635	34	669	207	59	32	82	1	496	433	...	929	39.30
Koki: Rakai . .	25	7	32	1102	55	1157	513	29	35	64	1	356	288	12	656	352.56
Sese Islands. . .	16	2	18	966	15	981	267	23	59	82	2	498	501	...	999	91.45
WESTERN PROVINCE:																
Ankole	40	3	43	625	112	737	226	139	27	166	1	372	402	...	774	523.00
Toro: Kabarole .	57	49	106	2574	191	2765	1300	143	104	247	1	901	934	21	1856	1752.28
Butiti . . .	55	20	75	575	66	641	220	44	32	76	...	146	141	...	287	202.20
Bunyoro: Hoima .	70	25	95	1371	263	1634	422	164	52	216	3	1277	614	32	1923	2181.87
Bugoma . .	19	6	25	305	43	348	97	68	10	78	2	143	90	...	233	75.00
Masindi . . .	10	...	10	267	7	274	32	39	9	48	2	214	234	...	448	218.72
NILE PROVINCE:																
Patigo	3	...	3	20	4	24	...	1	6	7	...	...	...	...	...	...
CENTRAL PROVINCE:																
Masaba	7	2	9	102	5	107	32	16	2	18	2	84	98	...	182	76.57
Mbale	2	...	2	154	5	159	56	19	5	24	1	15	25	...	40	336.00
Busoga: Kamuli .	29	4	33	295	64	359	129	63	13	76	2	341	90	...	431	200.50
Kumbya . .	29	...	29	89	35	124	25	32	8	40	1	255	58	...	313	150.47
Iganga . . .	34	9	43	629	98	727	214	129	11	140	5	282	105	10	397	688.58
Jinja	5	2	7	230	18	248	89	16	14	30	1	76	31	...	107	254.02
KAVIRONDO:																
Maseno	1	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	22	...	...	22	47.84
USUKUMA:																
Nassa	3	...	3	151	3	154	37	2	7	9	1	62	61	...	123	56.55
Totals 1907 . .	1707	329	2036	62,867	2566	65,433	18,078	3783	2187	5970	80	17,516	14,723	154	32,393	19,441.28

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